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with words*



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THE TIMES

SATURDAY DECEMBER 16 1989

30p

US gives public warning of terror threat to Europe

Alert on eve of Lockerbie anniversary

By Michael Evans, Kerry Gill and Stewart Tendler

The US Government issued a public warning yesterday that Middle East terrorists could be planning an imminent new attack on targets in West Europe or West Africa a year after Lockerbie.

The statement, issued by the State Department, points to recent movements of Middle East terrorists in Europe and the discovery in Spain some weeks ago of weapons going into the country destined for Hezbollah cells.

The US statement was made on the day that Lord Fraser of Carmyllie, the Lord Advocate, Scotland's senior

law officer, announced that a fatal accident inquiry, the equivalent of an inquest, would be held into the deaths of the 270 Lockerbie victims.

The State Department decided to spell out its anxieties and risk spreading alarm as millions of air passengers begin Christmas travel — the US was criticised a year ago for issuing intelligence reports of possible attacks which reached only diplomatic travellers.

The State Department said in its warning: "The United States Government, noting recent reports of movement of Middle East terrorists in Western Europe, combined with the discovery of weapons shipments destined for Hezbollah cells in Spain and Africa, is concerned that terrorists may be planning near-term attacks."

Against a variety of targets, including US interests, the US said. "At this time, we would consider the most probable venues if such activity to be Western Europe or possibly Western Africa. If credible, specific information on a threat to the public is received the Department of State will provide additional information for travellers and other concerned parties."

Earlier this week, security officials in Paris confirmed that a large anti-terrorist operation was under way after the capture of a number of pro-Iranian Lebanese. Shia. The alert was started after the discovery of 440lbs of explosives in a container at Marseilles last month which led to the uncovering of a second container in Spain on its way to France.

Investigators have talked about a collection of terrorist sleeper cells in France, Italy and Spain who could be on standby for a fresh offensive. A French airliner was recently destroyed in North Africa raising questions of a terrorist attack and the French have liaised with Scotland Yard over the death of a Middle East terrorist with a French passport who blew himself up in a London hotel in the summer.

All the relevant Government departments have taken note of the new US warning and details of US intelligence information have been passed to British security agencies.

The Foreign Office said it was not aware of any terrorist threat against British interests. The Department of Transport, responsible for aviation security, confirmed it had received the State Department warning but made no comment. Sources, however, understood that the warning did not specifically refer to any aviation threat.

It was also pointed out that the Lockerbie jumbo held in public before an independent judge in the new year, but is not likely to extend to foreign evidence. Lord Fraser, speaking at the Crown Office in Edinburgh, said the scope of the inquiry would be a matter for the judge, but would look into at least five main areas surrounding the circumstances of the deaths of the 259 killed in the explosion and the 11 Lockerbie residents.

It will have to establish where and when the deaths and the accident took place, the causes of the deaths, any reasonable precautions that might have been taken to avoid the catastrophe, defects in security that might have contributed to the disaster, and any other relevant facts leading to the deaths.

Lord Fraser said no firm date had yet been fixed, where the inquiry would be held or which judge would head it.

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Terror reconstructed: The Lockerbie jumbo pieced together to show the "petal effect" of the blast from within.

Thatcher stands by quota for colony

By Philip Webster
Chief Political Correspondent

The Government made plain yesterday its determination to ride out one of its biggest backbench rebellions by pressing ahead quickly with its proposals to allow about 170,000 Hong Kong residents the right to come to Britain.

Far from delaying an announcement Mr Douglas Hurd, the Foreign Secretary, is expected next week to unveil plans for legislation to give 45,000 key heads of household and their families the right of abode in Britain.

After the striking show of strength by opponents of a relaxation of the immigration laws at Thursday's meeting of the 1922 Committee of backbenchers, the Prime Minister signalled her resolve to meet Britain's obligations to the people of Hong Kong in a move that will involve her in a rare clash with her natural supporters on the right of the Conservative Party.

At the same time ministers made plain their desire to publish the Hong Kong pack

China's deaf ear 7
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age, largely agreed last Tuesday by a Cabinet committee chaired by Mrs Thatcher, to enable them to get on with the task of convincing doubting MPs of its worth and of its overriding aim to persuade the people of Hong Kong to stay in the colony rather than leave.

Mr Hurd underlined that aim yesterday when he said: "We are talking about Britain's last big colony and how we should carry out our responsibilities to keep the place running between now and 1997. We are talking about ways of anchoring people there so that they stay there with confidence and do not go off somewhere else. That is the purpose of the package we shall be announcing."

Whichall sources said: "The intention behind the Continued on page 16, col 1

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Portfolio

PLATINUM

H₂O

Two people shared yesterday's Portfolio Platinum H₂O prize of £2,000 (see page 3). They also win 100 shares each in their regional water authorities. Your chance to win the accumulated weekly prize of £8,000, as well as 400 H₂O shares, is on page 21

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issia mourns Sakharov

Andrei Sakharov, for more a decade reviled in the Union as a traitor for human rights campaigns, on Thursday aged 68 and identified Gorbachev as "a very big Obituary, page 12 Photographs, page 16

Cold War control flights may end

From Martin Fletcher, Washington

The Pentagon is considering a plan to end one of the grimest of surviving Cold War symbols — the 24-hour-a-day flights of an airborne command post which would assume control of America's nuclear forces should the nation's leaders be killed in a Soviet missile attack.

The flights, collectively known as "Looking Glass", were begun in 1961 after the deployment of the first Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles rendered America's ground-based nuclear command system vulnerable to a first strike by Moscow.

There has been to instant since that one of the fleet of converted Boeing 707s has not been in the air. Each does an eight-hour shift, and each carries a general from Strategic Air Command (SAC). The planes operate from the Offutt Air Base, near Omaha, Nebraska, SAC's headquarters. Reports here yesterday

quoted a Pentagon document as saying that instead of round-the-clock flights the fleet would be put on "continuous ground alert with a specified number of sorties a week" at a saving of about \$20 million a year.

The Pentagon declined to comment, but it is understood that the plan has been temporarily postponed by Mr Richard Cheney, the Defence Secretary, and even if he approves President Bush would need to give his approval.

The move fact that the move is under high-level discussion, however, provides graphic illustrations of the diminishing tensions between the superpowers, of how the US Armed Services are beginning to rethink their roles, and of how severe budgetary restraints are really beginning to bite in America.

The latest victim, among scores who have been killed by the virus, was a six-months' pregnant woman, aged 35. Doctors tried in vain to save her unborn baby boy. A woman, aged 62, who died in hospital was also thought to have caught the virus.

Blow to inflation policy with increase to 7.7%

By Colin Narborough, Economics Correspondent

The Government's prime objective of defeating inflation suffered a setback yesterday with the release of figures showing an annual inflation rate last month of 7.7 per cent — its highest for four months.

Mr Norman Lamont, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, acknowledged that progress on reducing inflation would only be slow, but that the economy is on course for an inflation rate of 5.75 per cent by the final quarter of next year — the target set by Mr

John Major, the Chancellor, in the Autumn Statement.

But City economists fear that inflation, as measured by the Retail Price Index, has probably not peaked and could rise to almost 8 per cent this month before falling back.

They are also concerned that the underlying rate — excluding mortgage rate increases — which was steady at 6.1 per cent last month, may move up in the months ahead. Leading article, page 11 Wages fears, page 17

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Flu epidemic 'seems to have peaked'

By David Cross and Craig Seton

The flu epidemic appears to have peaked, although adults will continue to suffer from the symptoms for another two or three weeks, the Royal College of General Practitioners said yesterday.

In its latest survey, the college's research unit in Birmingham said the number of people with flu or flu-like symptoms had more than doubled since the beginning of the month. During the week ending December 12, the number of cases of the H3N2 strain of Type A influenza rose from 109 to 263 per 100,000 people and the number of flu-like illnesses went up from 154 to 290.

"The increase in rates of infection week by week is similar to that seen in the 1975 epidemic, although among young children the increase has been

more rapid and the levels of infection reached have been higher," Dr Douglas Fleming, the deputy director of the unit, said yesterday.

"Based on evidence accumulated over the three epidemics in the last 22 years, we can anticipate a decline in the rates of infection for young children, although the incidence of infection among adults may continue at present levels for a week or two," he said.

The survey, which collated figures from 228 GPs practising in 62 areas of England and Wales, showed that the peak of last year's flu round came during the week before Christmas when 77 cases per 100,000 were recorded. This compared with 918 cases per 100,000 during the worst outbreak in 1969/70.

The Department of Health said it had

"It takes 214 years," asserts BERNARD HINE, "to develop a NOSE perfectly attuned to the NUANCES of blending FINE COGNAC."

What bliss to spend one's days beneath the Jarnac sun, sampling the nectar that is Hine cognac.

Truly, few occupations can compare with that of the Hine cognac blender.

Alas however, only Bernard and Jacques Hine can qualify. Only they possess the Hine "nose", a "nose" handed down through six generations and so perfectly attuned to the art of blending fine cognac.

But, herein lies one regrettable drawback, for no matter how hard they work, two men can only blend so much cognac. And for this reason Hine will always be rare.

Unless, of course, Bernard and Jacques should chance upon a suitably qualified third blender to assist them.

And such an event seems unlikely, for where does one find a man with 214 years experience these days?

HINE

After all — just how much fine COGNAC can one family make?

CP 11/12/89

Army strengthens arsenal after IRA's lorry-borne attack

By Edward Gorman, Irish Affairs Correspondent

The Army in Northern Ireland is distributing Browning heavy machine guns with half-inch diameter bullets to military checkpoints after an IRA attack on a border post earlier this week in which two soldiers were killed.

Sources said that the weapons, long available in Ulster but not used, were now being "rushed forward" in response to recent use of similar calibre weapons by the IRA.

The .50 Brownings, which are air-cooled, general-purpose heavy machine guns fired from a tripod, capable of bringing down aircraft and of firing 500 rounds a minute, will be available for use at many permanent vehicle checkpoints and other military bases in Ulster.

The decision to deploy the Browning comes after an IRA attack on a checkpoint at Derry, Co Fermanagh, on Wednesday in which the IRA used two Brownings or similar Soviet-designed guns, fired from tripods on a lorry.

That attack emphasized that the IRA, which has had the weapons for some time,

has now devised an effective way of bringing them to bear at close quarters while managing to hide them from view.

The Browning's effectiveness at close range was underlined in disclosures by the Army yesterday about the attack, in which one corporal displayed what was described as "considerable bravery" under intensive Browning fire.

The Army said that the corporal, from the First Battalion The King's Own Scottish Borderers, was inside the armoured Sanger at Derry when terrorists opened fire, at a distance of 10ft to 12ft, from a lorry reversed into the post.

According to an Army spokesman, the concrete structure was falling to pieces around the corporal as bullets smashed into it.

A second corporal, also praised for bravery, who was leading a three-man patrol in fields near by when the 20-minute attack began, managed to engage the gunman in the lorry from a vantage point 100 yards away. The Army said he moved position several times

and distracted the gunman sufficiently to save the lives of other soldiers in the post.

The Army said there was evidence that Lance Corporal Michael Paterson, aged 21, who died in the attack, did so trying to rescue Private James Houston, aged 22, who also died and was at one stage lying wounded outside the post.

The IRA's South Fermanagh brigade yesterday issued a statement on the attack, tallying closely with that of the Army. The IRA said its assault would have led to the destruction of the Derry post and the deaths of all in it but for unexpected intervention by the Army patrol in the fields.

The IRA said its unit had called on the soldiers in the post to surrender; only when they refused did the shooting start. The IRA said that in addition to a 500lb van bomb, it deployed a flame-thrower, two RPG-7 rockets, two heavy machine guns, automatic rifles and hand grenades. Most of the weapons would have originated in Libya.

It is thought that at least two IRA members were wounded.

Muslims repeat Rushdie death threat

PETER O'NEILL



Ahmed Nisar Beg, Chief Imam of Manchester, reading from the Bible at the city's Central Mosque yesterday after Muslims in Manchester repeated their sentence of death on Salman Rushdie. However, they said the author of *The Satanic Verses* should not be killed in Britain (Ronald Faux writes).

Mr Beg told Muslims that the proper punishment under Islamic law for blasphemy was death. "But we are not saying Rushdie should be killed on the streets of

Britain. We are saying that this is what Islamic law says should happen. It is another matter entirely to say the death sentence should be put into practice."

Mr Beg's statement came as part of a nationwide show of solidarity by Muslims for Dr Kalim Siddiqui, director of the Muslim Institute, London, who faces possible charges of incitement to murder after he called for Rushdie's death at a meeting in Manchester last October.

Copies of BBC videos of the meeting

have been handed to the Greater Manchester police. Mr Beg said Muslims had been misunderstood. "Because we have called for his death, everyone thinks we were going to kill him here. Then Khom-cini said he would pay £1 million to whoever killed Rushdie. I think he was wrong but our religion does call for the death penalty in cases of blasphemy."

The Central Mosque said the Government's stance in the affair had been deeply hostile to Muslims.

Rover puts 2,000 staff on short working

By Paul Wilkinson

Rover is laying off 2,000 workers at two plants at Cowley in Oxford after a slump in demand for its top-of-the-range 800 models.

The company, which says that the move reflects winter sales fluctuations, is also cutting production of Montegos and Maestros at a third Cowley works.

Rover said the lay-offs on the 800 series assembly lines were an attempt to reduce stockpiles and did not reflect sales, which are 3.5 per cent up on the year to November.

Workers at the 800 series assembly lines at Cowley North and the Cowley body plant will be laid off for 26 days in the weeks starting January 30, February 12, February 26, March 19 and two weeks each side of Easter.

The staff will receive basic pay, but will lose up to £25 a week in productivity bonus.

None of Britain's other motor manufacturers are planning lay-offs.

Peugeot Talbot said it was striving to meet demand for the mid-range 405 model, while Vauxhall claimed record sales of its Cavalier produced at Luton and Astra from Ellesmere Port on Merseyside.

NEWS ROUNDUP

Rifkind to act on fish quotas

The Government will lobby ministers in the European parliament next week to modify the proposed cutback in the quotas for North Sea haddock and cod catches. The quotas will be decided in Brussels next week.

The EC's proposal that the haddock quota should be just 32,000 tonnes next year compared to 56,000 tonnes this year has created a crisis in the Scottish fishing industry. Mr Malcolm Rifkind, the Scottish Secretary of State, will argue that the EC is flouting scientific advice by attempting to arrest the decline in white fish breeding stocks in one year instead of three to five, as scientists suggest.

RAF 'deafness' offer

A woman's deafness was made worse when two low-flying Royal Air Force Tornado jets screamed overhead and her powerful hearing aid amplified the sound. The RAF has offered Mrs Winifred Glynn, aged 53, of South Zeal, Devon, £3,700 compensation without admitting liability, but her husband Richard, a former RAF man, said that the offer was ludicrous. Mrs Glynn suffered partial deafness when a German flying bomb fell during the Blitz 44 years ago.

Carrot compensation

Farmers have asked the Government for compensation because thousands of pink-footed geese from Iceland have been eating their carrot crops. The birds, protected by the Wildlife and Countryside Act, have been feeding in south-west Lancashire and in Scotland. Farmers affected must apply to the Ministry of Agriculture for permission to shoot them. Mr Richard Travis, a farmer, claimed he loses up to £30,000 a year because the geese invade his crops.

Filip for festival

The Edinburgh Festival will next year benefit from a £150,000 sponsorship package from Lothian Regional Council. The deal, announced yesterday, is worth £50,000 more than for this autumn's festival, which was the first year that the council began funding it. Of the total, £100,000 would go to core funding and £50,000 to sponsoring productions that would encourage schoolchildren and other Lothian residents to attend the festival.

Redundancy award

An office worker who claimed she was unfairly dismissed when made redundant, four months after becoming pregnant, won her case against her former employers before an industrial tribunal in Glasgow. It ruled that the redundancy was unfair because of the way it was enforced, without any consultation, and ordered John H Norman Ltd, of Bellshill, to pay Mrs Jean Lawrie, aged 29, of Sherry Avenue, Holytown, Lanarkshire, £543 in compensation.

Island drinks dispute

The Western Isles Licensing Board has agreed to reconsider objections from a community council to the granting of a drinks licence to the Eilean Glas lighthouse restaurant on the Isle of Scalpay, Harris. Scalpay Community Council challenged the board at the Court of Session in Edinburgh, claiming that the decision to grant Mrs Brenda Ford-Sagers a restricted hotel licence was taken unlawfully as the council's objections were not considered.

Peugeot will build battery-driven cars

From Kevin Eason, Motoring Correspondent, Paris

Peugeot is to be the first big motor manufacturer to produce electric cars as part of a £150 million investment in clean technologies.

The French company said yesterday that a battery-driven version of its top selling 205 would be in production by April. Citroën, Peugeot's sister company, will make battery-driven light vans.

Peugeot scrapped a 10-year, £20 million project to build clean petrol engines because of the European Commission's tougher ruling on emission laws from 1992.

Executives said the ruling persuaded them to start a review of fuels and technologies. However, it has told the commission that the work will not succeed unless potential buyers are given tax incentives to offset the extra cost.

The battery-powered 205 is expected to be 30 per cent more expensive than the conventional model, of which 250,000 have been sold in Britain since 1983. However, Peugeot wants the European Community to encourage tax incentives, particularly for

company fleets. M Jean Yv Helmer, director of the automotive division of the Peugeot group, said: "Several countries like West Germany and Netherlands implemented incentives for motorists to have cars with catalytic converters. We believe this is a step the EC must take to encourage electric cars."

The company will build cars initially. However, negotiating with authorities in Los Angeles, which has one of the worst pollution records in the world, for a potential 3,000 vehicles. Talks are being held with officials in Hong Kong and Japan.

The 205 has a top range of 75 miles and a speed of 60mph, enough for shuttle trips. The car is recharged simply by plugging it into the mains overnight.

CORRECTION

Lord Saint James (obit November 30) was educated at Balliol, not Brasenose College, Oxford.

NUMBER VIII. TO BE A DISTILLERY MANAGER (OR NOT TO BE).

GLENMORANGIE

10 YEARS OLD

SINGLE HIGHLAND MALT

SCOTCH WHISKY

A. GLENMORANGIE WAITS FOR A WISDOM OF THE YEARS IN THE COOL BOTTLES OF A HIGHLAND MALT. REVERED BY THE VERY BEST OF THE BOTTLE.



B. EACH PREVIOUS MEASURE OF GLENMORANGIE IS THE WORK OF JUST SIXTEEN INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE SPENT AN ENTIRE LIFETIME TRAINING THEIR CRAFT.

C. GLENMORANGIE IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE MOST TASTEFUL MALT WHISKY AMONG SCOTCHMANS, AND THEY SHOULD KNOW.

D. THE WHISKY'S OSCAR OF MATURATION OCCURS WITHIN DOUBTLESS ONE CASE, WHEREIN IT ACQUIRES ITS DISTINCTIVE NATURAL GOLDEN QUALITY; THIS IS CREATED A SILENT AS HEARING UPON THE EYE AS IT IS OPEN THE PALATE.

Patience is NOT the only attribute demanded of a distillery manager.

(Though the length

of the whisky's maturation may make it seem so.) As a

leader, he must *enthuse* his *work-force*. And, as

a successful businessman, he must *placate* his accountant and order-taker.

Such a *diversity* of roles may explain

Ian McGregor's life-long involvement in his local 'AM DRAM' (the Amateur Dramatic Society of Tain) as producer, director and actor. And if asked to

disclose the reason for his delight in 'treading the boards' he replies

warily, "The only *DRAMA* in a production should be that

which occurs upon the *stage*."



*HANDCRAFTED by the SIXTEEN MEN of TAIN.

Handwritten signature or mark at the bottom of the page.

Operation Diplomat heralds new Anglo-Soviet co-operation

Russian help secures drug-ring convictions

By Michael Horsnell

Operation Diplomat, an investigation by Customs officers which led to the smashing of an international drugs ring, yesterday became the first fruit of a 1987 Anglo-Soviet agreement aimed at combating drug trafficking.

Two members of the gang, which is believed to have smuggled up to £30 million of cannabis resin into Britain through Russia over a four-year period, were found guilty of smuggling. Three other men had pleaded guilty at Chelmsford Crown Court in September at the start of an 11-week trial, and two further defendants were acquitted.

Sentencing of the five smugglers was deferred yesterday by Judge Watling, QC, until he has heard applications by HM Customs under the 1986 Drug Trafficking Offences Act for the confiscation of more than £5 million of their assets.

Operation Diplomat, which was launched last year after the signing of a memorandum of understanding between Mrs Thatcher and President Gorbachev, followed the discovery by Soviet customs officers on the Afghanistan border of 3½ tonnes of high-quality Afghan black cannabis worth £10 million concealed in a consignment of liquorice root.

The Soviet authorities offered their British colleagues the opportunity to allow a controlled delivery in order to track down the

smugglers, who had on several previous occasions taken drugs through the Soviet transit route from Asia to Western Europe.

Mr Vladimir Skripnik, a senior customs officer who made legal history when he gave prosecution evidence at the start of the trial, said afterwards: "Co-operation is only possible as a result of the changes which have taken place and are now taking place in the Soviet Union. This would have been impossible not long ago."

The Russians, who are contemplating joining the multinational Customs Co-operation Council in Brussels, are regularly exchanging intelligence with colleagues in the West. Further agreements on the exchange of information are expected.

Yesterday, the jury found Martin Reeves, aged 42, unemployed from West Dulwich, south-east London,

guilty of importing 3,406kg of cannabis, and Andrew George, aged 37, a financial consultant from West Kingsdown, Kent, guilty of two charges of laundering the proceeds of drug trafficking.

Earlier, James Rose, aged 53, a company director from Peris Wood, Kent, who is said to be the leader of the ring, and Alan Small, aged 54, a cleaning manager from Rotherhithe, south-east London, had pleaded guilty to conspiracy to import cannabis between 1984 and 1988. Rose's son, Richard Rose, aged 25, a company director from Mottisham, south-east London, had pleaded guilty to importing 3,406 kg of cannabis.

James Monahan, aged 39, a warehouseman from Wapping, east London, and John Reeves, aged 57, a factory manager from Bury near Manchester, were both found not guilty of conspiracy and

importing cannabis. After the case, a senior customs officer said: "Without the Russians we may not have caught these men."

As a result of the Russian tip-off, Mr John Chapman, the senior customs investigator in the case, went to the Soviet Union in March 1988. In a remote snowbound container depot near Moscow he inspected the cannabis, then watched it being sealed with seals identical to the originals, which had been manufactured in Britain from photographs supplied by the Russians.

The two containers were then taken by rail to Leningrad for shipment to Tilbury where they arrived on the MV Baltic Osprey on March 31 last year. Fifty-two sacks of cannabis were removed from the liquorice by British officers and substituted before the containers were put into the container stack at the Essex port.

Customs investigators kept watch for three weeks with the co-operation of shipping agents, who had discovered that an importing company had been set up using fictitious names and an accommodation agency in London.

A woman customs investigator posing as a temporary secretary was placed in the accommodation agency. She uncovered Telex messages to Kabul with orders for raisins and liquorice from Afghanistan. She also saw members of the suspected drugs gang collecting mail. The shipping agents then

received instructions to deliver the containers to a warehouse near Liverpool. Later, the agents were ordered to re-route the containers to a London warehouse.

A customs officer posing as a lorry driver drove the containers to the south side of Chelsea bridge, where he was redirected to yet another warehouse nearby. Customs officers then arrested four men. Further arrests followed.

Some months later, James Rose, was traced living under an assumed name on a remote Cornish farm. Investigations led to the arrest of Martin Reeves and John Reeves, who are unrelated. Martin Reeves was arrested in south London. He said he had been employed by the Rose organization as a technical expert to scan areas around the warehouses in Liverpool and London for police and customs radio transmissions.

Customs officers discovered three previous drug-smuggling missions by the organization — all from Bombay. Each load was of about four tonnes of high grade cannabis resin from Bombay. It was not until Operation Diplomat that it emerged that the Rose organization had carried out the Bombay operations as well.

Earlier, customs officers and regional crime squad police had received a bank tip-off that large sums had been paid into a bank in south-east London by Andrew George. The money was "laundered" through a company bank



Mr Skripnik: "Co-operation impossible not long ago."

account and invested in insurance bonds and in a squash club, houses and cars in the names of the suspects. About £1.3 million was deposited.

As the two investigations merged, it became clear the cash came from drugs imported by the organization. Investigators traced £4 million netted from drug-smuggling over a number of years.



Andrew George, aged 37, a financial consultant, James Rose, aged 53, a company director, and Alan Small, aged 54, a cleaning manager.

Doctor was 'not in business of finding kidney donors'

By John Young

A doctor accused of having improperly paid money to kidney donors told a meeting earlier this year that it would be naive to think of someone giving a kidney without some form of recompense. He was not, however, in the business of finding donors.

Minutes of the meeting last February between Dr Raymond Crockett, a nephrologist, and the trustees of the National Kidney Centre, Finchley, north London, were read out yesterday at a hearing of the General Medical Council's professional conduct committee into charges of serious professional misconduct against Dr Crockett. Mr Michael Bewick, a transplant surgeon, and Mr Michael Joyce, a urologist.

According to the minutes, Dr Crockett told the trustees that he would not know where to find a donor or what to pay. "I have never paid a donor," he said.

Mr John Cyster, chairman of the trustees, was asked by Mr Anthony Arlidge, QC for

Dr Crockett, what his manner had been at the meeting. "He spoke with conviction and confidence, such that we were able to issue a press statement the next day with confidence that he was telling the truth," Mr Cyster said.

Dr Crockett had said that a five non-related donor was the last resort for a seriously ill patient needing a kidney. In the two months before the meeting, Dr Crockett told the trustees, he had seen two donors in extremis; one operation had succeeded and the other had failed.

Dr Crockett had also said that a patient for whom he had arranged a transplant some time previously had shared a room at the Wellington Hospital, west London, with Mr Ahmet Koch, one of the four Turks said to have been paid for their kidneys. The patient was there on the day Mr Koch gave his kidney and he was in no doubt of Mr Koch's willingness to be a donor.

The trustees had asked Dr

Crockett what would be the effect of recent media publicity. "Disastrous," he replied. "I think it is a great tragedy and it arises from the type of medicine I work at the limits of front-line medicine and this is always very controversial."

Asked at the meeting whether he would support payment for kidneys, he replied that he was "against brokerage". There were two separate questions. One was the right of an individual to give up part of his body or not and the other was the right to receive payment for it or not.

Mr Cyster told the hearing that Dr Crockett resigned as medical director of the centre on February 15, shortly after Mr Kenneth Westall, who had been employed briefly at the centre, was dismissed because of previous activities.

He told the disciplinary hearing of another meeting at his house at which Mr Westall brought him a photocopy of three cheques made out to the National Kidney Centre/Dr R

E Crockett. Sir Robert Kilpatrick, chairman of the committee, asked him why he thought Mr Westall had brought them.

"I have little doubt that he brought them with mischievous intent," he replied. He had wanted to bring to his attention financial transactions which he thought might be improper.

Mr Cyster said under cross-examination that the auditors had inspected the books of the centre and were satisfied there had been no irregularities.

He added that it was common practice nowadays to write the doctor's name on a cheque after the name of the hospital. He had been asked to do just that only last week.

Mr Cyster said he had not heard the name Ata Nur Kunter, one of three Turkish brothers who are alleged to have acted as middle men, until he read it in newspapers. He was sure he had not been on the payroll of the centre. The hearing was adjourned until January 8.

Magnusson receives honour



Labour constituency ousts left-wing MP

By Craig Seton

Another Labour MP has been deselected by his local party, the third in the present round. However, Mr John Hughes, MP for Coventry North East, is the first from the far-left to be rejected by constituency members in favour of a mainstream candidate.

Mr Hughes, aged 64, a former miner and trade union official who became MP in 1987, is a member of the hard-left Campaign Group of Labour MPs. He was defeated by Mr Bob Ainsworth, deputy leader of Coventry city council, in a selection battle under new rules giving party members a greater say in the vote.

The ousting of Mr Hughes was being regarded yesterday as a boost to the Labour leadership of Mr Neil Kinnock after damage caused to the party's moderate image by the deselection of Mr Gerald Bermingham in St Helens South and, last week, Mr Frank Field in Birkenhead, who alleged infiltration by Militant Tendency. Inquiries have started into both those contests.

Mr Hughes called for an inquiry into his deselection after supporters claimed there had been irregularities in the number of postal votes cast in one of five wards. He said: "We could have to go through the process again."

The claims were dismissed by Labour Party officials.

Mr Magnus Magnusson, the broadcaster and historian, with his grandson Jamie, after receiving the KBE at Edinburgh Castle. He said he was "overwhelmed" after receiving the honorary knighthood from Mr Malcolm Rifkind, the Secretary of State for Scotland. The award was made in recognition of his contributions to Scottish history and archaeology. As an Icelandic citizen, Mr Magnusson, aged 60, cannot use the title "Sir". He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and Oxford University.

Blow for Whisky Galore salvage

By Kerry Gill

A scheme to salvage thousands of bottles of whisky and Jamaican rum from the wreck of the SS Politician, the ship that sank off Eriskay in 1941, inspiring Compton Mackenzie's novel *Whisky Galore*, may have foundered.

The directors of the Glasgow-based company formed to carry out the hazardous operation next spring admitted last night that the share issue was still £178,000 short of the target of £500,000.

SS Politician had tried to raise £500,000 to finance the salvage. Earlier this week, the directors extended the deadline until yesterday, believing that the shortfall might have been due in part to delays in the Christmas post.

But Mr Jeremy Brough, the company chairman, said he was still confident that the funds could be raised. All 521 investors will be asked to increase their investment.

Mr Brough said: "We know from our conversations with applicants that a large number will be very disappointed if this unique and exciting venture did not get off the ground because of a failure to raise the balance of the necessary funds."

"We are very keen, therefore, that the company should have a final chance to raise the funds which it needs. If every person who has already applied for shares were to apply for a further 280 £1 shares for every 500 they already hold, we would be able to commence with the project."

The directors are particularly disappointed because the share issue, announced in October, drew huge public interest.

If the share issue fails, investors' money must, under the terms of the Companies Act, be returned to them.

After the ship ran aground off Eriskay in a gale, more than 260,000 bottles of whisky were looted by islanders. There were 40 arrests and 15 people received jail sentences.

'Stun gun' trial judge rebuked

The judge in the macho "stun gun" trial of James Laming was criticized by three Court of Appeal judges yesterday for wrongly conducting his own "appeal" procedure at the end of the case.

Lord Justice Watkins made the criticism but still rejected a defence claim that the Southwark Crown Court trial, at which Laming, aged 49, was found guilty of conspiring to supply cocaine, should be declared invalid.

Laming, a car dealer, of Surrey Road, Peckham, south-east London, who has not yet been sentenced, sought a retrial. He said the indictment was improperly endorsed by Mrs Marysia Quinn, the court clerk.

Lord Justice Watkins said it was "most regrettable" that the so-called defect was not observed apparently until after the jury's verdict on November 14.

Judge Butler QC, who conducted the trial, had then embarked upon a procedure which could not possibly be justified and turned himself "into a kind of court of appeal" to hear defence submissions for a declaration that the trial had been a nullity.

"He had no jurisdiction," Lord Justice Watkins said. The matter should have been heard in the Court of Appeal.

Pressure to deliver petrol retail report

By David Young, Energy Correspondent

The Monopolies and Mergers Commission report into petrol retailing, which is expected to call for changes in the way oil companies give discounts to selected dealers, is to be delivered on time although some companies have yet to submit evidence.

The report has been delayed for two months because of the amount of information which is being analysed, but the commission is under pressure from the Government to meet the deadline next Wednesday.

Some companies have found that preliminary drafts of evidence sent to them for checking have contained serious errors and that new financial information is being called for. One has been asked to supply new data by Monday afternoon at the latest.

Mr Nicholas Ridley, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, will be given a typescript of the report, rather than the more usual bound and printed volume.

Mr Ridley is not expected to disclose the contents of the report and his views on it until late next month. However, some companies believe it will contain only generalized analysis of complex figures and that they will be forced to challenge any conclusions based on such evidence. The

main conclusion is likely to be that the present system of oil companies supporting individual dealers with price discounts, so that they can react to local price-cutting, should be modified.

It is likely that the system by which the Office of Fair Trading monitors the industry — a role given to it after a commission report 10 years ago — is strengthened. A full-time director general of petrol retailing may be appointed to oversee its competitive aspects.

BP said: "We are concerned that, in rushing the MMC may come up with some gimmicky answer, such as the establishment of an office of petroleum supply, which won't help the motorist and simply add to the bureaucracy which we already have." The report will be delivered to Mr Ridley at a time of increased pressure for a petrol price rise.

North Sea Brent crude is being quoted on the London markets at \$19.55 a barrel. The price of most oil products on the Rotterdam spot markets is rising.

The commission has accepted that no companies make big profits from petrol sales.

Fears that companies would be forced to reduce the number of company-owned filling station sites have evaporated.

Big Ben stops for socialism

By Nigel Williamson, Political Staff

The Commons debated the future of socialism for what some MPs claimed was the first time in 40 years yesterday — and as they did so Big Ben ground symbolically to a halt.

The hands of the historic clock stopped at six minutes past 11, just as Mr Tony Benn said he could not think of "a single gain in human history which came from the House of Commons".

Engineers succeeded in getting it working as only the debate wound up. Its failure to ring out every quarter of the hour was brought to the attention of MPs by Mr Charles Kennedy, a Liberal Democrat member.

Looking as though he did not want to intrude he sheepishly wandered into the Commons chamber and, interrupting a speech by Mr Kenneth Baker, the Conservative Party chairman, said: "Far be it for me to defend socialism, or whatever brand or variety the Labour Party is talking about."

"I just cannot help but reflect, however, as I walked in that Big Ben had stopped. Time has run out on socialism but the clock also seemed to have stopped on the Conservatism of this Government."

Parliament, page 6

Gallery linking artists and buyers looks to flotation

Investors can support living British artists at the flotation of the Angela Flowers Gallery in February.

The enterprise, which started on a shoestring 20 years ago, has developed a strong stable of both artists and buyers, and has one of the largest gallery spaces in London.

During that time prices for work by Tom Phillips, painter and wordsmith, have risen from £100 in 1970 to £2,000. Those for Nicola Hicks' drawings have risen from £120 in 1984 to £5,500 today. Her

most expensive work on offer is a group of five bronze dogs at £40,000. A celebratory exhibition of Angela Flowers Gallery works opens today at the Barbican Gallery in the City of London.

The flotation will be a Business Expansion Scheme project, whereby Mrs Flowers and her partner, Mr Matthew, hope to raise £500,000 from selling one third of the gallery.

Mr Flowers was cut off when he tried to place a bid at Phillips' first sale of Scottish contemporary art on Thursday. Luckily he had already

SALE ROOM

by Sarah Jane Checkland, Art Market Correspondent

secured the main object of his desire: "Regimental Bath" by Peter Howson, at £6,600.

The sale — first for the "Glasgow Pops" as Phillips was calling them — took place at the Glasgow School of Art, where most of the artists originally graduated.

Top price of £17,050 (estimate £6,000 to £8,000) was

"Design for Living", a painting by William Crockett showing a youth contemplating a contraption of abstract shapes on strings. The price was a record, and a surprise.

Stephen Conway, this year's contemporary market darling, also performed well, with his "Study of a Boy's Head" tripling its estimate at £6,050. Art dealers have only themselves to blame if they buy a forgery believing it to be genuine, the Court of Appeal ruled yesterday.

In a majority test-case ruling the court decided that

dealers could not invoke consumer laws to protect themselves from the consequences of their misjudgments.

Lord Justice Slade and Nourse, with Lord Justice Stuart-Smith dissenting, upheld a county court ruling that the Bayswater dealers, Leinster Fine Art, were not entitled to sue Christopher Hill Fine Art of Knightsbridge for damages under the 1979 Sale of Goods Act.

Leinster bought what was thought to be a painting by the German expressionist, Gabriele Moller (1877-1942),

for £6,000 in December 1984. Experts later decided it was a forgery worth only £50 to £100.

Leinster admitted that it did not rely on the attribution made by Christopher Hill but claimed it was entitled to damages because it had lost money when the person to whom it had sold the painting discovered it was a forgery.

Lord Justice Nourse said: "The question whether goods are reasonably fit for resale cannot depend on whether they can or cannot be resold without making a loss."

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'If I did not face it now future anniversaries could be worse. The town will never be the same again'

Lockerbie looks back on the night the plane fell

By Kerry Gill

As the anniversary of the Lockerbie air disaster approaches many residents will be leaving the town to avoid having to relive the trauma of December 21 last year.

Those who remain have steeled themselves to attend the two open-air services to mark those killed and to face the inevitable attentions of the media.

Community leaders have been attending an "awareness course" to learn how best to deal with newspaper, television and radio interviews. The course was organized by journalists invited by Lockerbie's community support group to offer advice.

Mr Robert Riddet, chairman of the community council, said the course had been invaluable. He has been interviewed countless times since the Pan Am jumbo crashed on his town, killing 270 people, including 11 local residents.

"Most of the reporters were very good and got everything right, but occasionally there have been mistakes and distortions. Now I have got a better understanding of the job that press and broadcasters have to do," he said.

Mrs Ella Ramsden, aged 60, survived the disaster in spite of a section of the aircraft crashing on to her home in Park Place. "I'm the kind of person who can draw down blinds in my mind. I'm also able to talk about my experi-



Flashback to disaster: Wreckage of the cockpit section of the Pan Am jet, bound for New York, lying in a field after the terrorist bomb exploded, causing Britain's worst air tragedy.

ences... I think that helps." Mrs Ramsden was on her knees in front of her living room fire opening Christmas cards when she heard the deafening roar of the jet followed by a huge explosion and an intense light across the town.

She picked up her Jack Russell terrier, Cara, and moved to her back door at the opposite side of the house. As she tried to open the door, the lights went out.

"The whole house began to shake. There was a whooshing sound and I was being sucked

back into the house. Then everything went quiet. I remember looking up and I could see the sky and stars. I thought for a moment I had died."

Neighbours managed to pull her through the smashed door. Outside, part of the aircraft lay in her side garden. There were 44 bodies among the rubble.

She saw only one body and thought at first it was a local person until she learned the full horror of what had happened. It was Boxing Day before Mrs Ramsden sum-

moned up courage to return to her shattered house, only to be led away in tears.

She said it was not the ruined house that made her cry, but the sight of her grandson's smashed car in the remains of an upstairs room. Her son, daughter-in-law and their two boys had left her house only 10 hours before the disaster. If they had been in the house at the time, they would almost certainly have perished.

Mrs Mary Ward, aged 57, was wrapping biscuits for Mrs Jean Murray, aged 82, when

the plane crashed. Mrs Murray's home in the Sherwood Park area was destroyed and her body was not found.

Just up the street, Mrs Ward crawled out from under the debris after a piece of blazing wreckage smashed through her roof. "Many of my neighbours were killed. I lost everything except the clothes I was wearing and my cat Misty," she said.

Her new bungalow will soon be finished, but she said that she would give it six months before deciding whether to stay, having lost so many

friends in Sherwood Crescent. Mrs Ward said she had considered leaving Lockerbie for the anniversary, but had decided to stay. "I realize I have to face up to it. If I did not face it this year it could be worse in the future. Lockerbie will never be the same again."

The worst injured were Mr John Smith, aged 75, and his wife Janet, aged 74. They also lived in Sherwood Crescent. Their next-door neighbours, the Somervilles and their two children, were killed.

The Smiths were badly burnt and spent months

undergoing treatment at Dumfries Infirmary and a specialist burns unit in West Lothian. Their hands are still bandaged.

Mr Smith and his wife are living in a council house until their house is rebuilt. "I was sitting at home waiting for Coronation Street when suddenly there was a loud bang and everything was on fire. Something fell on top of me. I don't know if it was part of the house or the plane - and I fell on my knees, trapped," he said.

"I tried to move it. The first

time it wouldn't budge but the second time I got free. I went into the kitchen to try to find a way out but it was full of smoke. So was the bedroom."

Once he had freed himself, Mr Smith returned to rescue his wife and lead her out of the house. There were flames everywhere, he said. Even the lawn was blazing.

Since Steven Flannigan lost his parents and young sister, everyone has been trying to help him to rebuild his life. Now aged 15, Steven survived because he went to a neighbour's house to get a puncture on his sister Joanne's bicycle mended.

A friend said: "Steven has coped very well. It cannot have been easy for him but he has got on with life. He has had a lot of love and help - maybe that's one of the advantages of living in a small town."

His parents, Tom, aged 44, and Kathleen, aged 41, died with Joanne, aged 10, when the jumbo's fuel-laden wings crashed, gouging a 30ft crater in Sherwood Crescent. No trace has been found of his parents, but Joanne's remains were recovered.

Mrs Ward used to live in No 6 Sherwood Crescent. She expects to move into her new bungalow early in the new year. Last week, she went to see her new bungalow standing in a sea of frozen mud. She will move in with mixed feelings, worried about the memories that will flood back.

Aviation security group to be given tough powers

By Stewart Tisdler, Crime Correspondent

The new Aviation Security Inspectorate will have powers to halt flights and even airports until security breaches are remedied, according to a Bill on air and sea security published yesterday.

Prompted by the Lockerbie disaster, the Bill widens the scope of government aviation security directives to include cargo, food and cleaning contractors. Offences have been created to protect the security of aircraft and airport aprons and punish intruders.

The Aviation and Maritime Security Bill also brings ships and ports into line with earlier legislation on improved transport security.

It enables the Government to ratify international protocol and conventions on security. As a result, life imprisonment would be imposed for armed attacks at airports, suspects could be extradited and the perpetrators of attacks abroad could be tried in Britain.

Mr Cecil Parkinson, the Secretary of State for Transport, said yesterday in a statement that the Government had already taken action on aviation security but vigilance against terrorism could never be relaxed. The extension of powers to ships reflected recent international terrorism on the seas.

Mr John Prescott, the

shadow spokesman on transport, said Labour would support much of the Bill although it failed to make security considerations outweigh commercial interests.

Labour, he said, wanted to see a security levy on passengers and cargo, a more powerful inspectorate independent of the Department of Transport, statutory guidelines for an X-ray "front line" and an improvement in the quality of security staff.

The Labour Party is also unhappy about the accountability of the inspectorate and the notices it serves on the aviation industry for action to stop breaches. These will not be published; the inspectorate will only report annually to Parliament listing the number of notices served.

Mr Prescott said yesterday that Labour would table amendments to the Bill to make the publication of the notices at the time they are issued a requirement of the Act.

The Bill shows the Government has accepted some recommendations of the Select Committee on Transport, which looked at airport security this year. It has not, however, agreed to add to the 16 inspectors, or to introduce a security levy.

The 14 inspectors who have

been appointed so far will be able to take immediate action when security requirements are not met.

They will make at least one annual inspection of each airport and carry out spot inspections or inspections on specialist areas. Penalties for breaches carry a maximum £2,000 fine at magistrates' courts and unlimited penalties at crown court trials.

The Bill also empowers the Department of Transport to issue security directives to the aviation industry and many other related businesses.

Individuals will face maximum fines of £2,000 on summary conviction for giving false information about cargo or baggage; false information in applying for a pass; being within a restricted area without authority; going on an aircraft without proper authority; and refusing to leave a restricted zone or aircraft when asked to do so.

Until now police and airport authorities have only been able to use trespass legislation on intruders.

The Bill stipulates that ship operators and port authorities give the Department of Transport information on security measures for ships or ports. They would have to search ships, ports or people if required by directives.

German-based group is chief suspect

By Michael Evans and Stewart Tisdler

Lockerbie investigators from three countries believe they have identified at least five known terrorists who might have played some role in the plot to blow up Pan Am Flight 103 on December 21 last year.

So far nobody can pinpoint who carried the bomb on board the Jumbo jet nor how it was done. Much of the evidence against the list of individuals is also circumstantial, although the forensic achievements have been impressive after a year of exhaustive detective work. For example, tiny pieces of scorched clothing, originally bought on Malta, have been linked to the copper-coloured suitcase containing the high-explosive bomb.

Government departments await a report on police progress made by the Scottish

So far nobody can pinpoint who carried the bomb on board

Lockerbie team - already a month overdue - as many of the investigators in Britain and the United States express anger over a crucial error by the West German authorities.

Evidence collected over the past 12 months has increasingly pointed to a terrorist cell in Frankfurt that was uncovered by the West Germans two months before the disaster. Yet 14 of the 16 arrested, including possibly the man who made the Pan Am bomb, were freed. Two of the chief suspects have gone to ground.

Those named below could be in the Lockerbie gang: Ahmed Jibril, aged 52, leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine - General Command. Despite repeated denials and threats to sue newspapers for linking his name and his organization to

the bombing, he remains the key suspect as the mastermind behind the scenes. A former officer in the Syrian army, Jibril founded the PFLP-GC terrorist group about 20 years ago. Although he is based in Damascus, he has personal ties with many of the leading figures in Iran.

The Lockerbie plot is believed to have originated in Tehran. Elements in the Iranian leadership, particularly the Revolutionary Guard, wanted revenge for the shooting down by the United States Navy of an Iranian airliner over the Gulf, with the loss of 290 lives.

Hafes Dalkamoni, one of Jibril's key associates and the leader of the European cell of the PFLP-GC, Dalkamoni is facing terrorist charges in Frankfurt for a bomb attack on a railway in Lower Saxony in August 1987. He was arrested with 15 others by German police in Neuss, near Düsseldorf on October 26 last year after the discovery of radio cassette bombs, similar to the one planted on Pan Am Flight 103 two months later, and other weapons.

Salah Fiaz Kweiks, a

Palestinian using the pseudonym Ramzi Diah. He was one of the 16 arrested by West German police, but then freed. Kweiks is known to be a key member of the PFLP-GC and may have been responsible for transporting the explosive devices. When he was released he caught a train to Vienna and was last heard of in Yugoslavia.

Marwan Khreizat, a Jordanian and a known bomb-maker. He was also one of those arrested and then freed, through "lack of evidence". He had gone to Neuss to stay with the same Palestinian family with whom Dalkamoni was living. Dalkamoni and Khreizat were seen together buying batteries, switches and digital clocks by German security agents during a surveillance operation.

When he was arrested, a barometric bomb - sensitive to certain altitudes - was found in the boot of his car. Investigators believe he may have made the Lockerbie bomb which was then taken to Malta or possibly Cyprus.

Khreizat had links to Jordanian intelligence and it is

believed he was assigned as a double agent to penetrate the PFLP-GC which accepted him because of his bomb-making skills. Before he was freed, he apparently revealed he had made five similar bombs, one of which was never found. Was that the Lockerbie bomb?

Mohammed Abu Talb, the Palestinian who, with three others, is in a Swedish jail awaiting a verdict after standing trial on terrorist charges, involving a bomb attack on a synagogue in Copenhagen in July 1985 and an attempted bombing of the Northwest Airlines office in Stockholm the same year. Abu Talb became a key Lockerbie suspect when it was discovered from his passport that he had flown to Malta on October 19 last year. Traces of clothing, which had a Maltese manufacturer's label, were found in the Lockerbie wreckage and have been positively linked to the suitcase which held the bomb.

Abu Talb has been identified as the man who bought clothes from a boutique in Malta on a one-week visit to the island. Investigators are not confident that he had a big

role in the plot but believe he is a link.

Clothing is known to have been wrapped round the radio cassette bomb inside the Samsonite suitcase and that it may have been taken on board an Air Malta flight on December 21, the day of the Lockerbie disaster, en route to Frankfurt and then Heathrow. That is denied by the airline which says that none of the passengers or luggage aboard its Flight KM-180 from Malta to Frankfurt boarded Pan Am Flight 103 to London.

Abu Talb is with the Palestine Popular Struggle Front, also based in Damascus, although the terrorist group claims he severed connections in 1982.

One Swedish report said Abu Talb was found in possession of the same kind of

Evidence points to a terrorist cell in West Germany

radio bomb when he was arrested in Sweden last year. It has been reported that he was seen with Dalkamoni on Malta. However, it has been established that Abu Talb was in Malta when Dalkamoni was under surveillance in West Germany.

Abu Talb is so far the only suspect to be officially linked to the case, after Swedish police seized clothing from his flat. The court in Uppsala said: "Abu Talb is suspected in Scotland of murder or as an accessory to murder."

However, Martin Imandi, aged 33, a Syrian-born Swedish national, charged with Abu Talb, is also known to have had links with the PFLP-GC. His car with Swedish number plates was seen outside the flat in Frankfurt where the bombs were found.



Prime suspects: Dalkamoni, leader of a terrorist cell based in Europe (left), Abu Talb (centre), awaiting the verdict of a Swedish court, and Jibril, who founded the PFLP-GC.

Relatives in fight to know what happened

From Susan Elliott Washington

The relatives of those who died on Pan Am 103 speak of the psychological scars they will always bear, but commitment to prevent a repeat disaster provides a speck of hope in harrowing periods of grief.

"The 21st of December will be a nightmare," Mrs Susan Cohen said, looking ahead to the first anniversary of the death of her daughter, Theodora. "I spent this morning curled up in the bathroom crying my head off and wishing I was dead. I live with this pain every day."

Mrs Cohen says she and her husband, Daniel, have been unable to continue properly this year their jobs as freelance writers. Instead, they have joined other family members in lobbying the United States Administration and the airline industry to investigate the deaths of the 192 American civilians killed in the terrorist attack. "I have no choice, they murdered my child," she said.

The families believe that the disaster could have been prevented but for poor airline security, mismanaged intelligence and the selective warning by the US government to its employees about an anonymous bomb threat during

December last year. They also say that the US State Department treated them callously during their many inquiries and did not even accord their relatives a memorial service.

Eventually, the families succeeded in pressing President Bush to appoint a commission to investigate the disaster and present its findings by early May. The relatives have gone on radio and television talk shows to promote their cause.

The families, who have split

into two groups, emphasize that they are not interested solely in the terrorists but in tightening international airline security, including outlawing portable electronic devices aboard aircraft. They also want to know why the US government warned only its employees of a terrorist threat.

Most of the families filed suits against Pan Am for damages. Litigation is proceeding, although no results

are expected before next summer. They are appalled at what they have discovered during their inquiries, particularly the lax security in the airline industry.

Mr Paul Hudson, a New York lawyer who lost his only daughter, Melina, aged 16, said: "When this happened, I assumed that we basically had a secure system and that the terrorists found a loophole and that they (airlines) would plug it. I think now there would be very few of us who would be willing to fly Pan Am or any American carrier."

He and his wife, Eleanor, will be among about 20 relatives who will visit Lockerbie for the anniversary of the crash. Others prefer to stay at home to deal with their grief.

Many are horrified that their country appears to ignore that Iran may have been involved in the bombing of Pan Am 103 in retaliation for the shooting down of an Iranian Airbus by the USS Vincennes on July 4, 1988.

"Deep down, I know I am a very different person as a result of this," said Mrs Eleanor Bright, who lost her husband, Nick, and is bringing up their son, aged two.

"I used to have a great sense of patriotism about my country, and now I have none."

Syrians seek terrorist evidence

Syria has promised the United States that it will take action against a Palestinian terrorist group suspected of being responsible for the Lockerbie bombing if there is evidence that the Damascus-based organization was responsible (Susan Elliott writes from Washington).

The US State Department issued its clearest statement so far, indicating that it believes the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command was the main suspect behind the attack. A bomb made from a portable radio-cassette player packed with plastic explosives went off 39 minutes after leaving London for New York, killing 270.

"To date, we're not satisfied with the Syrian government's responses and we think it can do more," the State Department said. "We have discussed Pan Am 103 with the Syrians on a number of occasions in diplomatic circles. We have urged their full cooperation in finding those responsible."

The Syrian government has said it will crack

down on the group, which is led by Ahmed Jibril, if it is "presented with firm evidence that any group or individuals within its purview are responsible".

Although the US is not suggesting Syria is behind the bombing, some of Jibril's training camps are in Syrian-controlled parts of Lebanon. His headquarters are in Damascus.

One widely held theory is that Iran paid Jibril \$1 million to blow up Pan Am 103 in retaliation for the shooting down of an Iranian Airbus by the USS Vincennes on July 3 last year. The US Navy said it was an accident.

Washington would like President Assad of Syria to expel Jibril, although intelligence specialists say he has established close links with Iran and could easily move his operations there. Washington has frequently berated Syria about allowing terrorist groups to work from Damascus.

The State Department said the issue is "a major item on our bilateral agenda".

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Degree-wrangle man must put case to a rehearing

The Centre for Studies on Integration in Education, a pressure group formed by teachers, said there had been "little movement" towards proper integration. The 1981 Education Act placed a duty on local education authorities to educate children with special needs in the same classrooms as ordinary pupils.

Undisturbed by recent disclosures of government "sweeteners" to BAe to buy the Rover Car Group, Mrs Thatcher flew

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the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 30 million, and the number of people 75 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996).

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Disillusioned ambulance officers leave for a new life in Australia

Crews refuse to answer emergency calls

By Mark South

Industrial action in the ambulance service intensified yesterday with crews refusing to answer emergency calls put through by their controllers.

Unions and management stepped up their war of words after talks broke down on Thursday, with both sides at far apart as ever. Each blamed the other for lack of progress in the 14-week dispute.

Mr Chris Humphreys, London regional officer for the National Union of Public Employees (Nupe), said:

A police report is being prepared for the Crown Prosecution Service into an incident in south London on December 3 when a woman was killed after her car was hit by an ambulance. The report said that it could not confirm reports that the ambulance driver would be prosecuted for reckless driving or that he had jumped a red light on a busy junction of the South Circular in Battersea.

Management demands, spelling out a letter from Mr Tom Cross, acting chief ambulance officer, had escalated the dispute.

Managers said the staff would be stopped and put under control to say they

were ready to work. A handful of officers, including the 20 per cent who were suspended until yesterday, were dealt with by the Metropolitan Police, who reported problems.

Individual stations have circulated their ex-directory telephone numbers to the public, doctors and emergency services in a development which Mr Bill Taylor, operations director, described as "adding to the confusion". He urged the public to continue using the 999 service. The unions, which dismissed as a gimmick a Christmas truce offered by management, predicted chaos over the holiday period.

"They don't have a cat in hell's chance of meeting their obligations short of bringing half the Army back from the Rhine," Mr Humphreys said.

For a handful of ambulance officers, the dispute will soon be a dim and distant memory. Next month, nine men and their families will pack their bags for a new life in Australia where they are to take up jobs with the Melbourne ambulance service.

Mr Howard Fletcher, aged 32, of Kingston, Surrey, said the industrial action was the last straw, a vindication of his decision to leave with his wife, Elaine, a nurse, aged 29, and his daughters, aged two and



Australia bound: Mr Howard Fletcher, his wife, Elaine, and daughters Ruth, left, and Rachel.

two months. He is one of 200 officers in London who are advanced trained with expertise, much of it gained in their own time, in intubation and infusion, the skill to insert a

tube in the wind pipe and set up a drip, as well as defibrillation. "I love my job and would never want to leave it. But the situation in Britain is terrible. And it will get worse. I earn

just over £10,000 a year. In a flat month without overtime I take home about £650. After overheads and mortgage we live on £30 a week, and that includes food and running the

car. Men coming straight out of training school get the same." In Australia, he will be on a lower grade initially but with a higher salary and opportunities to progress in a proper career structure, something lacking in Britain.

Mr Fletcher, who has been based at Richmond, south-west London, for 10 years said: "There is no career structure. It is a struggle to get on to training courses and we don't get paid any more for doing that. Good men who want to advance are being held back."

"Morale is at rock bottom. Whether the service can recover from the present blood-letting, I don't know." Only a third of the signatures on the biggest petition ever presented to Parliament were allowed into the chamber of the Commons yesterday amid bitter Labour protests.

Mr Robin Cook, Labour's chief health spokesman, attempted to introduce the petition, signed by 4.5 million people, calling for the Government to agree to the ambulance dispute going to Acas, the arbitration service.

Mr Bernard Weatherill, the Speaker, ruled that only a representative sample should be brought into the House. He said the size of the petition, contained in more than 100 boxes, was "irrelevant" and it would be time consuming to admit all of it.

Benn's defence of socialism quotes Old Testament

Mr Tony Benn rallied to the defence of socialism in a debate on a Conservative backbench motion on the collapse of communism and the future of socialism.

Socialism was not dead, he said. It emanated not from Brezhnev but from Genesis, when Cain had asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?" The people of eastern Europe were not yearning for capitalism and the policies of Conservative Britain.

Opening the debate, Mr Neil Hamilton (Tarncliffe, C) said that it was the suppression of markets in the Soviet Union that had produced its poverty and tyranny. He recalled the anecdote about what would happen if the Soviet Union invaded the Sahara Desert: "Nothing, for 10 years, and then there would be a shortage of sand."

The scale of corruption in eastern Europe was being revealed. Decentralization of economic decision-making reduced corruption and political power and, hence, reduced the chances of tyranny.

Mr Benn (Chesterfield, Lab) asked if Mr Hamilton really believed that what was happening in Warsaw was because the people there were longing for a poll tax, that in Uzbekistan they were yearning to sell off their water, that there was a longing for a return of the Czar, that Romania demanded the Youth Training Scheme.

It was beyond belief that the people of Warsaw, East Germany and Hungary had only demanded human rights because Britain had had cruise missiles on hire purchase from Washington.

Socialism was to be found here in the national health service every time someone received free treatment; in the schools when they got the education they needed without paying.

Many democratic rights had been taken away by this Government. The rights of trade unionists were less here than they were in East Europe.

Britain was now controlled from Brussels. Tory MPs were beginning to realize that Jacques Delors (President of the EC Commission) was not elected, but the British people had not elected President Bush or Vice-President Quayle either.

The Soviet Union did not want to go from the dictatorship of the proletariat to the Dow Jones average; from Gopalan to the Bundesbank.

The people in the City of London were the bureaucrats of internationalism. They moved money about, closing factories. If factories were closed for a week by strike action that was disruption. If the City closed them forever that was called market forces.

Socialism was based on the belief that people had inherent rights, whether rich, poor, black or white. It meant a right to work and to have a lifelong education.

Progress came from below. He could not think of a single gain for human history that had come from this Chamber.

"For the first time there is enough for everyone in the world." There was enough to eat, enough to give everyone clean water and proper clinics.

But distribution of wealth could not come about by market forces or jungle philosophy. It could only come about by socialism, democracy and internationalism — loathed by the Tories to the essence of their being.

Mr Eric Heffer (Liverpool, Lab) said that socialism had never been tried and socialism and communism were by no means dead.

His criticism of the Labour leadership was that they did not

need to give up their socialist aspirations and accept the mores of the Conservative Party. "We can win power on the basis of our own basic socialist concepts."

Mr Kenneth Baker, Chairman of the Conservative Party, said that it was not fair to say that the British Labour Party was automatically the same as the socialist parties of eastern Europe. But it was a common denominator.

"They all believe that the state knows best." It was not enough for government just to set the rules of the game and let society observe those rules. They all believe that the state should take a leading role in the game itself — in the economic life of the civil society.

The core of all socialist thought was that market forces did not work and that individual choice could not be relied on. The state, the government, had to intervene and to correct the inefficiencies and inequalities which emerged.

Nobody could pretend that socialism had been anything other than an unmitigated disaster for the countries of eastern Europe. Mr Gorbachev had been chosen in Russia because he represented a break with failed policies, because socialism had failed.

Socialism was still at the heart of the Labour Party. In spite of the renegeing and duplicity of the policy review it was the same party underneath.

Whether it was called market socialism, designer socialism, filofax socialism or cordless-telephone socialism, it was still the same.

Lech Walesa had told him that they wanted British, German and French companies to tell them how to run their



Mr Benn mocked the idea that East Europe seeks capitalism. Industries. They wanted capitalists because they recognized that socialism had failed.

While the leaders of eastern Europe wanted shareholders, Labour threatened dividends. Poland and Hungary were talking of privatization, Labour wanted nationalization.

What kind of Opposition wanted to shackle markets when eastern Europe wanted to free them? There was no country in the world where socialism had worked.

Eastern Europe was on the move again and moving Britain's way. "In the dark years this Government has kept the torch of liberty burning bright. Eastern Europeans are emerging from the twilight. I am proud to belong to a party, Government and country that has been so steadfast in the defence of our freedoms."

Mr George Robertson, an Opposition spokesman on foreign affairs, said that the traumatic events in eastern Europe had been used by the Tories for a trivial attack on Labour.

The people of eastern Europe were not turning their back on socialism, or social welfare and justice. They wanted freedom and democracy. They were not calling for Thatcherism, which was one form of tyranny in exchange for another.

Petition on ambulance dispute

The largest petition of Parliament for 150 years was presented to the Commons. It was in support of the ambulance workers and carried 4.5 million signatures. Labour MPs protested, however, when the Speaker refused to allow all 100 boxes into the Chamber.

Mr Frank Cook (Stockton North, Lab) said that the television cameras should be able to let the electorate know what was going on.

Mr Tony Benn (Chesterfield, Lab) said that if four million people had signed petitions in Prague or Warsaw it would have been on television for a week.

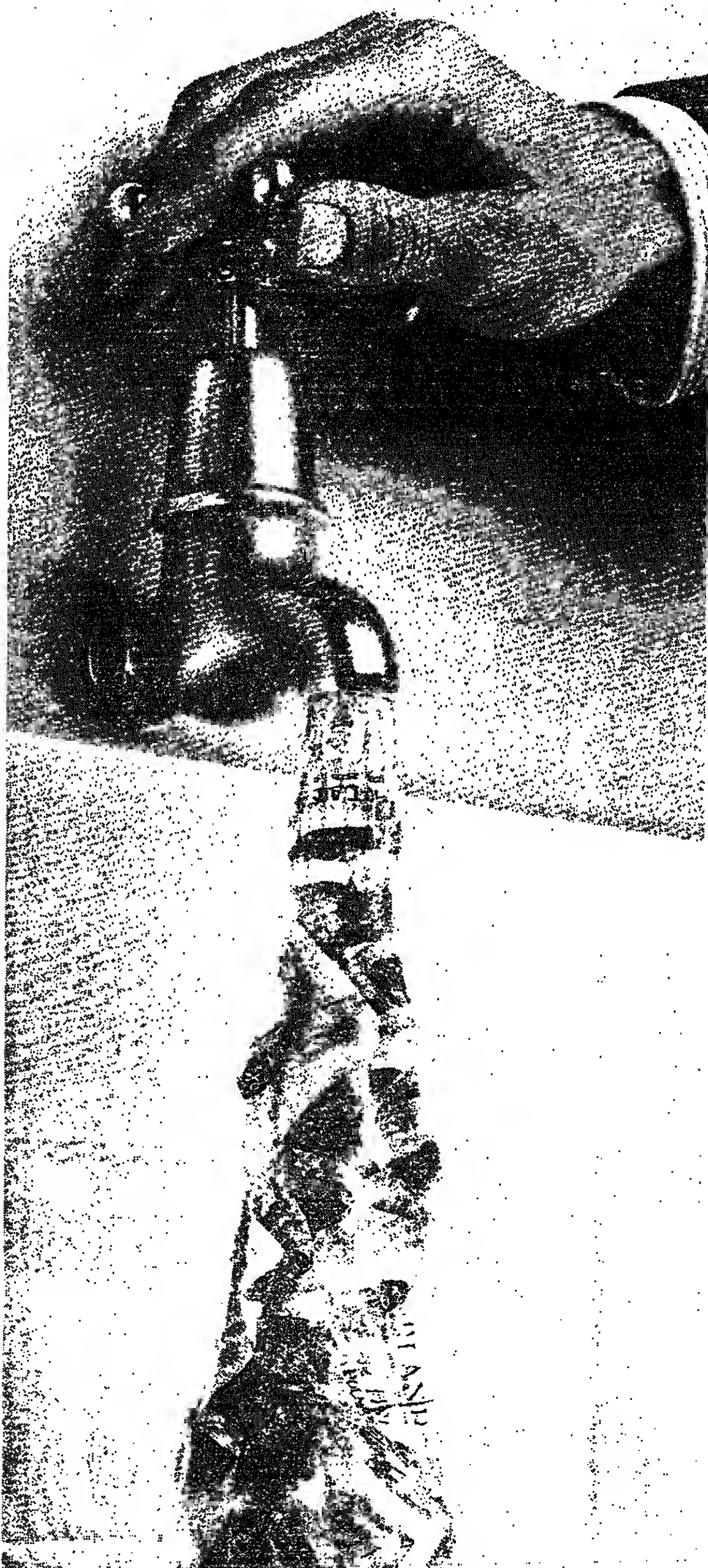
The Speaker (Mr Bernard Weatherill) said that the bringing in of petitions was a symbolic procedure.

Tory MPs angry at pub plan

A group of Conservative MPs forced a division early on Friday morning against Government proposals to make brewers reduce the number of public houses they control. The proposals are based on recommendations of the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

The Supply of Beer (Tied Estates) Order requires brewers with more than 2,000 licensed premises to dispose of the excess over 2,000 or to loosen ties to the brewery. It was carried by 54 votes to eight.

● PUB TENANTS: The Landlord and Tenant (Licensed Premises) Bill, to give public house tenants the same protection as that enjoyed by other business tenants, was read a second time on Thursday.



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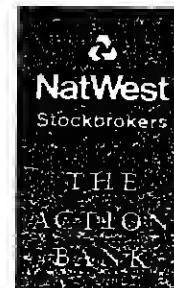
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Chile celebrations overshadowed by spectre of Pinochet

Aylwin's victory a simple prelude to problems of ruling

After 16 years of military rule, under the unyielding leadership of General Augusto Pinochet, Chileans are still celebrating the election of Senator Patricio Aylwin to the presidency.

Preliminary official results gave Senator Aylwin 55.2 per cent of the popular vote, the highest margin by any Chilean president this century.

Senator Hernán Buchi, the former Finance Minister, polled 29.4 per cent and Senator Francisco Javier Larraín, the millionaire businessman, 15.3 per cent.

Senator Aylwin needed 51 per cent to avoid a second round run-off against Senator Buchi, the architect of the unfettered free market policies which won international praise for Chile but have failed to solve the country's serious social problems.

Thousands of people poured into the streets in celebration of the election results. Senator Aylwin, aged 71, told a huge crowd of supporters that what Chile needed was mutual understanding to build a solid democracy.

"Once again, the people of Chile have taken their destiny in their own hands," the veteran politician said. "I want to be president of all Chileans, and for this I need the support of all."

The new president is to take office on March 11 for a four-year term. General Pinochet will step down on that day at the end of a process that began last year when he held a plebiscite.

While the election was relatively democratic, the 1980 Constitution defining how the new Congress must govern is not. Senator Aylwin may find that getting elected was easy compared to resolving issues postponed by the military government.

General Pinochet himself

From Lake Sagaris, Santiago

will carry on as Army Commander in Chief, as well as sitting on the powerful National Security Council, which oversees the actions of the civilian authorities.

Much of Senator Aylwin's ability to govern will depend on the support of the Senate and the House of Deputies, whose members were also elected on Thursday.

The new President heads a coalition of 17 political parties led by the Christian Democrats. He promised to confront critical social and economic problems which have plunged almost half the population — more than five million Chileans — into poverty. Health, housing and employment are key issues for Chileans.

Laws already enacted would seriously handicap the new government's ability to establish economic policy.

After it assumes power it will have to work with a national budget approved by General Pinochet and with municipalities headed by General Pinochet's appointees.

The privatization of the State Bank and the autonomy of the Central Bank, along with the Law of the Entrepreneurial State, will limit the Government's ability to

influence monetary policy and investment.

Bringing democracy to important institutions, such as the Senate, will require considerable negotiations if the new Government is to achieve the two-thirds and three-fifths majorities required for vital changes.

A law approved last week eliminated Congress's right to investigate corruption in the previous government.

Human rights will be one of the most complex issues for post-Pinochet Chile. Civilians and military officers alike agree on the need to bring both groups closer after years of the military authorities dividing their countrymen into "friends and enemies".

The relatives of Chile's 700 detained or missing, and of others who faced firing squads after the coup, and the victims of torture and violent crime, want those responsible tried in court.

The most delicate issue is that of Chile's estimated 400 political prisoners. Some are clearly "prisoners of conscience", but many are accused of armed resistance to the military regime. All, according to lawyers and human rights organizations, have been severely tortured and many of the cases are based on confessions extracted using torture.

Their situation contrasts with those of military officers and organizations accused of grave human rights violations, granted amnesty by a 1978 law which the armed forces have united to defend.

Although the human rights situation has improved since General Pinochet lost a plebiscite to carry on in power, human rights organizations are concerned about the case of Hector Pacheco, who disappeared on November 15, after armed men arrested him in his home.

Senator Buchi's vote share was too small to force a run-off.

Supporters of Senator Patricio Aylwin celebrating his victory in Chile's presidential election, the first after 16 years of military rule.

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Gap narrows in Brazil's leadership race

From Mac Margolis, Rio de Janeiro

After a month-long campaign marked by personal insults, red-baiting, and broadsides against the "capitalist system", the two candidates in Brazil's first presidential election in nearly 30 years have retreated to their respective benches to await the verdict of the ballot box.

Tomorrow 82 million voters go to the polls to select a new President, the first Brazilian leader to be picked by direct vote since 1960.

The most recent opinion polls still gave Senator Fernando Collor de Mello, the polished, boyish candidate from the centre-right National Reconstruction Party the advantage over his left-wing adversary, Senator Luiz Inácio "Lula" da Silva, of the Workers' Party.

However, after a series of thunderous rallies in public squares all over Brazil in recent days, the bearded and gruff-voiced socialist is now

breathing down Senator Collor's neck.

The Brazilian Gallup poll published yesterday showed the National Reconstruction Party candidate with 45.6 per cent of voter preference to Senator da Silva's 43.8 per cent. Another survey gave Senator Collor an even slimmer 46 to 45 per cent advantage.

By momentum alone, Senator da Silva would appear poised to turn the tables. "One candidate (da Silva) soars while the other (Senator Collor) tumbles," said Senator Villas-Bôas Corrêa, a respected political commentator.

However, a final face-to-face confrontation in a three-hour televised debate on Thursday night was widely interpreted as a stand-off.

Now, on the eve of the presidential race, pollsters and political analysts alike agree that tomorrow's vote is too close to call. In a country

where the plodding ritual of consensus has always anchored the political process and where leaders have deliberately sought to steer away from ideology, this election stands out in marked contrast.

Senator da Silva, who rose to politics through the militant trade-union movement, called this race from early on the "biggest confrontation between labour and capital" in Brazilian history.

He favours rigorous state control over the economy, punishing speculators, taxing the rich to aid the poor, and immediately suspending debt payments to private foreign banks.

He also advocates a sweeping land-reform programme that confiscates large properties — more than 2,500 acres in the north and 1,200 acres in the south — left idle by landowners.

Like Senator da Silva, Senator Collor also promises to

crack down on financial speculators and tax dodgers.

However, by contrast, Senator Collor, a former governor, calls for reducing the size of government, selling off state enterprises, and reinvigorating private investment.

Rather than a confrontation with creditors, he is expected to haggle, withdrawing federal guarantees on Brazil's \$110 billion (\$70 billion) debt and forcing each company or department with outstanding foreign loans to negotiate repayment on its own.

In the waning days of the campaign, the tone and content of both candidates' speeches have hardened. Senator Collor began the race seeking to emulate the grand gestures and measured positions of statesmen.

However, as Senator da Silva rose in the polls, the front-runner discarded moderation and sought to brand

the Workers' Party candidate as an incendiary Marxist bent on destroying the democratic system.

Senator da Silva, for his part, labelled Senator Collor the scion of the Brazilian dictatorship, with support from the "dominant classes". He called Senator Collor's overtures to the working classes as the rumblings of "the fox in the chicken coop".

In an eleven-hour campaign move that split his own aides, Senator Collor broadcast in a televised campaign spot the bitter accusations of a one-time girlfriend of Senator da Silva, who called him a racist who tried to force her into an abortion.

Senator da Silva responded on his own television spot by appearing arm-in-arm with Larian, his daughter by that union and an avid Workers' Party supporter. Those accusations appeared to have no effect on the voter surveys.

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China turns a deaf ear to colony's pleas for democracy

From Joe Joseph, Hong Kong

Just hours after realizing that a revolt by Conservative backbenchers in Westminster was likely to shelve the number of Hong Kong people given the right to resettle in Britain, residents of the British colony discovered yesterday that their pleas for wide-ranging political democracy after 1997 had also fallen on deaf ears in Peking.

Chinese officials said in a key policy-drafting meeting with Hong Kong officials in Canton that only 30 per cent of Hong Kong's post-1997 legislature would be directly elected. This falls far short of the 40-50 per cent demanded by Hong Kong and will result in the territory being given only 18 seats in a 60-seat legislature.

The news from Canton compounded fears that have been simmering in the colony about its future after the handover to China in 1997.

The prospect of limited political representations, coupled with the growing likelihood that fewer families than expected will be allowed into Britain, is bound to accelerate the already damaging brain drain from the colony.

The backlash, revolt in London has also fanned fears, which conspiracy theorists have been peddling in Hong Kong, that Mrs Thatcher's policy of forced repatriation for the Vietnamese boat people was a dastardly Foreign Office ploy. The idea, according to the theory, is to shrink international goodwill towards Hong Kong just when the colony's residents are seeking outside support for their claim to passports as a post-1997 insurance policy.

The colony has been only too aware in recent days that Americans and others might wonder why they should take pity on people who have

blithely shipped Vietnamese refugees back to Hanoi against their will.

Yesterday Mrs Rosanna Tam and Mrs Selina Chow, convenors of a legislative working group on nationality, said in a joint statement that they were "most concerned by the increasingly negative views being expressed in Westminster".

They added: "There is no question of large numbers of Hong Kong people wishing to emigrate to the United Kingdom. If the assurances granted are effective... there will be no need for Hong Kong people to leave the territory in search of second passports."

"Those in London who are arguing that any measures taken to restore British citizenship to British subjects in Hong Kong would result in mass emigration to the UK are misleading the British public, they are confusing the objec-

tive of restoring confidence in Hong Kong, and they are doing a considerable disservice to the Hong Kong people. "Hong Kong people have no representation in

Peking — China devalued its currency today for the first time since 1986, lowering the exchange rate by 21.2 per cent — from 3.7128 yuan to the dollar to 4.7103 yuan — in an effort to boost exports (Catheline Saunson writes). Analysts say it is a sign of anxiety about foreign debt repayments due next year.

Parliament and no participation in the decisions made to determine their future. They rely on Britain to provide them with protection and security for the future."

The Reverend Lung Kwong Lo, a Methodist minister who has collected 850,000 signatures for the "Hong Kong

people saving Hong Kong" campaign he started after the Tiananmen Square massacre, said last night that the Tory backbenchers were "not showing proper moral responsibility to Hong Kong".

"They don't seem to understand the issues. They keep talking of people in Hong Kong flooding to the UK, which seems to show a sort of racial prejudice towards Hong Kong people. The real issue is whether the British Government can maintain the stability of Hong Kong until 1997. If the colony remains stable there will be a smooth transition."

"There is no reason for us to leave this territory unless there is a very dangerous situation. That is why we need to keep Hong Kong prosperous and stable. This is a matter of honour for Britain and the British people."

"If they don't give passports

11 blacks cleared of treason charges

From Ray Kennedy, Johannesburg

The convictions and sentences against 11 black activists in South Africa's longest and most expensive treason trial were quashed yesterday in a dramatic judgment by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Bloemfontein.

Within minutes of the verdict a defence lawyer was on his way to Robben Island, South Africa's maximum security prison off Cape Town, to secure the release of five of the 11 activists.

The other six were given suspended sentences. Relatives had already gathered at the dockside in Cape Town in anticipation of the judgement.

The five who stepped to freedom were Patrick "Terror" Lekota, publicity secretary of the United Democratic Front, who was jailed for 12 years, Popo Molefe, the UDF general secretary who was jailed for 10 years, and Moses Chikane, a former UDF executive member, Tom Mantshe, a field worker with the South African Council of Churches, and Gcinu Malindi, a member of the UDF-affiliated Vaal Civic Association, who received sentences of between 10 and five years.

They were convicted last December at the end of the so-called Delmas trial, a three-year duel between state and defence lawyers.

The trial took its name from the small eastern Transvaal town about 60 miles from Johannesburg where most of the hearings were held.

The court record of the marathon trial totalled more than 25,000 pages of typed evidence.

Yesterday the Chief Justice of South Africa, Mr Justice Michael Corbett, and four other judges upheld the appeal that the dismissal by the trial judge, Mr Justice Kees van Dijkhorst, of one of his two assessors was unlawful and unfair.

Judge van Dijkhorst had ruled that because Professor Willem Joubert had signed a UDF "million signature" campaign protesting against the tricameral parliamentary system he was not in a position to fulfil his role impartially.

The judge continued to hear the trial with one assessor, Mr W.F. Kruger, who was a member of the secret Afrikaner Broederbond.

Neither will be an easy task, given the factional and opportunistic nature of Comorian politics. At least they will be free to decide their destiny without the dark shadow of M Denard and his hit-men looming over them.

It is said that Clint Eastwood, the American actor, bought the rights to M Denard's life story after the 1978 coup d'état. Perhaps it is just as well the film never materialized.

away, the atmosphere was one of relief more than elation, with groups of men standing around quietly debating the future. Mr Ali Mahmoud, a teacher, summed up the general feelings: "He killed our President and terrorized our people. The only thing he

developed here was the graveyard."

With French forces now in effective control of the archipelago in the Mozambique channel, local politicians are preparing to organize a presidential election and to form an interim government of national unity.

The only thing he developed here was the graveyard.

Exit Denard, pathetic old man, and his cowed dogs of war

He came in with a roar and left with a whimper. A decade after storming into the Comoros with a force of mercenaries, guns blazing, "Colonel" Bob Denard was unceremoniously bundled out of the island yesterday in the cavernous hold of a C-130 Hercules transport aircraft.

After years as the ruthless enforcer in the regime of President Abdallah — whom he installed in 1978 and whose rule ended last month with his death — the proud veteran of African civil wars, was finally reduced to a bitter, pathetic old man with a bleak future.

The end came suddenly at dawn when officers from a French naval task force, by prior arrangement with the mercenaries, landed by helicopter at the airport on the east coast of the main island.

By the time paratroops from the warships cruising offshore arrived, M Denard and his men were waiting with about 300 Comorian soldiers of the Presidential Guard whom they once commanded.

Drawn up in ranks, parade-ground fashion, the guard presented arms as the chief of

the French military mission in the Comoros approached with a dozen paratroops. M Denard, standing alone in a light safari suit before his men, exchanged a few words with the French colonel before stepping aside. There were no salutes, no handshakes, mere-

ly resigned acceptance that his last command was over.

The mercenary officers in green berets marched off and were replaced by the French paratroops who ordered the GP to fall out. M Denard, denied his last request for full military honours, drove sullenly back to his barracks to collect his personal belongings.

Two hours later he returned with his 21 remaining mercenaries to board the South African charter flight to Johannesburg, where they were expected to transfer to a scheduled flight to Paris. "They will be in transit with a capital R," a South African official said.

As impassive French soldiers and a crowd of journalists looked on, the mercenaries swaggered up to the tailgate of

the huge aircraft with their leader, but it was the superficial bluster of a retreating army. M Denard sat alone, hunched in a seat by the front emergency exit.

Reporters who swarmed into the cargo hold were treated to his departing comments: "How do you think I feel? Like dancing? No, it's not a defeat, but it's not glory either. The important thing is that no blood was shed. Now get out, I want to sleep a little."

It was hardly a Napoleonic farewell, but then M Denard has never been noted for his eloquence. Adored by his dogs of war, but ultimately despised by the Comorian people, the severe figure with greying blond hair held away in the picturesque but impoverished islands by force of arms, rather than dialogue. Com-

passion for M Denard in his humiliation would be misplaced. Stripped of his last vestiges of power, he was exposed as what his victims have always claimed him to be — a hired killer who became a tinpot dictator. If his men, self-styled "the Frighteners", were allowed to leave in reasonable order with a trace of arrogance, the popular sentiment is that it was better than they deserved.

That they were also permitted to board the aircraft wearing uniforms and sidearms angered South African government officials, who had asked French officers to confiscate the weapons.

Mr Marco Bossi, the South African diplomatic negotiator, said the pistols were later collected by members of the crew shortly after take-off, and

that the mercenaries had been ordered to remove their uniforms. As the Hercules banked low over the Indian Ocean and flew southwards, only a few members of the guard, wandering aimlessly on the tarmac, waved goodbye.

In Moroni, the dilapidated Afro-Arab capital a few miles

developed here was the graveyard. I say good riddance to him and his kind."

With French forces now in effective control of the archipelago in the Mozambique channel, local politicians are preparing to organize a presidential election and to form an interim government of national unity.

Neither will be an easy task, given the factional and opportunistic nature of Comorian politics. At least they will be free to decide their destiny without the dark shadow of M Denard and his hit-men looming over them.

It is said that Clint Eastwood, the American actor, bought the rights to M Denard's life story after the 1978 coup d'état. Perhaps it is just as well the film never materialized.

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Neither

Yugoslavs ready to embrace democracy 'to save socialism'

Belgrade (AP) — Yugoslavia will introduce a multi-party system with free elections and seek full membership in Western economic groupings, including the European Community, according to a draft Communist Party declaration published yesterday.

The landmark document, prepared for adoption at next month's party congress and published by the *Borba* daily, appears to be Yugoslavia's reply to the wave of democratic reforms currently sweeping East Europe.

"The Communist Party of Yugoslavia supports freedom of assembly and speech, and all other civil liberties, regardless of political convictions of individuals," said the document released by a congressional preparatory committee.

Political "associations, movements or parties will depend on the will of the citizens whose freedom of choice must be guaranteed by the Constitution," the declaration stated. It said that the

Communist Party would no longer retain its monopoly on power and would participate along with other parties in free, direct and secret elections.

"We are changing all of this now in order that tomorrow it will not be too late for socialism in Yugoslavia," the document stated, adding that the reforms should be implemented within six months of the congress.

Until now, the Communist leadership of Yugoslavia's largest republic, Serbia, has been the staunchest opponent of Western-style democracy. But at its congress yesterday Serbia's Communist Party appeared to have softened its hardline stance.

Communists and Serbian authorities "have no reason or wish to impede administratively the establishment of (independent) political parties" in the republic, said Mr Bogdan Trifunovic, the region's party chief, in a keynote address.

Croatia, the second largest

republic, and the liberal northern state of Slovenia have already endorsed parliamentary democracy and are both scheduled to hold free legislative elections next spring.

Many independent movements and parties have been formed in Croatia and Slovenia over the past year. In spite of the authorities, several opposition groups have also sprung up in Serbia, Bosnia, Macedonia and Montenegro, where Communists have in the past tried to sidestep the issue of democratic reforms.

The draft declaration also said that Yugoslavia would seek "full participation in integration processes in Europe, and membership in the European Community, the Council of Europe, the European Free Trade Association (Efta) and other similar organizations and institutions."

The document also called for a market economy, respect for human rights and an independent judiciary.

Wave of discontent wins Bulgarian reforms

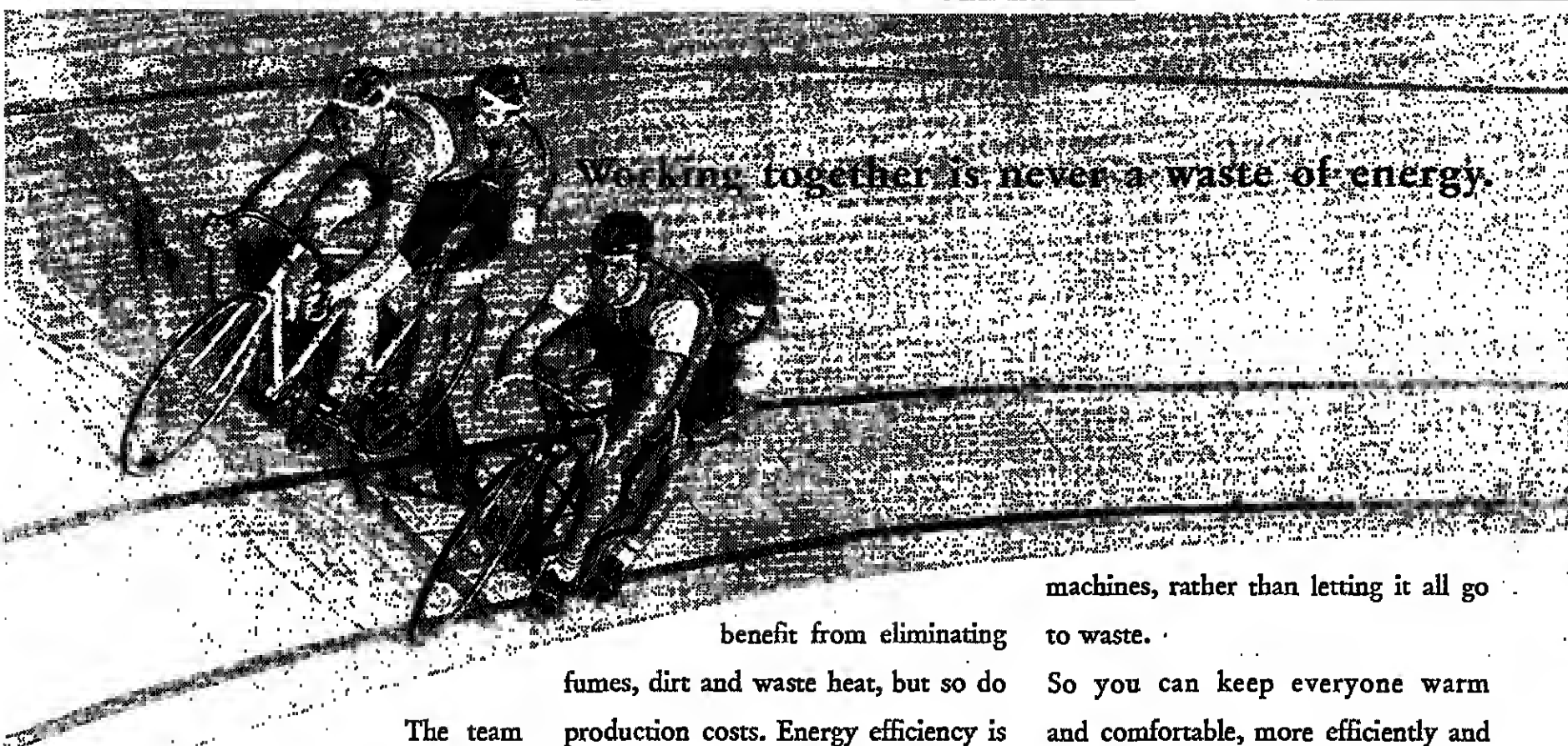


Sofia lawyers holding their own protest yesterday while in other parts of the Bulgarian capital thousands turned out again to underline the fact that opposition to the Communist Government was gaining momentum. For the second day, protesters gathered outside the parliamentary building

to press for the party and the Government to resign to clear the way for free and democratic elections (Ernest Beck writes). Faced with growing pressure for swift reform, the Communist Party sought to defuse tension by making concessions to several opposition demands, including

the creation of an independent commission to examine widespread charges of corruption by Communist Party officials. Parliament also declared an amnesty for people convicted of "crimes against the state" and removed the offences from the criminal code. The moves are seen as

damage control as noisy demonstrations continue and the party, under Mr Petar Mladenov, tries to quell a rising tide of discontent on Bulgaria's streets. Initial reaction to Thursday's mass rally had been to denounce it as the work of "irresponsible and extremist forces".



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PLANELECTRIC

LET'S WORK TOGETHER 0708

Albanian leader rules out change

Vienna (Reuters) — Mr Ramiz Alia, the Albanian leader, has rejected the reformist revolution sweeping Eastern Europe,

arguing that there is nothing wrong with socialism, only with the countries that had adopted it.

He told trade union leaders in Tirana, the Albanian capital, earlier this week that the reforms in the Soviet bloc were being dictated by international capitalism for its own ends, the official ATA news agency reported.

"There are foreigners who ask: 'Will Albania experience such processes as those occurring in East Europe?' We answer in a clear-cut and categorical way: No," he said.

Albania has gone its own ultra-orthodox way since breaking first with Moscow and then with China.

Mr Alia said its development had been quite different from other Eastern bloc countries.

"The crisis that has swept over the East is a crisis of a set community. It is a crisis of what is called the 'socialist community' but not of socialism as theory and practice," Mr Alia was quoted as saying.

"Consequently, the events occurring there do not concern us."

He said the capitalist road being taken by other states was unacceptable to Albania, since this led to exploitation and oppression.

He called the huge foreign debts of communist and Third World countries "chains for the freedom of the people, exploitation of their sweat and toil, a source of enrichment for the rich."

"Capitalism gives nothing without interest. A testimony to this are the events in East Europe."

"It is dictating what should be done, how the economy should be reformed, so as to open up the road to private property and foreign capital, how should power be handed to anti-communist forces."

"We Albanians are not rich, but we are free and independent," Mr Alia said.

● PRAGUE: Czechoslovakia will dismantle its Iron Curtain border with West Germany, shorten military service and end Communist Party influence over the Army, its new Defence Minister said yesterday.

WORLD ROUNDUP

Greek weapons scandal reopened

Athens — The Council of Greek Appeal Judges yesterday ordered the reopening of an investigation into "the scandal of the century" — the purchase of over-priced military aircraft and missiles by the former Socialist Government of Mr Andreas Papandreu (Mario Modiano writes).

Parliament ruled last July that there was not enough evidence to prosecute the former Prime Minister. Members were told that Greece had bought the weapons at between £250 million and £750 million above market prices. That decision was authoritatively attributed to pressure by the governments of supplier countries reluctant to have another arms bribery case publicly investigated.

Gun-runner aged 12

Rome — Police in Italy usually stop young people on mopeds to make sure that they are 14 and old enough to drive. But when they stopped a 12-year-old in Calabria on Wednesday night, they found that under the moped's seat was a sub-machine-gun with a half-full magazine and a cartridge in the breech (Paul Bompard writes). Not taken aback in the least, the child gun-runner warned the police: "Be careful how you behave. I am not punishable and can go around in a tank if I like." Under Italian law a 12-year-old cannot be prosecuted, and all the police could do was confiscate the dangerous toy and deliver the child to his parents. The police suspect that he was being used as an "invulnerable" gun runner by a kidnap gang.

India delays pull-out

Delhi — India's new Government has laid down precise conditions which must be met before it will withdraw all of an estimated 30,000 troops still in Sri Lanka (Christopher Thomas writes). The statement by Mr Vishwanath Pratap Singh, the Prime Minister, amounts to a declaration that the Government has no intention of trying to meet a pull-out deadline of December 31.

● Colombo: Members of the militant Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam are reported to be in control of Batticaloa town in eastern Sri Lanka, after they routed the rival Tamil National Army (A Correspondent writes).

Singer in drugs trial

Kingston (Reuters) — The Jamaican actress and singer Grace Jones pleaded not guilty to cocaine possession on Thursday as her long-delayed trial began in a crowded court. The Government's first witness, Detective Leroy Hanson, testified that Miss Jones repeatedly insisted: "I don't do drugs", during a raid on a house where she and her boyfriend were staying. Mr Hanson said cocaine was found in her handbag. But blood and urine tests had detected no sign of illegal drugs. The defence contended that drugs had been planted on Miss Jones, but did not elaborate.

Ferry crash fatality

Hong Kong (AP) — One person died and 13 were injured here yesterday when a jetfoil smashed into a pier after hitting several fishing boats. The accident occurred when the ferry was returning empty to dock in Hong Kong harbour after a trip to neighbouring Macao. The ferry hit the pier with such force that its bow ran ashore, police said. The injured were taken to hospital but their condition was not known, and details about the fatality were not disclosed.



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THE CHANGING FACE OF EUROPE

Sakharov - a visionary whose dream came true

By Geoffrey Hosking

Three years ago, Andrei Sakharov returned to Moscow from the provincial town of Gorky, where he had been exiled for denouncing the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. I felt, as did many people, that the world had become a safer place with his return home.

That was a measure of the stature the man had attained in the eyes of public opinion the world over. He had been

saw that the weapon of mass destruction he had created was in the hands of "people who, though talented in their own way, were cynical".

He wrote to Khrushchev several times pleading for the abandonment of atmospheric nuclear tests the effects of which, as he said, were insufficiently investigated and probably highly malignant. He was not quite as helpless as he

felt. His efforts contributed to the signing of a Test Ban Treaty in 1963, the first international agreement regulating the use of nuclear weapons. But he had already drawn the lesson that governments cannot be trusted, that countervailing powers are needed to publicize what they are doing.

Hence his belief, which he subsequently preached, that

international peace is impossible without political democracy and freedom of speech.

Sakharov became the heart and soul of the Soviet human rights movement. His powerful intellect, his knowledge of the higher echelons of society, and above all his burning moral conviction sustained the movement through long dark years when it seemed utterly fruitless to hope that

any serious change might result from professing a credo so alien to the Soviet milieu.

Nor did he confine his activity to writing petitions. He would go to the courtrooms where fellow citizens were being tried for "anti-Soviet agitation" or "defaming the Soviet political and social system". If, as was usually the case, he was barred from entry, he would

stand outside, a silent witness to the concern for freedom.

Eventually the authorities lost patience and exiled him to Gorky where they kept him under house arrest and cut off his contacts. Even from there, his wife and companion of the hopeless years, Yelena Bonner, managed to smuggle out a few statements.

His return to Moscow in 1986 marked the moment when *glasnost* became serious. There was no way of stopping Sakharov from declaring his opinions in forthright terms, but those opinions were broadly in line with what President Gorbachev himself was now trying to achieve — a relaxation of international tension and the democratization of Soviet society.

As long ago as 1970, Sakharov and two colleagues had sent a memorandum to Brezhnev warning that the Soviet Union was failing to keep pace with the modern world, and that the only way to make up the growing gap with the West was to democratize the political system, permitting the free flow of information and allowing voters to choose between politicians of different

views. Brezhnev had ignored the advice, but Mr Gorbachev, whether or not he ever saw the memorandum, was now starting to follow it.

This did not mean that relations between Sakharov and Mr Gorbachev were always harmonious. While Mr Gorbachev was the practical statesman, cajoling and manoeuvring to push parts of his programme through, Sakharov remained the tireless idealist, constantly reminding him of the ultimate vision. Some found his criticism excessive, but he had to combine the difficult roles of prophet and leader of an opposition as yet unborn.

Elected early this year to the newly established Congress of People's Deputies, he fought vigorously for its status, arguing that it should be not just an electoral anti-chamber for the smaller Supreme Soviet but, as a body directly chosen by the people, should itself become the sovereign legislative assembly — in effect like the French National Assembly of 1789. His last political act, only two days before his death, was to urge the Assembly to discuss end-

ing the political monopoly of the Communist Party.

Sakharov was reticent and self-effacing. He often looked as if he would be happier in his study writing a treatise than standing at the tribune. But the very hesitancy of his oratory was effective: it bespoke a man who addressed the public only because "he could do no other".

Sakharov died a month after the breaching of the Berlin Wall, just when his vision, so long pursued in apparent defiance of reality, seemed nearer to realization than ever before. Perhaps he would not have seen it that way, since so much remains to be done in his own country.

But has any human being ever brought such an apparently hopeless cause so close to fulfilment? Sakharov was one of the great figures of the 20th century and one of the few whose legacy is wholly beneficial.

Geoffrey Hosking's "The Awakening of the Soviet Union", a revised version of his 1988 Reith Lectures, will be published by Heinemann in January.

Obituary, page 12

Tears for the man everyone knew

From Mary Dejevsky, Moscow

Several hours after news of Dr Sakharov's death had started to circulate, 20 or 30 people stood quietly outside the Sakharov mansion block on Ulitsa Chkalova on the Moscow ring road. Some were crying openly, others dabbing their eyes, yet others exchanging reminiscences about the man they knew less as a political figure than as a massaging neighbour.

They were the latest in a constant stream of people who from early morning had braved 10 degrees of frost and driving snow to pay their respects to Andrei Sakharov's memory at the place where he had lived — with the exception of six years in exile — for more than two decades.

All were bundled up against the cold. Their conversation was subdued.

A small group of men busied themselves with arranging a small shrine beside the entrance to the block. A recent photograph of Dr Sakharov, meditative head in hands, was

placed on the wall. Beneath it was a makeshift table with candles. A few-chad family — parents and two small daughters — emerged from the doorway and placed two bunches of red carnations, one on the table, the other on a hook under the photograph. The pile of carnations grew steadily, as more friends and admirers added their own tributes.

Passers-by appeared shocked. Some of the men doffed their hats as a mark of respect. One ordinary Moscow street not one person asked who Sakharov was. They all knew.

Most comments related to the Sakharovs and their lifestyle. "They lived so modestly, so unostentatiously," one woman said through tears. "He went everywhere on his own two feet. He did not have official cars taking and fetching him. He lived like everyone else. You used to see him most mornings at the baker's getting the bread, he would walk along by himself just carrying his purse. It is a tragedy that he is gone."

Mrs Thatcher and President Bush praised Dr Sakharov in messages of condolence to his widow. Mrs Thatcher said his death had left a great vacuum, and President Bush spoke of his devotion to freedom.

come a symbol of the will to human freedom and international peace, the more remarkable for having emerged from the midst of one of the world's two great military arsenals.

However his sudden exposure, as a young nuclear physicist, to a milieu of exclusive privilege and power taught him things he had never known as a boffin. He

Neo-Nazis gain ground in East German cities

From Ian Murray, Bonn

The radical right is gaining support in East Germany, according to a survey by the Informationsbüro West, an independent agency which monitors the East German media. In a report yesterday it said that a study of articles, letters and news items in the many regional newspapers confirmed the growth of neo-Nazi groups.

According to Herr Stephan Roahl, spokesman of the East German Office for National Security — which has superseded the hated state security service (Stasi) — there were only 44 prosecutions brought against fascist activities in the whole of last year compared with 144 this year to the middle of last month. Recently, he said, eight members of a group calling itself the SS Secret Organization had been arrested.

The secretary of a Jewish organization in Erfurt — whose parents died in Auschwitz — reported receiving anonymous telephone calls daily from a man who said: "The ovens of Buchenwald are waiting for you again."

Another article claims that anti-Semitism has led to tombstones in Jewish cemeteries all over the country

being defaced. A Berlin school reported finding leaflets on class benches calling for "gas chambers for special groups of people".

Other leaflets signed by the West German radical right Republican Party have been widely distributed. They argue that there will only be a true free vote in East Germany if the Republican Party is allowed to put up candidates. The Republicans, who first won seats last January in the West Berlin city elections, have said their main political aim is the reunification of Germany as a neutral state, with Berlin as its capital.

There was open support for the Republicans in Leipzig at last Monday's regular weekly demonstration. West German television carried a series of interviews with young people, all saying that they supported reunification in the way the party wanted it and said they would vote Republican if given the chance.

The East German National Democratic Party (NDPD), one of the four non-communist recognized political organizations, is also alarmed that its name is now being used by neo-Nazi groups. It recently published a dis-

claimer in the Leipzig press, asking people not to confuse it with fascists who were using the NDPD initials.

Fascism is contrary to the constitutions of both Germanies, but the Republicans are not so far considered to be beyond the law in the Federal Republic, although they have all along been branded as neo-Nazis in the East.

The authorities there are now blaming at least some of the problem on the open border, claiming that Republican propaganda and ideas are being smuggled in across the frontier. The study suggests that there is at least a rumour of support for their programme and for even more radical right-wing views.

Police vigilance: With revenge attacks on party members, the police and former state security workers threatening to bring East Germany to the brink of anarchy, the Ministry of the Interior has ordered the police force to step up its vigilance (Anne McElvoy writes).

In the past week violence against officials has increased at an alarming rate, a Ministry spokesman said. However, fearing that the campaign of mob justice could

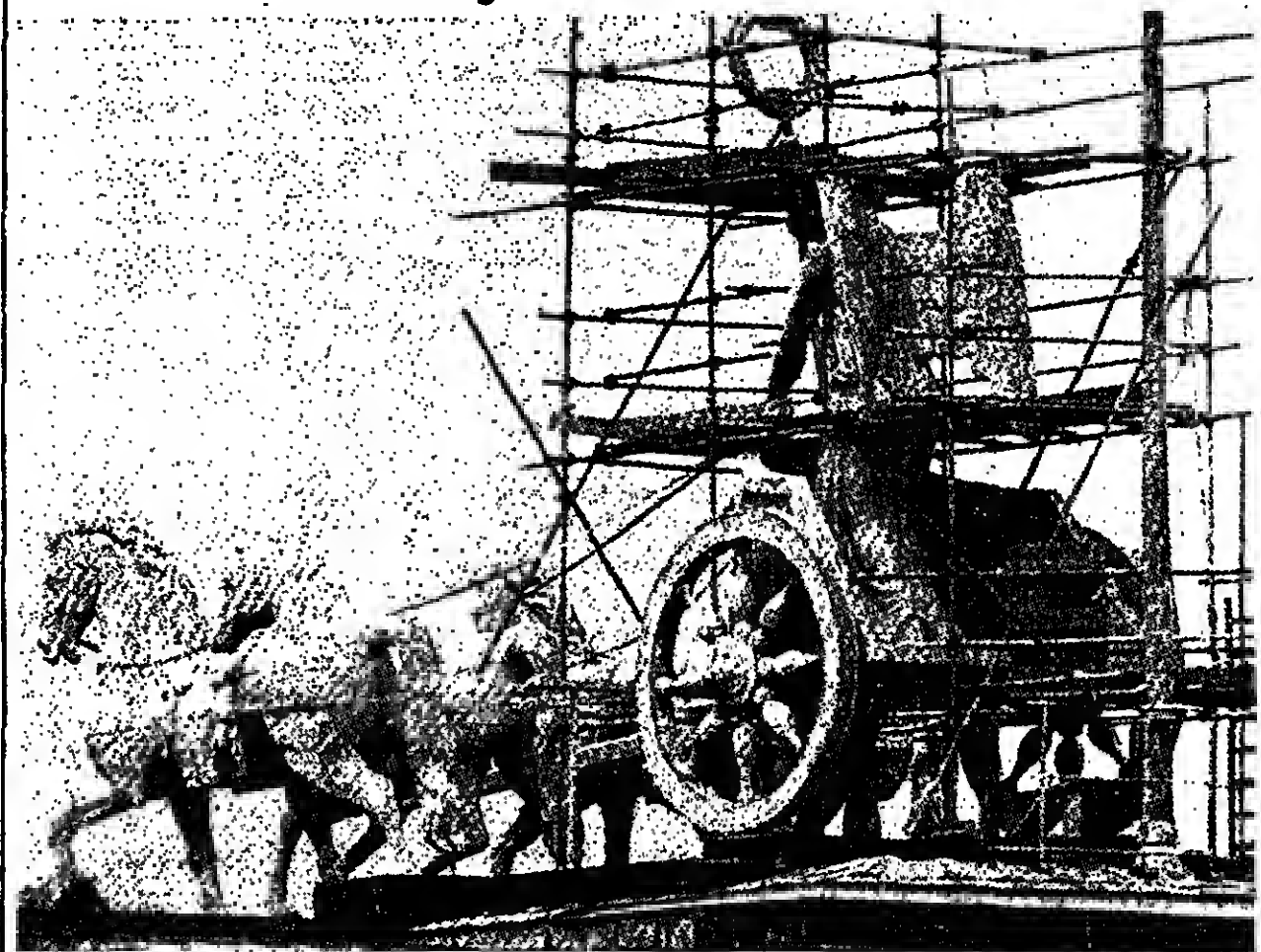
soon turn into violent conflict, the Government announced yesterday that the Workers' Militia, the "armed organs of the working class", in reality a paramilitary group of some 400,000 under the auspices of the communist Socialist Unity Party, would be dissolved immediately.

A spokesman for the Interior Ministry said all members would have to give up weapons. Communist party functionaries also issued with firearms have already been made to surrender these.

Now that the Office of National Security, formerly the Ministry of State Security, has been dissolved, some 20,000 former employees are, having to look for work elsewhere. But they are finding themselves unwelcome even in the country's understaffed factories.

The East German newspaper, *Berliner Zeitung*, reported yesterday that three large factories in East Berlin and Potsdam had received anonymous calls and letters ordering the management not to employ former communist functionaries or state security employees, and threatening violence if this was not heeded.

Tarnished symbol to be restored



The legendary symbol atop the Brandenburg Gate had intended to repair the 20 ft high statue in position on the 80 ft high neoclassical arch and reinstate an Iron Cross and an eagle removed at the end of the

Second World War, according to *Neues Deutschland*, the communist party daily (Reuters reports from East Berlin). But inspections showed the internal metal skeleton of the structure was badly rusted and

additional strain from the eagle and cross could have caused it to collapse. Now engineers will lift the goddess and her chariot to the ground next month for extensive restoration work.

Nato aims for role in reshaping Europe

From Michael Binyon and Frederick Bonmart, Brussels

Nato foreign ministers yesterday resolved to strengthen the alliance's political role, using it to design a "new architecture for Europe, whole and free".

Ending a two-day council that was dominated by the changes in Eastern Europe, they declared that Nato's main task was to pursue political change within stability, and make intensified efforts to overcome the division of Europe.

Skirting gingerly round the delicate issue of German reunification, they adopted a formula, almost identical to that laboriously agreed by the European Community summit in Strasbourg, which called for the "strengthening of the state of peace in Europe in which the German people will regain its unity through free self-determination".

This declaration was then followed by a series of concessions, insisting the process should be peaceful and demo-

cratic and setting it firmly in the context of all relevant agreements and treaties, the Helsinki Final Act and European integration.

The ministers emphasized that Nato had no wish to destabilize Europe, encroach on the Soviet Union's legitimate security interests or seek unilateral advantage.

They said Nato's stronger political role, which should not come at the expense of its defence capabilities, should be exercised mainly through the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe process. They were ready to consider convening a second Helsinki conference — suggested by President Gorbachev in Rome recently — but emphasized that this must be well prepared, and should come after the signing of a treaty reducing conventional forces, now being negotiated in Vienna.

Such a conference, grouping all 35 signatories of the Hel-

sinki Final Act, could come after a probable summit next year of the 23 Nato and Warsaw Pact countries taking part in the negotiations for the reduction of Conventional Forces in Europe.

The ministers also called for the expansion of economic relations with Eastern Europe, saying that this neglected "Basket Two" of the Final Act



Mr Baker: Called for the strengthening of EC links.

should be given greater weight. They called for a rationalization of the measures to prevent the transfer of high technology enforced by the Co-ordinating Committee for Multilateral Export Controls, long denounced by the Soviet Union. Mr James Baker, the US Secretary of State, insisted the Paris-based organization would continue to protect strategic technology, but "things that are available off the shelf should not be locked up".

Mr Baker's call this week for a "new Atlanticism" and a strengthening of Nato and US links with the EC was generally well received, but ministers were hesitant to give an immediate reaction. There were doubts — especially by the French — on the need for a formal link between Nato and the EC. But Mr Douglas Hurd, the Foreign Secretary, said there was no conflict or unnecessary duplication, as each body had its own job to do.

Herr Manfred Wörner, the Secretary-General, said there was a need for a better exchange of information, but he did not want any institutional link.

Mr Baker, who later held talks with M Jacques Delors, the President of the European Commission, insisted that it was not the role of the US to tell the EC members how they should expand their integration. But he wanted to institutionalize the present ad hoc relationship.

Some of Mr Baker's other suggestions were quickly adopted. Nato agreed to consider an alliance role in verification of arms control treaties, while insisting that this still remained the responsibility of individual nations. Nato also accepted an invitation by Canada to study President Bush's plan for "open skies" at a conference in Ottawa in February. Warsaw Pact members will also be invited.

US companies respond to Walesa investment call

From Martin Fletcher, Washington

The call by Mr Lech Walesa, the Solidarity leader who visited the United States last month, for American businessmen to invest in Poland is slowly being answered as American companies begin to realize the huge potential of the East European market.

General Electric has bought a \$150 million (294 million) stake in Tungsram, a Hungarian light bulb manufacturer. Chase Enterprises, the Connecticut communications company, has joined the Polish Government in a multi-million-dollar venture to provide cable television in Warsaw and Cracow, and Marriott Corporation has opened a luxury 500-room hotel in Warsaw.

The Overseas Private Investment Corporation is a government agency which insures American companies investing abroad against even-

tuities such as political upheaval or sudden expropriation of their assets. "Our phones are ringing all day," Mr James Hall, its director of public affairs, said.

In the financial year which ended in October, the government agency entered into 115 contracts with American companies investing overseas, and in the past month it has received 40 applications from companies wishing to invest in Poland and Hungary.

The total value of the investments proposed by the companies which want to do business in Poland is \$1.15 billion, and in Hungary, \$550 million. Their interests range from banking to shoes.

These companies want to gain a foothold in a potential market for Western goods of at least 400 million people in East Europe.

Another attraction is cheap

labour. The average hourly wage in Poland is \$1.35, and in Hungary \$1.70, compared to \$13.90 in the US and \$18.07 in West Germany. This means American companies can export back to the West at highly competitive prices.

Chase Enterprises plans to charge Poles about \$8.50 a month for a basic cable television service and intends to make a profit despite the popular belief that Poles are living on the breadline.

US Government policy is to encourage private investment in Poland and Hungary and to create the right conditions for investment rather than aid its own depleted coffers to give aid which might achieve little lasting change.

Last month it sent 29 private businessmen from big companies such as General Motors and Westinghouse to assess investment prospects.

Things getting better in Romania 'now we have food rationing'

From Michael Knipe, Bucharest

Mr Ranu Belajan, the director of the Romanian National Theatre, strode across the carpet in his cold but plushly furnished office and said, with an actor's flourish of the hand and what sounded like total conviction: "Things are getting better in Romania. Now we have food rationing."

Then he shook his head and glowered darkly at the very thought of the changes sweeping across East Europe. What was happening in the other Warsaw Pact countries was nothing less than anarchy, he said. The people were no longer working. It was very dangerous, and who knew what would become of it all?

Mr Belajan looks like the late Lord Olivier but sounds like President Ceausescu of Romania, hero of heroes and excepting Albania — the last of the old reactionary Communist Party secretaries left in East Europe.

Mr Belajan is also a member of the

Central Committee, and he dismisses any suggestion that the changes elsewhere might have provoked discussion in the Romanian party's inner forums.

"Our policy is very clear. We continue with our way. We think it is the right way. We are not and never have been influenced by other models of socialism."

Outside, a layer of black ice coated the pavements and streets of Bucharest. Grim-faced women in heavy overcoats and fur hats queued at food shops for their rations: 10 eggs a month for each person, one packet of butter, about 2lb of cheese, the same of raw meat and twice as much processed or minced meat.

Up to 50 cars wait outside petrol stations, rationed to 20 gallons a month in winter.

The temperature for much of this week was -15°C and many Romanians shivered in their unheated homes.

The most traditional of Bucharest's grand hotels, the Athenaeum Palace, was

among the buildings without heating. Reception clerks worked in their overcoats, gloves and fur hats. Along dimly lit corridors, hurly guests in sheepskin coats flapped their arms in an attempt to whip up some warmth as they waited for lifts which work only sometimes.

In the dining room a brave violinist played folk songs wearing a dinner jacket, but the guests kept their outdoor clothes on.

And everywhere security guards in their olive-green greatcoats and fur hats stand watch inside and outside shops, offices and hotels, or systematically patrol the streets.

As communist party oligarchies crumble across Eastern Europe, Romania threatens to remain a living museum of party orthodoxy and institutionalized power. It is a country where suspicion and corruption are rife.

The people have seen nothing of the demonstrations in Prague and East Germany or the historic dismantling of the Berlin Wall, but many of them, in the

privacy of their homes, have heard of these momentous events on the BBC, Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America.

Romanian newspapers have continued to fill their columns with verbatim reports and extensive analysis of Mr Ceausescu's speeches. Reporting of the historic events in Prague, Berlin, Sofia, Warsaw and Budapest has been restricted to single paragraphs announcing the deposing of the various leaders — but without explanation.

There is little doubt that most people know at least something of what has been happening elsewhere.

"Sometimes you hear something like the sacking of Husak (the former Czechoslovak leader) on Radio Free Europe and you mention it to colleagues at work, but it is best not to venture an opinion," said a businessman. "Things have got better. Today no one will ask you where you heard such a thing."

Twenty years ago a relative of mine was sent to prison for five years for

listening to Radio Free Europe.

"In some ways you see we are freer now than in my father's time, but at the moment all the people are afraid — more afraid now than they were three months ago."

Romanians and diplomats from Eastern as well as Western embassies are asking themselves why it is that Mr Ceausescu's regime seems immune from the flames of reform sweeping through the Continent.

There is general agreement that there is as much dissatisfaction here as elsewhere in the Warsaw Pact, and a great deal more hardship for the people. But, as far as anyone can tell in such a secretive society, there are no signs of any rebellion either from within the party or outside it.

The President and his family continue to dominate the political scene, and the security apparatus is all-powerful. Diplomats admit that they are almost entirely isolated from the ruling Establishment. One cultural attaché said

that, if he attempted to entertain artists or musicians at his home, he had to submit the invitations through the authorities, who would decide whether the event could take place and who could attend.

The regime's nervousness about the winds of change sweeping through the Warsaw Pact countries was clearly in evidence last month when it staged a five-day party congress. At one point, said a diplomat, the increased security was so intense that as many as four security men were guarding every poster bearing Mr Ceausescu's picture.

The congress was stage-managed with impressive thoroughness, and ended with the re-election of the 71-year-old President, who has been in power for 24 years.

Some Romanians blame a lack of natural cohesion or tradition of resistance in their society for the fact that they are being left behind as other East European societies transform themselves.

TIMES DIARY

SIMON BARNES

Here are a few suggestions for a sporting Christmas. For cricket enthusiasts, there is always the pleasure of your own bowling machine. Bola will let you have one for £225 plus delivery and V.A.T. I was tempted, but I reasoned that a machine that bowls consistent line and length would be no practice for the real thing.

It would add a nice touch to the bowling in an Ayrtoe Senna motor-racing helmet. Senna, the former formula one champion, has been racing since he was a mere boy, beginning with karts in 1969. Apparently in all that time — with 20 Grand Prix wins — he has been using a Bell helmet. He has done too badly, even if he has managed to live without the friendship of Nigel Mansell. Bell is celebrating his 20-year association with the firm by issuing a limited edition of 250 replicas of Senna's helmet, each one numbered and autographed. It's yours for a thousand bucks.

For the person who seeks true style and class, as well as this column's plaudits, there can be only one present: what else but a hand-made racing tricycle? The Tricycle Association tells me that £1,300 should get you something pretty decent.

Crystal Palace Supporters Club is not the first place you would look for a neat conceptual joke, but all the same, it has pulled one off with great charm. Today Palace have an away fixture against Charlton Athletic in the first division. Now, Palace and Charlton both play their home games at Selhurst Park. However, the Palace supporters have laid on coaches for supporters, as they do for every away game. They will be double deckers, and will leave Selhurst Park at 10.30am. The fans will make a sight-seeing tour of London, and return to the ground at 1pm, giving them ample time to recover from the rigours of the journey before shouting the lads to victory on alien territory.

How do you entertain the Soviet rugby union team after beating them out of sight? Combined Services played them the post-horn gallop, on a trio of posthorns, rifle and light machinegun. So that's what these things are for, comrades.

The Vatican, although a sovereign state, does not normally send a team to the World Cup finals, but will be doing so next summer, when it all happens in Italy. Vatican officials see this as a great opportunity to spread the Word: "We will operate among players, team officials and supporters," says Father Carlo Mazza. "It's a unique opportunity to evangelize non-Catholic people arriving from distant countries." He added: "We believe that the unexplored world of athletes is in deep need of spirituality. We hope to have the fans discussing the problem of violence in the arenas and contribute to a solution." Well signori, when you get to Cagliari, please give it all you've got.

BARRY FANTONI



My first nomination for sportsperson of the decade went to a dead horse; my second goes to a one-legged water-skiier, and rather a remarkable fellow. Ivor Wood wants to nominate Steve Butterworth, a speedway rider who had a leg amputated at the knee. In the 10 years since then he has played squash, cricket, football and basketball and has swum — holding a breaststroke record for amputees. Two years ago he water-skied across the Channel, and last year he did it in both directions, covering 68 miles in 1 hr 55 min, the fastest double crossing ever on water-skis by anyone on any number of legs. Butterworth broke his remaining leg in September, so I hope his mugshot of Tattinger cheers him up. Keep sending suggestions.

They are on the hunt for a likely Australian to win the Bradman Scholarship at Oxford, to commence in 1990. You have to be between 21 and 26, and must produce three character references, two academic references and two cricketing references. You must have an honours degree and be a good cricketer. I am not sure if Lindsay Reeler has a degree, but she is a magnificent attacking batter, with a superb late cut just out of person the Bradman Museum Trust ought to support.

I was one of those little boys who kept mice. The first breeding pair came from a petshop and cost a shilling each. Later immigrants to my cage came from friends and, once, a wild mouse came to stay, though she did not get on with the others and had to leave.

The mouse population soon grew, as (with breathtaking frequency) oases of chewed newspaper filled with litters of tiny pink babies: blind, delicate, almost translucent — like underdone cocktail sausages. These were exciting times and I would cycle back from school, to be present at the birth whenever possible — decades ahead of the fashionable men of today. Once, when a newborn litter's parents fell victim to the cat, I raised the babies by jettisoning sick pieces of string dipped in milk.

Mice are beautiful creatures if you look at them quietly. Mine

were mostly white, with little cherry-coloured eyes; but there were a couple of black ones (two shillings), while a prized possession was a honey-coloured mouse, unusually tame. Sadly, the cat got her. I always hoped that the mating of black and white mice might produce a piebald issue, but it never did. The chapter on genetics in my encyclopaedia explained that the chances were slim.

I built the cage myself. It was based on instructions in a *Pets Annual*, but it was more ambitious. In addition to a home-made exercise wheel (which they never used) I constructed jumps, ladders, ramps and a series of

mezzanine galleries on different levels. It looked like a stage-set for an avant-garde opera.

This cage was larger than any others I ever saw. I felt sorry for the mice being shut in, but experiments with free-range in my bedroom had alarmed my mother and ended in tragedy with the cat: so the aim was to make their prison as big and as interesting as possible. They even had separate sleeping quarters, though they never used them. They had minds of their own.

Honestly, each mouse (you may not know this) has a clear and distinct personality. They are not alike at all, once you get to know them. Some are forgiving,

some placid, others wary. Some are lazy, some greedy, others pull their weight in the mouse community. Some can return affection, some not. Some are mentally ill, some imagine they are physi-

MATTHEW
PARRIS

cally ill when they are not. Mice suffer, in fact, from most of the same complaints as us. Luckily I found a vet who took my pets seriously: Dr Sugden (but I called her "Mrs"). I would cycle her surgery with my small patients in shoebox ambulances. Once, after a disastrous raid by the cat (my fault — left cage door unfastened — cat spotted it — cats will wait forever) I took a mouse whose hind leg had been all but severed, and Dr Sugden saved him though he always limped.

Each had a name: not silly names like Ophelia or Silton, but real names like George and Claire. All too often we had to resort to "George Jnr" or "Claire

No 2" after incidents involving the cat; but generally the population held up well and later multiplied. We racked our brains for new names.

But it is not true that I called one of my mice "Twinkles". My mother — who wrote and read children's stories for the radio — made that up. I still winced to recall the reception the following morning in the school playground. It taught me an early lesson about irresponsible journalism.

Ah — journalism — I was daydreaming; and that brings me back to the present. The present is the beginning of winter in Derbyshire, when the mice start to come

in for refuge (Mr Hurd would call them economic migrants). There is a mouse problem in my house. Look at it all ways — and I really have — there is only one answer. I did try letting the first immigrants stay in a room. I thought, that (living alone) I cannot share a big house with a couple of mice? But they were a married couple; and soon there was the patter of very tiny feet, and mouse droppings on my pillow when I arrived from London. So I had to... must I spell it out? You will know what I had to do.

I arrived from London last night. One trap had killed the mother cleanly. But the father was still struggling in the other trap. It had almost severed his leg. Mrs Dr Sugden could have mended it, but she is gone. And the string dipped in milk for feeding the babies is gone too. And a lot else, besides.

Conor Cruise O'Brien on Washington's irrelevant line

Germany alone will decide

There was a hollow ring to the speech in West Berlin this week by James Baker, the US Secretary of State. Ostensibly, he was talking about the future, but his language was full of assumptions that no longer hold, because the foundations on which they were based have crumbled away. "Working together," he said, "we must design and gradually put into place a new architecture for a new era."

Here, "we" means the United States and its Nato allies in Europe. The key word in the sentence is "gradually". To another part of his speech, Baker was specific about what he would like to happen "gradually": the reunification of Germany.

"This very positive course," he said, "will not be easy, nor can it be rushed. It must be peaceful, it must be democratic. It must respect the legitimate concerns of all the participants in the new Europe."

These remarks are based on an assumption that is legally sound but politically obsolete. It is that people who are not German can determine the pace and form of German reunification.

Influential Germans are now increasingly displaying their contempt for all thinking based on that assumption. On the day

on which Mr Baker spoke — Tuesday — *Die Welt* dismissed the "Status of Berlin" communiqué issued by the four ambassadors the previous day with the comment that "the victorious powers of 1945 can do little more than buy each other a celebration drink. The time in which they could judge Germans as they saw fit is over."

In East Germany, the forces of nationalism and economic self-interest, strongly interacting, converge towards a desire for reunification. If that is the wish expressed in elections in the East, the pace and form of reunification will be determined mainly by the West Germans.

Chancellor Kohl will then be under pressure to work out with East Germany a programme of reunification, to be published in time to influence the West German elections, in December 1990.

It may be that his programme for reunification will be as

cautious and gradual as the American Secretary of State and European governments desire. That depends on how, six months from now, West Germans are feeling about unity.

They will no doubt still want unification, but they may perhaps be in less of a hurry about it than East Germans are. It is the West Germans, after all, who will have to foot the bill: nationalism and economic self-interest, clearly convergent in East Germany, may diverge in West Germany, at least in the short run. If so, Kohl will be slow and careful about this business, for strictly German reasons.

On the other hand, it may be that caution based on economic considerations will give way to the intoxicating power of recovered pride as unification looms in sight next summer, after the East German elections. Or an improvised *de facto* unification may occur well before that, to save off a breakdown of East Germany into anarchy.

Whatever happens, "the legitimate concerns of all the participants in the new Europe" — meaning non-Germans — can have no more than a peripheral role to play, and not necessarily a positive one: a German nationalism which no longer fears to speak its name might make use of such intimations for its own purposes.

Candidates in next year's German elections (East and West) may find it rewarding to express resentment of the intrigues of foreigners in matters which, of their nature, are purely German. Kohl may not wish to play that game, but if his opponents play it, and gain by it, he may have to join in.

Barring the dire and exceedingly improbable eventuality of Soviet military intervention, there is nothing outsiders can do to hinder German unification or even delay it significantly. Heavy hints about the desirability of doing these things have been frequent in recent weeks;

there were some in the Baker speech, some at the Malta summit, and some at the European summit. Such hints, which are easy to decode, only tend to inflame the nationalism they are intended to contain. It would be better frankly to acknowledge that reunification will be controlled by the Germans themselves. And it would not be advisable for Britain to guarantee Poland's frontier against a united Germany. It would be reassuring if Germany itself were to make such a guarantee, but somehow, despite some benign *obiter dicta* by Mr Kohl, I don't think it will.

Mr Baker talked about "a new role for Nato", but he sounded as though he were trying to convince himself that the United States will continue to play a major role in European affairs. This is unlikely. Americans accepted, and were prepared for, a big military and political role in Western Europe as long as Western Europe appeared to be

under threat from the Soviet Union. Since that threat ceased to be credible when Soviet power receded, millions of Americans have lost interest in Europe. The recent events in Eastern Europe became a distraction on the US television market, as soon as it became clear that there was unlikely to be a second Tiananmen Square. If the US televisioner finds Europe a bore, the US taxpayer is not likely to be willing to find the money for the US to go on playing a major role in Europe.

Nevertheless, some Europeans are known to hope that the US will continue to play such a role; not any longer to guarantee the defence of the West against the Soviet Union, but to offset the economic preponderance, and possible neo-fascist tendencies, of a united Germany.

But despite several passages in Mr Baker's speech in Berlin, the Bush administration is thinking, not so much about "offsetting" the power of Germany, as about entering into a "partnership" with it. By cultivating Bonn, Washington hopes to keep Bonn from "going off the rails", specifically from leaving Nato. But it is not Bonn that is likely to be decisive in these matters. The capital of the united Germany will probably be Berlin.

Charge that would be self-defeating

Neil MacGregor, director of the National Gallery, opposes any financial barriers between the public and its treasury of pictures



In the spring of 1918, at one of the bleak moments of the First World War, the government resolved to make a special grant for the British nation. This allocation of extraordinary funds was voted out for munitions or food, which were indisputably in short supply, but for paintings, to enable the Trustees of the National Gallery to bid in Paris at the great sale held in March of that year of the pictures owned by Degas. With these funds, the Trustees acquired for the nation Delacroix's portrait of Baroo Schwiter, three works by Ingres, a Gauguin still-life and the monumental fragments of Manet's "Execution of the Emperor Maximilian".

Twenty-three years later, in March 1941, when the United States was preparing to intervene in the Second World War, President Roosevelt accepted, on behalf of the American people, the National Gallery of Art in Washington, given by Mr Andrew Mellon, enriched by the gifts of Messrs Kress and Widener, and modelled in every material respect on the National Gallery in London.

Like its sister institution in Trafalgar Square, the Washington National Gallery was to be maintained at public expense, to present the highest achievements of Western art and to be open to all free of charge; access to great art was one of the defining characteristics of a free nation.

In a striking phrase, President Roosevelt argued that "great works of art have a way of breaking out of private ownership into public use". And that use, he went on, was to stand as "symbols of the human spirit and of the work the freedom of the human spirit made".

These two incidents are, I believe, of the utmost relevance today. Anglo-Saxons are not, as is often alleged, Philistines, nor have we ever been. On the contrary, the peoples of Northern Europe and North America have set the standards in public access to art.

The great achievement of the British Museum, the National Gallery and our other national collections has been envious and emulated abroad: the complex of Smithsonian museums and art collections in the Mall in Washington is, like our public collections, a tangible result of the Enlightenment ideal that every citizen should have the right of access to the highest. And that ideal is today a reality not only in London and Washington, but in Glasgow and Leeds, Fort Worth, St Louis, Cleveland and Malibu; Copenhagen and Berlin.

In recent years there have been critics of this achievement. They argue that the cost of free galleries is too high, or that things not paid for are never fully appreciated. They would have us follow the example of Paris or New York. They argue that financial conditions in the United Kingdom are now such that we should abandon the tradition of two centuries, re-

move from the public the right of easy familiarity with their paintings, and charge for entrance. The suggestions are seriously made and must be seriously considered.

War-time insistence on the central place of art is of course inspiring, but it is in no sense surprising. In modern society, paintings investigate, as nothing else but literature and religion can, the great questions of suffering, hope, love, death and redemption. Individuals, like nations, need to contemplate Piero and Rubens for exactly the reasons they need to read Dante and Shakespeare: in joy or in distress, the unconscious life is no life at all. Our art galleries have the crucial task of allowing people to take themselves seriously. They exist that we may not only have life, but have it abundantly.

And not just on one free day a week. Anyone who has used a gallery for respite knows the importance of even a brief visit — indeed, especially of a brief visit when the opportunity occurs. From the very foundation

of the National Gallery, the significance of free entry and easy access for all was stressed. The gallery was to be situated not in a pleasant, leafy suburb (although that might have been better for the pictures than the sulphurous centre), but "in the very gateway of London", so that all might reach it with ease. And the prime minister responsible for its foundation, that arch-Tory Lord Liverpool, was from the beginning insistent that even babes in arms should be allowed in; for if babes were excluded, so would be all parents without servants to tend them.

I find it hard to believe that the need for access to beauty in daily life is less now than it was 170 years ago. During that time, around 1,300 of the National Gallery's paintings have been given to the nation, while the other 700 or so have been bought for it. They were given or purchased (like those bought in 1918) on the understanding that they would be available to all, and in normal circumstances all are on view.

Galleries exist, as Roosevelt said, for public use. Each person uses them in his or her own way,

but to use a gallery, you must visit it. If we reduce the number of visitors by 40 per cent (and the evidence from art museums suggests that this would be the minimum effect of introducing a charge of any sort), then we reduce by the same proportion the use the public makes of its collections.

The value of a visit to a museum or gallery is, of course, unquantifiable. We cannot know how many lives have been affected, or in what degree, by contact with great paintings. What we can quantify is the number of people who use the gallery, and that has now climbed to well over three million a year: to accommodate and serve them better, we are opening the Sainsbury Wing in 1991. What they gain from their visit only they know, but the numbers, and the numbers of those who return, suggest it is something of great value.

We should be proud to have led the world in the tradition of free museums and galleries.

The economic aspects of this question are peripheral. Since 1824, the National Gallery has been an outstandingly fortunate in its friends, and over more so than in the last five years. Charging for admission is, nonetheless, always an option to be considered, given the huge sums required to put the building to rights or to buy paintings worthy of the collection.

At best the National Gallery might raise a net £500,000 a year from entrance charges. We already earn nearly twice that much each year from our shop (the proceeds of which recently bought the Caspar David Friedrich "Winter Landscape"), and gifts to the gallery in cash and in kind exceeded £5 million last year. Customers in the shop are visitors to the gallery, and their numbers would dwindle if they were made to pay for entrance.

There can be no doubt that benefactors want their pictures to be seen and enjoyed by as many people as possible. In the same way, our sponsors would like as many as possible to enjoy the fruits of their sponsorship. If shop receipts, gifts and sponsorship are compared, the net gain — £500,000 at the outside — is likely to be considerably less than we shall lose.

Even so £500,000 represents less than 5 per cent of our annual expenditure. Of course, the National Gallery must do what it can to raise money, but all our experience suggests that the money can be raised in ways that do not keep the public from their pictures.

Disraeli once remarked that "It is private life that governs the world". This argument concerns free access to one of the most important things in private life. One of my predecessors at the National Gallery, Lord Clark, memorably observed: "You ask me, what is the purpose of art? I can only reply, what is the purpose of love?"

Michael Kinsley

Upstaged by Westminster

Washington

America's armchair Anglophiles no longer have to content themselves with reruns of *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *Fawlty Towers*. C-SPAN, the cable-television channel that transmits the proceedings of Congress, has been filling some of its empty hours with excerpts from the newly televised House of Commons.

Speaking, if I may, for the Anglophiles, there are certain small disappointments: only one man, the Speaker, seems to wear a wig. And where is Alistair Cooke to explain it all? Still, the names, the accents, the suits are magnificent. Someone named Sir Fergus Montgomery complains of injustice to war widows, with reference to a letter in *The Times*. A Scottish lady discourses earnestly about what sounds like "genital affairs". Wait, make that "general affairs". The Tory benches are a forest of foppish panpipes.

The US House of Representatives, by contrast, generally goes in for silly diminutive nicknames ("Newt" and "Vin") and baggy suits of solid blue. In lieu of stripes, members fistoon themselves with pins and badges representing various political causes and patriotic themes. Some of us are disappointed, too, by the Commons' lack of Wildean wit. Mrs Thatcher's style, aped by a chorus of young Tory sycophants, relies upon heavy-handed sarcasm. "Perhaps we should wait and see so we can postulate in the light of the facts," she sneers in response to a complaint of some sort.

More entertaining are the old-fashioned class-war thrusts from venerable Labour MPs. It's less like Wilde than Clifford Odets, the American left-wing playwright of the 1930s, but there is nothing like it in American mainstream politics.

"The Home Secretary has never lived in a cardboard box," (Colleagues: "You tell 'em, Frank.") "He's got a garage with a couple of cars in it. I've got people back in my constituency who have to walk because they can't even afford the bus fare."

After a staged question to Mrs Thatcher from one of the Young Sycophants (something like: "Would the Prime Minister agree that the past ten years have been the most glorious in British history since mankind was expelled from Eden?"), a Labourite yells "Get off your knees!"

Even between political opponents there is far more debilitating politesse in the American House than in the Commons. Vast amounts of time are wasted praising bipartisanship, thanking the member for his cooperation, and so on. During several hours of a recent session, the only disagreement was between two Florida representatives about who had more old people in his district.

The House of Commons Show vividly demonstrates the advantage of having a separate head of state. Mrs Thatcher, world-renowned for her haughtiness, undergoes a twice-weekly ritual of humili-

ation-by-questioning the infliction of which on a US president would be an unthinkable act of *lese majesté*. "Will the Prime Minister now make a public apology for this gross incompetence?" Has she not been rendered "a pygmy on the world stage" by something or other? Will she not "be swept from office and dumped in the garbage" very soon?

Mrs Thatcher gives as good as she gets, of course, but the whole process has a democratically healthy leveling effect. Indeed, after watching Parliament for a while, C-SPAN's House of Representatives Show suddenly seems like *Hanley* without the Prince. The lead character, George Bush, is mentioned often but never appears.

Parliamentary question time is the equivalent of two institutions of American democracy: testimony by cabinet secretaries in front of congressional committees, and presidential press conferences, which are the only occasions on which the president is publicly worked over.

Cabinet members here justifiably complain of the time they spend preparing for and appearing at the congressional hearings. Usually in these sessions the cabinet member and the interrogating politician are both mere mouthpieces for aides, who can often be seen on C-SPAN striking the classic Washington pose of leaning forward from behind and whispering in the boss's ear. In Parliament, questions and answers are brief and there are no aides in sight.

As for the presidential press conference, Commons question time offers the perfect answer to the perennial Washington question, "Who elected Sam Donaldson?" Donaldson was for many years television's most vicious White House correspondent. It is indeed an odd system that gives the vital democratic function of challenging the chief executive exclusively to unelected journalists. But no sensible American president would trade Donaldson for Neil Kinnock. Free of the need to appear objective or fair, opposition MPs ask tougher questions than White House correspondents would dare.

Established a decade ago, C-SPAN has turned into a wonderful adventure in true-life political theatre. Funded by the cable industry and run on a shoestring, it fills the airtime between sessions with committee hearings, think-tank seminars, State Department briefings, a charity "roast" in honour of a bigshot journalist, a showing of campaign commercials to the Democratic senatorial campaign committee. It is America's closest equivalent to the public-affairs programmes on British TV.

And there's more fun ahead. C-SPAN's founder, Brian Lamb, is trying to get permission to broadcast the Israeli Knesset. Mel Brooks, look to your laurels! The author is senior editor of *The New Republic*.

Melancholy of a mouse muser

I was one of those little boys who kept mice. The first breeding pair came from a petshop and cost a shilling each. Later immigrants to my cage came from friends and, once, a wild mouse came to stay, though she did not get on with the others and had to leave.

The mouse population soon grew, as (with breathtaking frequency) oases of chewed newspaper filled with litters of tiny pink babies: blind, delicate, almost translucent — like underdone cocktail sausages. These were exciting times and I would cycle back from school, to be present at the birth whenever possible — decades ahead of the fashionable men of today. Once, when a newborn litter's parents fell victim to the cat, I raised the babies by jettisoning sick pieces of string dipped in milk.

Mice are beautiful creatures if you look at them quietly. Mine

were mostly white, with little cherry-coloured eyes; but there were a couple of black ones (two shillings), while a prized possession was a honey-coloured mouse, unusually tame. Sadly, the cat got her. I always hoped that the mating of black and white mice might produce a piebald issue, but it never did. The chapter on genetics in my encyclopaedia explained that the chances were slim.

I built the cage myself. It was based on instructions in a *Pets Annual*, but it was more ambitious. In addition to a home-made exercise wheel (which they never used) I constructed jumps, ladders, ramps and a series of

mezzanine galleries on different levels. It looked like a stage-set for an avant-garde opera.

This cage was larger than any others I ever saw. I felt sorry for the mice being shut in, but experiments with free-range in my bedroom had alarmed my mother and ended in tragedy with the cat: so the aim was to make their prison as big and as interesting as possible. They even had separate sleeping quarters, though they never used them. They had minds of their own.

Honestly, each mouse (you may not know this) has a clear and distinct personality. They are not alike at all, once you get to know them. Some are forgiving,

some placid, others wary. Some are lazy, some greedy, others pull their weight in the mouse community. Some can return affection, some not. Some are mentally ill, some imagine they are physi-

cally ill when they are not. Mice suffer, in fact, from most of the same complaints as us. Luckily I found a vet who took my pets seriously: Dr Sugden (but I called her "Mrs"). I would cycle her surgery with my small patients in shoebox ambulances. Once, after a disastrous raid by the cat (my fault — left cage door unfastened — cat spotted it — cats will wait forever) I took a mouse whose hind leg had been all but severed, and Dr Sugden saved him though he always limped.

Each had a name: not silly names like Ophelia or Silton, but real names like George and Claire. All too often we had to resort to "George Jnr" or "Claire

No 2" after incidents involving the cat; but generally the population held up well and later multiplied. We racked our brains for new names.

But it is not true that I called one of my mice "Twinkles". My mother — who wrote and read children's stories for the radio — made that up. I still winced to recall the reception the following morning in the school playground. It taught me an early lesson about irresponsible journalism.

Ah — journalism — I was daydreaming; and that brings me back to the present. The present is the beginning of winter in Derbyshire, when the mice start to come

in for refuge (Mr Hurd would call them economic migrants). There is a mouse problem in my house. Look at it all ways — and I really have — there is only one answer. I did try letting the first immigrants stay in a room. I thought, that (living alone) I cannot share a big house with a couple of mice? But they were a married couple; and soon there was the patter of very tiny feet, and mouse droppings on my pillow when I arrived from London. So I had to... must I spell it out? You will know what I had to do.

I arrived from London last night. One trap had killed the mother cleanly. But the father was still struggling in the other trap. It had almost severed his leg. Mrs Dr Sugden could have mended it, but she is gone. And the string dipped in milk for feeding the babies is gone too. And a lot else, besides.



1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN Telephone: 01-782 5000

'CHEWING STALE GUM'

Mr Nikolai Ryzhkov, the Soviet Prime Minister, looked at the future this week, shuddered, and shut his eyes. The brake he has put on economic reforms in the Soviet Union, reverting to the centre through "rigid directive measures", is likely to feed the social instability he seeks to control.

Mr Ryzhkov's blueprint, presented to the Congress of People's Deputies, is the 13th five-year plan since the Revolution, and it bears a depressing similarity to its predecessors. There is, for instance, the familiar promise to meet consumer demand by switching investment from capital to consumer goods. It claims to be a comprehensive plan for an orderly transition to "market-orientated relations", placing more emphasis on prices, taxation, credit and investment. Unfortunately, it balks at most of the reforms which make such a transition possible.

The Soviet leadership is divided. The deputy prime minister in charge of economic reform, Dr Leonid Abalkin, is convinced that there is no half-way house between state control and a market system. Reforms so far have dislocated the old state planning system, while reinforcing central controls in critical areas like agriculture. Dr Abalkin concludes that a radical devolution of decision-making is imperative, and that the Soviet economy can recover only if citizens are given "economic freedom". His ideas include property rights, the denationalization of state enterprises, the creation of financial and labour markets and the adjustment to world market prices. (The poorest would be cushioned from the shock through a social security system).

So radical a conversion to the market has set alarm bells ringing. Last month, President Gorbachov told his advisers that an abrupt switch to a market system would set off street riots that would overthrow the Government. There have been violent protests about living conditions and food shortages, strikes which cost seven million working days last year and inflation unofficially estimated in double figures. There is an obvious temptation to return to the old verities of command management. But Mr Ryzhkov, in attempting

to play safe by postponing action, has chosen the most dangerous course.

Price reforms, central to a functioning market, are to be postponed. Soviet economists are perfectly aware that a market economy cannot function without signals to measure supply and demand. The existing situation, in which state prices are ridiculously low and those of the black market all too accurately reflect suppressed demand, is economic nonsense. It is also politically explosive, because the discrepancies feed the popular resentment against market forces which threatens further reform.

Under the new plan, farm-gate prices will not be raised until 1991, and there will be no question of tackling retail prices until 1992, and then only after "national debate". Meanwhile, for good measure, there will be a police crackdown on the one growth area in the market — the informal, or black, economy.

There is a cautious commitment to a future system of "property relations" for a "socialist market", to include family and individual contracts for farmers. The Government, however, has turned its back on private property ownership (including land), on the denationalization of the state sector, on monetary reform and on the devolution of decision-making to regions and to industries. Some earlier reforms, such as the election by workers of the managers of state enterprises, have been rolled back in the name of "discipline".

This failure of nerve is likely to mean economic stagnation. It will also have political consequences. It gives increased leverage to the party — whose members, Mr Gorbachov once memorably said, instead of being in the vanguard of *perestroika*, were simply "chewing stale gum".

He may have felt the need to compromise with his conservative wing. He knows they are fearful of economic innovation and they are not doubt infuriated by a recent *Pravda* article in which he praised some of the achievements of Western European social democracy. In the Soviet Union's current circumstances, however, compromise could look remarkably like defeat.

RAINBOW OVER CHILE

Señor Patricio Aylwin won Thursday's presidential election in Chile by the widest margin of any Chilean president this century. More than seven million votes were cast (men and women in separate polling stations) and rather more than 55 per cent of them went to Señor Aylwin. His comfortable majority at the polls does not necessarily translate into the prospect of a comfortable tenure of office.

These were the first presidential elections since 1970, when President Salvador Allende was returned at the head of a Socialist and Communist coalition. Three years later, he was brought down by the Armed Forces; there followed a decade and a half of military rule under General Augusto Pinochet. The country became a byword for repression and the violation of human rights. It was also a period in which economic chaos was replaced by a liberal free market system.

Señor Aylwin, a 71-year-old lawyer, is a Christian Democrat, but he came to power at the head of a 17-party alliance — the same combination that defeated President Pinochet's attempt to win another eight-year term in last year's plebiscite. This so-called "rainbow" grouping did not include the Communists, but did command the support of a great many former Allende supporters.

The Pinochet years were a sobering experience for the Socialists, and after prolonged debate they decided not to field a candidate to the left of Mr Aylwin on this occasion. One former Socialist senator, who was in exile in Spain until two years ago, acknowledged that his party had been "a principal actor in the crisis we have suffered", and said that it owed the country "some penitence".

Señor Aylwin had two opponents. Señor Francisco Javier Errázuriz, who brought up the rear, made a fortune out of supermarkets. He is best described as a conservative populist, although in his own words he represented the "centre-centre". Like many populists, he demonstrated an enlarged talent for devising

instant solutions to intractable problems. The more formidable Señor Hernán Büchi used to be General Pinochet's finance minister, and he carried the banners of the National Renovation Party, a centre-right grouping, and the more right-wing Independent Democratic Union. He deserves much of the credit for Chile's improved economic performance in recent years. Thirty years younger than Mr Aylwin, he attracted about 30 per cent of the votes despite his association with the Pinochet regime. If the economic advisers that the new President has gathered round him fail to satisfy the anti-inflationary expectations they have generated, Señor Büchi will most certainly be there to say "I told you so".

After his victory, the president-elect said to the crowds, "Chile has again taken its destiny in its hands". Not everyone, however, is entirely persuaded that they have seen the last of General Pinochet. He once said that not a leaf moved in Chile without his permission, and at the time it seemed only a slight exaggeration. His contempt for politicians is equalled only by his scorn for the outside world. He was sourly dismissive of the hundreds of foreign observers which the elections attracted to Chile.

Only this week, the ruling junta adopted an amendment to the Constitution which had the effect of ruling out any form of parliamentary inquiry into the activities of the military regime. The present Constitution, promulgated in 1980, gives President Pinochet the right to retain command of the Army for another eight years, and it has yet to be established that Señor Aylwin's majority was large enough to allow him to embark on a course of constitutional reform.

The victor is fond of describing himself as an "ordinary Chilean". He and his "rainbow coalition" will need far more than ordinary political skills and a great deal of courage if democracy is to take firm root again in Chilean soil.

OUTLOOK UNSETTLED

This week's news on the economic front has been variable, but not entirely discouraging. On the brighter side, the sharp slowdown in retail sales confirms the impact of high interest rates on consumer confidence, and this is supported by lower figures for new car registrations. While Christmas prospects may be bleaker than high street traders would like, inflationary pressures will be that much lower.

The fall in unemployment is also slowing down, looking at the trend over three months, which while discouraging for those in search of a job is reassuring from the point of view of getting inflation down. By the standards of recent history, and given the steepness in the fall of unemployment, the wonder is that pay settlements have not risen much higher.

Inflation, on the other hand, is showing a more mixed picture. Manufacturers' prices rose more slowly than expected last month, in spite of a rise in the cost of materials and fuel. Firms appear to be accepting a squeeze on profit margins, which is as intended. But yesterday's retail price index shows a persistently high underlying level of inflation — 6.1 per cent, excluding mortgage interest payments. Adding the effect of the rise in mortgage rates back in, the overall "headline" rate of inflation rose from 7.3 per cent to 7.7 per cent last month. And with some effect of the mortgage increase yet to be felt, and further rises in food prices expected, the rate is likely to rise still further in December.

Average earnings, likewise, have shown some increase, rising for the second month running in October to 9.4 per cent. The pay databank maintained by the Confederation of British Industry, which tracks recent settle-

ments for the coming year rather than actual earnings during the past year, shows pay settlements averaging 8.3 per cent in the third quarter, two percentage points higher than the same period a year earlier.

In the case both of earnings and inflation the most disturbing feature is the deterioration in the "quality" of the numbers. Although there is still a large element of mortgage interest payments in the retail price index — which as they reflect interest rate increases for the purpose of defeating inflation are not ultimately a cause for alarm — the proportion accounted for by the underlying inflation rate has been increasing. In the case of earnings, less and less of the increase reflects overtime or bonus payments and more and more reflects basic pay.

Next week brings further information on the money supply, which has been worryingly slow to respond to treatment but may now be beginning to slow down. Borrowing by companies should fall back as stocks of raw materials and finished goods are run down. Less reassuring will be the survey of investment intentions, which may show a sharp fall in the rate of investment by business next year, though lower investment will help to keep down domestic demand. Most important for the City will be the trade figures which are not due until after Christmas.

In short, although we are on the road to lower inflation, there is still a long way to go. Having failed to raise interest rates while sterling fell (and while the water industry was privatized), the Chancellor should be in no hurry to bring them down in response to any sterling recovery.

Increased traffic from rail link

From the Director of Network SouthEast

Sir, Mr Greenman's letter (December 13) on the road traffic issues associated with the Paddington to Heathrow Express rail link deserves careful analysis.

His argument that yet another major road is needed, covering east-west Crossrail and other property developments in the Paddington area, would lead to considerable delay in providing the Heathrow rail link, the importance of which was highlighted in your leader of December 14.

Heathrow Express will be a high-speed, specialised link for airport customers and their luggage. Crossrail would be a high density urban railway to relieve congestion on the central London Underground network. We hope to introduce Heathrow Express at the end of 1993, but it will be 1998 at the earliest before Crossrail can be completed.

We believe that a dedicated, high-quality, non-stop service will always be needed so that airport customers will always be able to join a Heathrow train waiting at Paddington. However, it may be possible to run additional trains to Heathrow through Crossrail if it is built. This would need to be reviewed once the Crossrail scheme has been approved by Parliament.

It is for the City of Westminster to decide how they wish to handle any increased traffic arising from other major schemes proposed for the Paddington area. The peak-hour passenger movements generated are likely to overshadow any traffic caused by the Heathrow link and would undoubtedly be greatly assisted by the provision of Crossrail.

Independent traffic consultants' studies have demonstrated that the effect of additional road traffic generated by Heathrow Express is limited to a very small radius around the station — it will not produce the "unmanageable numbers of taxis, cars and coaches" as suggested by Mr Greenman.

We are committed to a Heathrow link and a Paddington station that works well. Because some customers will take taxis we also need an efficient road system. Congestion in either location is as little in our best interests as it is in those of Mr Greenman and his fellow residents.

Yours faithfully,

C. W. GREENMAN, Director, Network SouthEast, British Railways Board, Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, NW1, December 14.

Self-catering

From Mr E. C. L. Butler
Sir, I assume from Mr Singleton's plea (December 5) that although he suffers from a stroke, he can do what is necessary to prepare "convenience" foods for eating.

I did have early elementary knowledge of basic cooking, but having to do the cooking myself for the past year after a very long illness I have made the task simple by the use of "dry fry" utensils in which a complete main course can be cooked.

No water is used, only a teaspoon of oil in the pan. Cooking is by convection — the pan has an airtight cover — and only minimum heat is required.

Yours very truly,
E. C. L. BUTLER,
30 Mayfair, Port Hill,
Tiverton, Devon,
December 8.

From the Reverend Chris Hudson
Sir, Though I sympathise with Mr Singleton I wonder why he believes that it was his wife who failed him. My wife is a splendid and resourceful cook but she didn't teach me to cook. The person who did that, many years before our marriage, was my mother.

What is more I still relish the description of cooking given to me by a widower when 100 years old. His description of the noble art was, "It's only common sense, sacrificed common sense perhaps".

Yours faithfully,
C. J. HUDSON,
The Rectory, Shirwell,
Barnstable, Devon.

From Mrs Paul A. Kellett
Sir, My sister-in-law has solved Mr Singleton's problem by insisting her son took the same short cut her son took as his sisters when he left school.

Yours etc.

MURIEL KELLETT,
Pond House, Manor Close,
Penn, Buckinghamshire.

Student loans

From the Secretary and Registrar of Bath University

Sir, Your parliamentary report (December 6) quotes the Secretary of State for Education as saying that the idea that he had unlimited powers to make loans was utter nonsense and goes on to say that student support grant in the United Kingdom was generous in comparison with Japan, Italy, West Germany, France and the United States.

Those countries not only make considerable direct subsidies to students' welfare and well being whilst they are in higher education, but also make substantial indirect financial resources available to the institutions for most of the costs covered by the United Kingdom maintenance allowance.

In the United Kingdom, not only do students have to pay for their subsistence and accommo-

Analysing 'moderate' drinking

From Professor Samuel I. Cohen

Sir, You report on December 11 that the Social Affairs Unit state that "moderate" drinking can be beneficial to the heart and in other ways and that "the majority will not develop cirrhosis". The most obvious effect of alcohol is on the brain and it is because of this that drinkers put themselves and others at risk, as the Health Education Authority rightly point out.

The use of words like "abuse", "prohibitionist" and "the anti-alcohol lobby" in this context stems from the fact that most of those concerned in this field have to deal with very heavy drinking and the serious effects of this such as cirrhosis and dementia. The vast majority of those who take alcohol do not fall into this group.

I am concerned about the way more modest quantities of alcohol, by users, not abusers, affect the brain in some people. Of 58 new patients attending one of my clinics since January, 1988, with main complaints of anxiety, panic attacks, irritability, or sleeplessness, 20 were drinking what most regarded as modest amounts and all of these were relieved of their symptoms within about six weeks when they stopped drinking. None of these was referred for alcohol problems as such.

The lowest consumption in this group was in a lorry driver of 38 who took about eight or nine whiskeys and about three pints of beer twice each weekend, with no alcohol during the week. People often claim that they are drinking to relieve symptoms like anxiety, panic, or insomnia: in 95 of 100 of such persons the alcohol is the cause of the symptoms and the only way to find out which is the car and which is the horse is to stop drinking and to review the situation after six weeks.

Thus there is a choice to be made in many people between having symptoms or taking alcohol and it is for the individual to decide once it is made clear to him. A large number of those attending so-called "stress relief" clinics could probably be relieved of their symptoms if they stopped drinking or reduced their drinking.

Nazi war crimes

From Mr Milton Shulman

Sir, Now that the Commons has endorsed legislation (report, December 13) to permit the prosecution of Nazi war criminals in Britain, how is it proposed to ensure that alleged war criminals will stay in this country until they are charged and tried?

Simon Wiesenthal, the Nazi-hunter, has recorded the activities of Odesa (Organization of Ex-Members of the SS) whose financial resources enabled numerous top Nazis and war criminals to escape to South America and other national havens where they have lived out their days safe from prosecution.

Such resources, I am sure, would still be available to any suspected war criminals resident in Britain the moment they are seriously threatened with prosecution.

Will the intended legislation propose depriving them of their passports or putting them into custody even before they are charged or before they are tried? Otherwise is not the Commons merely engaging itself in a futile moral gesture of locking a historical

Vanunu's appeal

From the Chairman of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and others

Sir, The Supreme Court of Israel is shortly to hand down its decision on the appeal of Mordechai Vanunu, the technician who has been jailed for 18 years after speaking to *The Sunday Times* newspaper about Israel's nuclear weapons programme.

Vanunu felt a moral duty to make public the reality of Israel's nuclear capacity. His act was inspired by motivations of the highest order — to honour his individual responsibilities under the Nuremberg principles, and to publicise the dangers of nuclear proliferation.

Vanunu has been kept for three years in solitary confinement under conditions of considerable hardship. We believe his case deserves both clemency and the understanding that he acted for reasons of conscience.

Yours sincerely,
BRUCE KENT, Chairman,
HAROLD PINTER,
MAURICE WILKINS,
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament,
22-24 Linwood Street, N1,
December 14.

entirely themselves without subsidy from the institutions, but they even have to pay the mortgage the universities and polytechnics have to raise to provide the accommodation.

Furthermore, Sir, Mr MacGregor's reported statement that the cost of administering the Government's student-loan scheme would be "in the range of £10 million to £20 million in the first three years, is astounding at this stage of the debate. Setting aside the issue of whether or not student loans are appropriate for the future or not, is it not time that the facts and figures were prepared fully and accurately for proper judgement to be made?

Yours,
R. M. MAWDITT,
Secretary and Registrar,
The University of Bath,
Claverton Down,
Bath, Avon,
December 6.

People differ in their vulnerability to alcohol. The brains in about half of heavy drinkers can be shown to be shrunken, but in half they are not. Similarly at "acceptable" levels of consumption the brains of some are affected and others escape. Thus the quantity that is important is the amount that causes symptoms in the particular individual.

The use of alcohol is far greater in extent than its abuse and persons of the kind I am describing are therefore probably far more numerous than those suffering from the effects of heavy drinking. To talk of abuse is to provoke resentment and a negative response. To say that for many people use at the levels they are drinking is making them feel unwell and that they would feel better if they stopped took less is much more likely to encourage moderation.

May I add that to refer to "three pints of beer" is meaningless unless the brand is specified; the alcohol content can range from 3 per cent to 11 per cent or even higher.

Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL I. COHEN,
The London Hospital Medical College,
Department of Psychiatry,
Turner Street, E1,
December 13.

From Professor John Malins
Sir, Your Science Correspondent (report, December 11) gives a balanced account of the book *Drinking to Your Health* and its advocacy of moderate drinking. Perhaps we might consider the broader view of George Saintsbury, writing in 1920:

One may boldly say that for every evil deed that fact or fancy or the unscrupulous exaggeration of perils can charge on alcohol it has prompted a hundred good ones; that for every life it has destroyed or spoiled it made thousands happy.

I am glad to find that I am a moderate drinker and more than moderately happy.
Yours faithfully,
JOHN MALINS,
Tintinhull House,
Yeovil, Somerset,
December 11.

cal stable door after its occupants undoubtedly will have bolted?

Yours faithfully,
MILTON SHULMAN,
51g Eaton Square, SW1.

From Mr Ronald Irving
Sir, Lord Shawcross's contention (December 4) that prosecuting war criminals has no deterrent effect does not hold water. If he were right, it would be pointless for society to imprison burglars because it has not deterred all burglary. But we can be certain there are many potential burglars who do not transgress because they know there are courts to punish them.

The rule that prosecution of crimes is never time-barred brings home to the potential criminal that even after half a century of freedom, the great axe of the law may yet fall on the offender's neck.

This, if no other reason, is just cause for closing the gap in our legal jurisdiction by making punishable war crimes committed abroad by men who were not then UK subjects.
Yours faithfully,
R. IRVING,
Ronald Irving (Solicitors),
57 York Street, W1.

Barrage and birds

From the Director-General of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds

Sir, Your article, "The great Mersey barrage debate" (Technology, December 7) correctly foresees that the environment lobby will firmly oppose this scheme which could have the most severe implications for wildlife, particularly birds, and the Mersey estuary's natural environment generally.

A barrage will alter tidal flow, tidal height, pollutant retention, sediment distribution and erosion in a system that supports many thousands of migratory birds — teal and dunlin from Scandinavia, wigeon from Sweden and pintail from Russia. These birds overwinter on the estuary's inter-tidal habitat, much of which would disappear if the barrage were to be built.

The RSPB believes that the current fashion for barrage schemes will benefit only the major construction firms, and if pursued, will result in the degradation of the estuaries that should be jewels in the crown of UK nature conservation.

Yours faithfully,
IAN PRESTON, Director-General,
The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds,
The Lodge, Sandy,
Bedfordshire,
December 8.

Old money

From Mr F. E. McWilliam

Sir, I cannot get interested in whether or not we used to call tuppence two dee (letters, November 30; December 6, 9), but I do feel it would make sense to call new pence cents.

Yours faithfully,
F. E. MCWILLIAM,
8a Holland Villas Road, W14.

From Mr A. B. de T. Andrews
Sir, The commonly used expression "spending a penny" does not seem to have been abbreviated since the demise of the "d".
Yours sincerely,
A. B. de T. ANDREWS,
Cardwainers, Idesleigh,
Winkfield, Devon.

TV's options on covering sport

From the Managing Director of United Racecourses (Holdings) Ltd

Sir, Paul Fox (Media & Marketing, December 13) makes an eloquent appeal to preserve the status quo in the TV coverage of Britain's 10 major sporting events that these events should continue to be available on a non-exclusive basis to BBC/IBA.

It has to be in the interests of the commercial rights negotiators of both BBC and ITV to depress the level of fees to the event promoter, and we all know that an "exclusive" is a far more valuable commodity.

In the 1980s, when ITV/Channel 4 has had the main contract for horseracing at Epsom, it has been open to the BBC to cover the Ever Ready Derby as well in practice they have only exercised that right — and paid for it — once.

It seems to this (also political) observer that the BBC can fulfil what it calls its public obligations by tendering an appropriate price in free competition with ITV and cable and satellite operators, when the Derby TV contract comes up in 1992.

I was quoted in *The Times* last week as saying "it is not just a question of (Epsom) getting the maximum amount of money". Potential viewing figures, promotional build-up, and quality of production are other important factors for Epsom's contracts committee to consider in evaluating offers. But it is time for the equal-opportunity safeguard to go, and to let genuine market forces prevail.

We support the new Broadcasting Bill.
Yours faithfully,
TIM NELGAN,
Managing Director,
United Racecourses (Holdings) Ltd,
Racecourse Paddock,
Epsom, Surrey,
December 14.

Threat to toys

From Dr C. D. Lacey

Sir, Yesterday we received the following notification from Help the Hospices, an organisation which integrates hospice care throughout the country:

From 1st January next, under the Toys (Safety) Regulations 1989, toys sold in the UK must either be made wholly to British Standard 5665, or be made to a type approved by an independent body, and must carry an EC mark. It will be illegal to sell toys made by volunteers at bazaars, fairs, hospice shops, etc., unless they too have been made and tested to standards and also carry an EC mark.

If this is one of the advantages of closer association with the European Community, one would like to know more about the disadvantages.

Yours faithfully,
C. D. LACEY (Medical Director),
St Wilfrid's Hospice,
Grovenor Road, Sussex,
Chichester, West Sussex,
December 7.

Young smokers

From Mr A. D. C. Turner

Sir, You report (December 12) the Director of the Health Education Authority as having accused the tobacco industry of refusing to co-operate in moves to cut illegal tobacco sales to the under-16s. This allegation is wholly untrue.

The tobacco industry has always supported the concept of discouraging smoking among the under-16s. We believe it to be an adult practice and indeed have successfully spent several million pounds on trade and public media campaign to raise awareness of the law relating to tobacco sales which we think may have contributed to the acknowledged drop in teenage smoking over recent years.

But we are not police or trading standards officers; neither can we simply cut off tobacco supplies to those retailers who are caught breaking the law, many of whom buy their stock through wholesalers and cash and carry suppliers.

Yours faithfully,
CLIVE TURNER,
Tobacco Advisory Council,
Glen House, Stage Place, SW1,
December 13.

Final test

From Mr Julian Nangle

Sir, On Monday morning I drove my daughter from Guildford to her school in Islington, north London, at the end of a weekend she had spent with me. The journey took two hours.

To while away the time I suggested that we play car cricket with cars containing one person only counting as runs and those cars with two or more in, counting as a wicket.

I elected to bat and after 35 minutes on the A3, between 7.40 and 8.15 a.m. I have to tell you that I lost only two wickets to an uncountable number of runs.

Unless a scheme is introduced making it highly desirable, if not imperative, to have more than one person in a car at any time, apart from emergencies, I predict the country will become choked by its own wealth.

Yours etc.,
JULIAN NANGLE,
Hod House, High Street,
Chalfont, Oxford, Dorset,
December 5.

Letters to the Editor should carry a daytime telephone number. They may be sent to a fax number — (01)782 5046.

ANNOUNCEMENTS & PERSONAL

BIRTHS

ALTMAN - On December 14th to Sharon and Andrew, a son, Andrew Johnathan. Mrs. Altmans, 14, Portman Square, London W1M 0AA.

CRISWELL - On December 13th 1989, to Clare and John, a son, James Alexander. Mrs. Criswells, 14, Portman Square, London W1M 0AA.

DAVEY - On Thursday December 14th 1989, to Mrs. Doreen Davey, a son, James Alexander. Mrs. Daveys, 14, Portman Square, London W1M 0AA.

NOAR - On December 14th 1989, to Jacqueline and John, a son, James Alexander. Mrs. Noars, 14, Portman Square, London W1M 0AA.

MACCARTHY - On December 14th 1989, to Sarah and Neil, a daughter, Emily. Mrs. MacCarthys, 14, Portman Square, London W1M 0AA.

WRIGHT - On Thursday December 14th 1989, to Mrs. Margaret Wright, a son, James Alexander. Mrs. Wrights, 14, Portman Square, London W1M 0AA.

MARRIAGES

TAYLOR/MILLER - The marriage took place at St. George's Church, London, on December 14th 1989, between Mr. George Taylor, of London, and Mrs. Margaret Miller, of London. The Rev. Canon J. G. Smith officiated.

WATSON/ROBERTS - On December 14th 1989, at St. George's Church, London, the marriage of Mr. George Watson and Mrs. Margaret Roberts. The Rev. Canon J. G. Smith officiated.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

ROBERTS/OLIVER - At the Church of St. George, London, on December 14th 1989, the Golden Wedding of Mr. George Roberts and Mrs. Margaret Oliver. The Rev. Canon J. G. Smith officiated.

WATSON/ROBERTS - On December 14th 1989, at St. George's Church, London, the Golden Wedding of Mr. George Watson and Mrs. Margaret Roberts. The Rev. Canon J. G. Smith officiated.

DEATHS

ARCHDALE - On December 14th, peacefully at home, Mrs. Margaret Archdale, aged 82. Buried at St. George's Church, London. The family flowers only.

BEARD - On December 14th 1989, peacefully at home, Mrs. Margaret Beard, aged 82. Buried at St. George's Church, London. The family flowers only.

BURTON - On December 14th 1989, peacefully at home, Mrs. Margaret Burton, aged 82. Buried at St. George's Church, London. The family flowers only.

OSWALD - On December 14th 1989, peacefully at home, Mrs. Margaret Oswald, aged 82. Buried at St. George's Church, London. The family flowers only.

WATTS - On December 14th 1989, peacefully at home, Mrs. Margaret Watts, aged 82. Buried at St. George's Church, London. The family flowers only.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE BARON OF ALFORD - On December 14th 1989, peacefully at home, Mrs. Margaret Baron of Alford, aged 82. Buried at St. George's Church, London. The family flowers only.

WATTS - On December 14th 1989, peacefully at home, Mrs. Margaret Watts, aged 82. Buried at St. George's Church, London. The family flowers only.

WANTED

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FOR SALE

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SATURDAY RENDEZVOUS

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RENTALS

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LEGAL NOTICES

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ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE REFUELLING

The German "pocket battleship" Admiral Graf Spee has, it is understood, been ordered by the Uruguayan Government to leave port within 72 hours expiring at 11.30 pm tomorrow.

GERMANS BEGIN REPAIRS

From Our Special Correspondent

MONTEVIDEO, Dec 15

The Admiral Graf Spee is refuelling and is apparently preparing to go to sea again. At 5 pm today the British Minister handed a second Note to the Uruguayan Foreign Office requesting that the Admiral Graf Spee be either interned or required to leave Montevideo.

The Uruguayan Government are reported to have given her permission to remain here long enough to make such repairs as are necessary, but not to make good the damage to her fighting equipment. She began yesterday to take on board steel plates for patching her hull and oxygen tanks for welding. It is likely to be a long job, for none of the three anti-aircraft guns will aid the battleship's crew. Two of these concerns

A taste of Hell on Earth

If Hell is indeed, as described to James Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, a place of "unbearable brimstone burns for ever and ever with unspeakable fury", then it would seem to be located in orbit around the planet Jupiter and to be better known to astronomers as Io, one of the giant planet's four major moons.

The fact that the water had all but dried up, revealing a muddy floor on which stood yellow cones of pure sulphur up to three metres high. The sulphur had probably been lying hidden at the bottom of the lake all along, and may have been formed by the chemical reaction of the two gases hydrogen sulphide and sulphur dioxide as they were released into the lake water as a result of volcanic processes deep within the Earth.

At room temperature, sulphur is a bright yellow solid, but it melts at around 112 degrees Centigrade. The heat that caused the lake to evaporate was also sufficient to melt the sulphur deposits: the cones collapsed to form two lakes of bubbling sulphur about 20 metres across.

Although Oppenheimer and Stevenson's report seems to be the first well-documented observation of sulphur lakes, the substance is a fairly common feature of volcanic activity. There have been several reports of molten streams of liquid sulphur at active volcanoes throughout the world. Bizarre solidified bubbles of sulphur have been found floating on crater lakes in Japan, New Zealand and indeed at Poás itself.

The fact that the water had to evaporate before the sulphur deposits at Poás could melt is no surprise, because water would act as a cooling system; but the observation may nevertheless provide clues about the history of Jupiter's moon Io. The other moons of Jupiter seem to have some water on their surfaces (in the form of ice) but on Io it has all been boiled off into space, and so the process on Poás may mimic to some extent the development of sulphur volcanism on Io.

But whereas on Io Hell is eternal (give or take a few billion years), on Poás it lasts but an instant. In May, the rainy season arrived in Costa Rica; the crater was filled with water again, and the sulphur lakes vanished.

Philip Ball

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Third Sunday in Advent

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL 8.15 AM. Evensong. 10.30 AM. Morning Prayer. 12.15 PM. Lunch. 2.30 PM. Afternoon Prayer. 4.15 PM. Evening Prayer. 6.15 PM. Choral Evensong. 8.15 PM. Choral Vespers. 10.15 PM. Choral Matins. 12.15 PM. Choral Lauds. 2.15 PM. Choral Psalms. 4.15 PM. Choral Canticles. 6.15 PM. Choral Gloria. 8.15 PM. Choral Credo. 10.15 PM. Choral Agnus Dei. 12.15 PM. Choral Communion. 2.15 PM. Choral Benediction. 4.15 PM. Choral Blessing. 6.15 PM. Choral Dismissal. 8.15 PM. Choral Te Deum. 10.15 PM. Choral Kyrie. 12.15 PM. Choral Gloria. 2.15 PM. Choral Credo. 4.15 PM. Choral Agnus Dei. 6.15 PM. Choral Communion. 8.15 PM. Choral Benediction. 10.15 PM. Choral Blessing. 12.15 PM. Choral Dismissal. 2.15 PM. Choral Te Deum. 4.15 PM. Choral Kyrie. 6.15 PM. Choral Gloria. 8.15 PM. Choral Credo. 10.15 PM. Choral Agnus Dei. 12.15 PM. Choral Communion. 2.15 PM. Choral Benediction. 4.15 PM. Choral Blessing. 6.15 PM. Choral Dismissal. 8.15 PM. Choral Te Deum. 10.15 PM. Choral Kyrie. 12.15 PM. 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SUNDAY'S SCOTTISH TV AND RADIO

Rendell's
classic
whodunit

Peter Waymark

● The Veiled One (ITV, 7.45pm) breaks the usual mould of Ruth Rendell Mysteries by being offered as a two-hour single story instead of a series. It is a good move, if only because Rendell's intricate plotting is difficult to carry in the head for a whole week while awaiting the next episode. In this own unforced way, the towering George Baker has made Chief Inspector Westford as subtle and convincing as Joan Hickson's Miss Marple, and the series have been strongly cast with attractive Hampshire locations. Adapted by Trevor Preston (an old hand at television crime) and busily directed by Mary McMurry, *The Veiled One* intertwines the two stories of a woman found strangled in a car park and an attempt to kill Westford's younger daughter. Unlike the Agatha Christie stock company, the suspects are nicely rounded and rooted in a recognizable world and they include that typical Rendell figure, the emotional cripple. But there is enough sprinkling of clues to ensure that devotees of the classic whodunit will not be disappointed.



Subtle and convincing: George Baker as Chief Inspector Westford (ITV, 7.45pm)

RADIO CHOICE

Peter Davalle

A nation that annually tucks into 30lb of chocolate a head shouldn't feign holier-than-thou horror over the antics of those Britons in *Chocolates Anonymous* (Radio 4, 3.30pm) who spend a weekend in an Oxfordshire hotel stuffing themselves silly with the brown stuff. The remarkable thing about these guzzlers is not that they emerge from their secret closets but that they are able to squeeze back in again after a non-stop intake of chocolate croissants, venison and chocolate, and the chocolate survival kit supplied with every bedroom. As they are all women, one can understand their muted response to the sales talk revelation that *Chocolates Anonymous* comes to champagne, and that *Wine & Cheese* drink three jugs of chocolate before entering his harem.

BBC 1

- 8.45 A Living Antelope (r)
8.55 Pageant to Christmas. From Stanbrook Abbey, near Worcester
10.00 A Life of Our Own For people with learning difficulties (r) 10.25
Buongiorno Italian for beginners (r) 10.50 Help Your Child with Maths. Series for four to 11-year olds (r) 11.05 Hindi Urdu Bol Chalo Hindi and Urdu language series for beginners 11.30 In the Know (r) (Coast)
11.40 See Heart Magazine for the hard of hearing introduced by Maureen Denmark and Olive Mason 12.30 Country File. John Craven talks to Lord and Lady Clifford who are entertaining paying guests to a weekend shoot on their estate 12.55 Weather
1.00 News with Moira Stuart followed by On the Record. With a look at the Conservative Government's record in dealing with people who live on or below the poverty line 2.00
2.30 In Search of the Wow Wow Wibble Wobble Waddle Waddle Waddle written and starring Tim Noah. Life size puppets go on a musical adventure to find the Wow Wow Wibble
2.50 Superdads. Deborah Hall and Peter Purves introduce the grand finale of the Wicket Challenge Trophy from Ragley Hall, Acheester
4.30 International Show Jumping. Raymond Brooks-Ward introduces highlights from the fourth day at Olympia, including the racing dogs, the Shetland Grand National and the Modern Alarms Christmas Knock-out Stakes
5.30 The Clive Show. Selina Scott and Jeff Banks report from Treilke Hospital in Truro
5.45 The Chronicles of Narnia: The Voyage of the Dawn Treader. King Caspian and his men tackle an enormous sea serpent. (Coast)
6.15 Lifeline. Cliff Michelsons and Lynette Lifford report on the latest charity news and Richard Whitmore appeals on behalf of the Camphill Village Trust
6.25 News with Moira Stuart. Weather
6.40 Songs of Praise from the Royal Concert Hall in Nottingham. A celebration of 120 years of the National Children's Home. (Coast)
7.15 Sports Review of the Year. A host of top sporting stars gather at the Queen Elizabeth II War Games Centre in Westminster for this year's live celebration of achievements in the sporting world. As well as the announcement of the sportsman and women of 1989 voted by viewers, there's also the Sports Personality of the Year trophy. The Bishop of Liverpool, a former England Test captain, will be making the presentations and the hosts are Desmond Lynam and Steve Rider
8.50 News with Michael Buerk. Weather
9.05 The Ginger Tree. The concluding episode of this series. Mary, now a wealthy and successful business woman, becomes involved with Kentaro again. Despite a deteriorating political situation she refuses to leave Japan but is faced with growing hostility. Finally the decision is taken out of her hands. (Coast)
10.05 Gloria in Excelsis Deo. An evocation in words and music of the spirit of Christmas, recorded in Paisley Abbey, with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra and Brass Ensemble
11.00 Facing Up to AIDS: Sex in the 90s. Hearing people talk frankly about their sexual experiences and how their attitudes have changed (r)
11.30 International Show Jumping. David Vine introduces highlights of the Crossed the Border Christmas Cakes Stakes. Raymond Brooks-Ward and Stephen Hadley commentate
12.35am News Network East (r) 1.15am Weather

SCOTTISH

- 6.00 TV-am begins with an RSPB film: 6.30 Animals in Action. Wildlife documentary series. 7.00 Life Standard. Children's entertainment presented by Alvin Stardust
8.00 David Frost Sunday
9.25 The Disney Club. The team go Christmas shopping in Walt Disney World; and music is provided by Neneh Cherry
10.45 Glen Michael's Cartoon
11.15 Link talks to disabled playwright Tom Lannon
11.30 One Small Step 12.00 The Human Factor. The Gift of Life. Reporter and television in wedding for a kidney transplant in the last of the series. But a kidney for him inevitably involves the death of someone else. For the relatives it's a difficult decision
12.30 The Spectacular World of Guinness Records 12.55 Scotland Today
1.00 News with Sue Carpenter. Weather
1.10 Entertainment presented by Carson Black, Trevor Phillips, Paul Ross, Jan Rowland and Sebastian Scott
2.00 Film: The Battle of Britain (1969). War movie directed by Gino Zagar
4.30 Bullseye. News and general knowledge game presented by Jim Bowen
5.00 Sportscast. Jim White introduces the best of the weekend's action, including a top Premier League football match and highlights of this afternoon's match from England 4.00pm versus Manchester City. Plus football news from David Livingston
6.00 Riding the Waves. Catching the Wind. Highlights of the British National Wave Sailing Championships from Three News with Sue Carpenter. Weather
6.35 Scotland Today
6.40 Dail a Christmas Carol with Gloria Humphreys at St Mary's Church, Forthbridge. To take part ring 01-222 8000 or 01-222 8070 after 4.00pm
7.15 The Ruth Rendell Mystery Movie: The Veiled One (Oracle) (See Choice)
9.15 The Two of Us Christmas Special. Wendy Mies. After years of avoiding the subject, Elaine finally agrees to marry Ashley and they plan a romantic honeymoon in Switzerland. But their plans do not go smoothly as they had hoped. Starring Nicholas Lyndhurst and Janet Dibley (r)
10.15 News with Sue Carpenter. Weather
10.35 Splitting Image. Topical adult puppet show
11.05 Night Flyte William McIlwain discusses the changing role of women in Scotland
12.00 Batman: The Making of a Hero. A behind the scenes look at the making of Batman starring Jack Nicholson
12.30am Film: The Red Circle (1970). Starring Alan Delon. After his release from prison Carey is determined to go straight. French film with English subtitles
3.00 The 12th Hour (r)
3.30 The ITV Chart Show (r)
4.25 Joinfinder
5.05 ITN Morning News. Ends at 6.00

GRAMPIAN

- As Scottish except 10.45am Robostory. 11.15 Jerusalem of Heaven and Earth. 11.45-12.00 Link 12.30pm-1.00 Jack Thompson Down Under 2.00pm The Forgotten Bomber 3.00pm The Future of the World 6.00-6.30 Bullseye 11.05 Prisoner: Cell Block H 12.00 Prisoner: The Inside Story 12.30am Quiz Night 1.00-3.00 Film: Before Winter Comes

BBC 2

- 7.30 Playhouse (r) 7.50 Jimbo and the Jet Set (r) 7.55 Is That a Fact? (r) 8.10 The Hullo Spencer Show! 8.35 Umbrella 8.50 Snuggles 9.15 Corners (r) 9.30 Visionaries (r) 9.45 Blue Peter Omnibus (r) 10.45 Maid Marian and Her Merry Men (r) 11.10 Bopshops 11.50 The O Zone 12.10 Repurpose Update
1.00 Film: It's That Man Again (1943, b/w), starring Tommy Handley. A town mayor is in trouble when he invests the council's annual budget in a bombed London theatre. Directed by Walter Forde.
2.20 40 Minutes: All about Ambridge (r) (Coast)
3.00 Film: The Colditz Story (1956, b/w), starring John Mills and Eric Portman. Drama based on a true story about a group of British prisoners of war who plan an escape from the highly fortified German prison camp. Directed by Guy Hamilton.
4.35 Ruth Eting in Kase Deep in Music. (b/w), with Nat Carr
5.00 Rugby Special. Chris Rea presents highlights from the closing stages of the Toshiba Divisional Championship.
6.00 Ski Sunday. David Vine introduces coverage of the latest action from the Men's downhill in Val Gardena
6.35 The Money Programme
7.15 The Natural World: Under the Ice. A hole was drilled through ice two metres thick to make this film about life in the ice sea in the Antarctic (Coast)
8.05 Christmas on Two. A preview of the Christmas season
8.10 Rhythms of the World. A profile of Colombian Joe Arroyo
9.05 Film: World Science (1985). Starring Kelly LeBrock. Two young computer geniuses and their knowledge to create the perfect female. Directed by John Hughes. (Coast)
10.35 The Underdogest Nat King Cole (r) Ends at 12.10am

CHANNEL 4

- 6.00 Hallelujah! (r) 6.30 Fight over Spain. Seagars 7.00 A Gardener's Guide (r) 7.30 Box Office Weekly 8.00 David the Gnome 8.30 Boy Dominic (r) 9.00 Dennis
9.25 Orientations. Asian magazine
10.00 A Week in Politics. Looks at calls for Westminster to have more scrutiny over European legislation
11.00 Pab's Programme (r) 11.30 The Henderson Kids 12.30 The Waltons 1.00 Land of the Giants
2.00 Film: Lured (1947, b/w), starring Lucille Ball and Boris Karloff. An American showgirl agrees to act as bait to lure a maniac. Directed by Douglas Sirk. 3.55 Rhapsody in Blue. Jeanes. Hungarian cartoon
4.00 Art of the Western World. Masters of the Baroque
4.30 Moving Stills looks at a book by Arnet Francis depicting black children on three continents
4.40 Stones and Flies follows Richard Long on a three-week walk in the Mauritanian Sahara
5.25 News summary and weather
5.30 American Football. La Ramis versus San Francisco 49ers
6.30 The Wonder Years. American comedy series
7.00 SkyScanner. Final episode in the series following the construction of a New York skyscraper
8.00 The Media Show. Includes a seasonal look at the Disney studios in Hollywood
9.00 One Hour with Jonathan Ross. Phil Daniels, Cyndi Lauper and The Creatures
10.00 Film: The Knack (1965, b/w), starring Michael Crawford and Rita Tushingham. Comedy about a naive girl who meets a young schoolteacher desperate to succeed with the women of the sex. Directed by Richard Lester
11.40 American Football Cincinnati Bengals versus Houston Oilers
1.10am-2.05 The World Games Ends at 2.05

SATELLITE

SKY ONE

- 6.00am Hour of Power 7.00 Fun Factory 11.00 UK Top 50 12.00 Beyond 2000 1.00pm The Incredible Hulk 2.00 Superstars of Wrestling 3.00 The Incredible Hulk 4.00 Emergency! 5.00 Eight is Enough 6.00 Family Ties 7.00 21 Jump Street 8.00 Film: Little Big Man 10.30 Those Were the Days 11.00 Sky World News Tonight 11.30 The Paper Chase 12.30am Entertainment This Week

SKY NEWS

- News on the hour.
5.00am Sky News Overnight 5.30 Fashion TV 6.30 The Best of the Frank Bough Interview 7.30 Roving Report 8.30 Those Were the Days 9.30 The Wall Street Journal 10.30 Fashion TV 11.30 Our World 12.30am The Editors 1.30 Those Were the Days 2.30 The Wall Street Journal 3.30 Entertainment This Week 4.30 Our World 5.30 Fashion TV 5.30 Those Were the Days 6.30 The Editors 7.30 Meet the Press 8.30 Roving Report 11.30 Entertainment This Week 12.30am The Editors 1.30 Meet the Press 2.30 Entertainment This Week 3.30 Roving Report 4.30 Roving Report

SKY MOVIES

- From 8.00am The Satellite Shop 2.00pm The Adventures of the Wilderness Family (1975): A city family relocates to the Rockies
4.00 On the Beach (1985): Lillian Gish, Richard Gere and Kevin Costner in a tale of nuclear war
6.00 The Untouchables (1985): A tale of a gangster saga set in and around the famed Harlem nightspot. Starring Richard Gere
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MONEY

SATURDAY DECEMBER 16 1989

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- CAR PLATES: PLAYING THE NUMBERS GAME 24

Executive Editor
David Brewerton

THE POUND

US dollar 1.6040 (+0.0060)
W German mark 2.7637 (-0.0048)
Exchange index 86.6 (+0.1)

STOCK MARKET

FT 30 Share 1851.7 (-19.7)
FT-SE 100 2344.7 (-22.3)

USM (Datastream)
151.33 (+0.25)

Market report, page 20

Maximum
Rover aid

The European Commission says it approved the maximum subsidy without allowing for so-called "sweeteners" when it agreed the sale of Rover to British Aerospace last year.

"The subsidy we authorized was the maximum we thought was possible," said Miss Catherine Day, a senior member of Sir Leon Brittan's cabinet in the competition directorship.

"If we had thought another £30 million or £30 million was appropriate we would have approved it."

During the deal, the Commission refused the Government's request to give the company an £800 million subsidy and reduced it to £469 million. Miss Day said, Sir Leon would give his personal decision on the disputed payments in the new year.

Waterford fall

Waterford Wedgwood shares fell 4p to 41p, an all-time low, after the crystal and china group gave a further warning on profits.

STOCK MARKETS

New York: Dow Jones 2743.38 (-10.24)
Nikkei Average 36271.84 (+90.34)
Hang Seng 2898.57 (+19.82)
London: FT 100 2344.7 (-22.3)
CDS: Treasury 182.5 (-1.3)
Syracuse: AO 191.1 (+3.5)
Frankfurt: DAX 1827.43 (+1.28)
General: 699.38 (-2.49)
Paris: CAC 5482.27 (-0.7)
Zurich: SMI 814.9 (+0.8)
Los Angeles: FT-A&M Share 1/4
FT-500 1/4
FT Gold Mines 308.4 (-3.2)
FT Bond Interest 82.25 (-1.0)
FT Govt Bonds 83.89 (+0.31)
Recent issues: Page 21
Closing prices: Page 21

MAIN PRICE CHANGES

RISERS:
Caird Group 446p (+17p)
Davies & Newnam 775p (+25p)
Instruments 537p (+8p)
Surrey Hotels 1/4 84p (+3p)
Wyndham Eng 255p (+12p)
FALLS:
Eurochem Units 520p (-40p)
Flores 335p (-20p)
Glen 789p (-17p)
Hawker Siddeley 57p (-1p)
Standard Char 830p (-20p)
Rank Org 830p (-10p)
Wiggins 90p (-10p)
Britannia Security 101p (-12p)
Hoskins Group 485p (-25p)
British Aerospace 586p (-10p)
Luce 627p (-10p)
Smithline Beecham 550p (-10p)
Unilever 700p (-5p)
Brenning 97p (-20p)
1/4 Smurfit 630p (-15p)
4p prices:
Barracuda 237p
SEAQ Volume 444.9m

INTEREST RATES

London: Bank Base 15%
3-month interbank 15 1/4-15 1/2%
3-month eligible bills 14 1/4-14 1/2%
US: Prime Rate 10 1/4%
Federal Funds 5 1/4%
3-month Treasury Bills 7.61-7.68%
30-year bonds 10 3/4-10 3/8%

CURRENCIES

London: New York: £1.6040
2 DM 7.2252
2 Sfr 2.4946
2 FF 6.4540
2 Yen 144.10
2 Indian 57.9
ECU 16.730136
SDR 16.231585
2 ECU 1.669007
2 SDR 1.229158

GOLD

London Fixing: AM \$410.35 pm \$412.75
close \$412.00-412.50 (\$256.50-257.00)
New York: Comex \$412.30-412.80

NORTH SEA OIL

Brent (Jan) \$19.60 bbl (\$19.80)
* Denotes latest trading price

TOURIST RATES

Bank	Buy	Sell
Australia S	2.085	1.965
Austria Sch	25.00	27.40
Belgium F	81.30	87.40
Canada C	1.944	1.894
Denmark Kr	11.25	10.84
France F	6.55	6.25
Germany DM	2.360	2.215
Greece Dr	337	327
Hong Kong S	15.15	14.25
Ireland P	1.105	1.055
Italy Lit	242	232
Japan Yen	160.00	150.00
Netherlands Gld	3.25	3.15
Norway Kr	11.25	10.84
Portugal Esc	200	190
Spain Ptas	166.64	156.64
Sweden Kr	2.360	2.215
Switzerland Fr	4.75	4.55
Taiwan New	1.985	1.885
USA \$	1.604	1.504
Yugoslavia Din	ref	100000

Rates for small denomination bank notes only as supplied by Barclays Bank PLC. Different rates apply to travellers' cheques.
Retail Price Index: 118.5 (November)

General Motors pays £380m for 50% Saab stake

By Derek Harris
Industrial Editor

Sweden's Saab-Scania is selling a half stake in its loss-making car division to General Motors of America, after negotiations with Fiat, the Italian car manufacturer, were broken off.

GM is believed to have moved swiftly to close the deal, which is being seen as some compensation for its losing the race for Jaguar as the big car companies, especially Ford, have increasingly mopped up executive marquee. Saab had been

holding talks with Ford but these negotiations collapsed while Ford was making its successful takeover of Jaguar.

GM is paying SKr3.8 billion (£380 million) for its 50 per cent stake in Saab, which brought out the Saab 900 range to mount a stronger attack on the executive car market dominated by BMW, Jaguar and Mercedes-Benz.

GM and Saab are also each injecting SKr40 million into the new company, Saab Automobile, which will start operating next

month. It will be entirely separate from other Saab-Scania interests such as Scania trucks production and aircraft manufacture and the chairmanship will be held by GM.

One of the big problems for Saab as a small volume car producer has been to fund new model development to meet the constant gearing-up of international competition. In addition, while it has continued to sell well in key European markets such as Britain, a collapse in the north American market has driven the Saab car

division into mounting losses. The GM deal is expected to bring Saab Scania a capital gain next year of SKr1.7 billion. Saab Automobile will develop, manufacture and distribute Saab cars. But Saab, with plants in Sweden and Finland, will also manufacture some GM models.

Saab cars will continue to be sold through present dealer networks to underline their exclusive image. The British content in Saab cars varies between 5 and 10 per cent according to model and includes

turbochargers, automatic gear boxes and some braking components and steel pressings.

GM expects the joint car venture to show a profit by 1991 at the latest, said Mr Robert Eaton, GM's European chief executive. This is regarded as a realistic goal by Mr Georg Karasund, the Saab-Scania president and chief executive. He said there were plans for a top-of-the-line Saab in addition to the 900 and 9000 ranges. A six cylinder engine is also being developed.

GM, the world's largest car

maker, said it believed an association with Saab would enable it to participate more intensively in the top end of the car market, as well as having additional capacity to assemble GM vehicles.

More co-operation moves between GM and Saab could come in aerospace projects.

Saab's missiles subsidiary is discussing setting up links on tactical missile projects with the missiles division of GM's Hughes aircraft operation, said the Swedish group.

Inflation rise to 7.7% fuels fears on wages

By Colin Narbrough, Economics Correspondent

The annual rate of inflation rose to 7.7 per cent last month, more than reversing the decline seen in October, and making the Government's final quarter forecast of 7.5 per cent look over-optimistic.

With inflation still not responding to the prolonged, counter-inflationary squeeze, interest rates look set to stay high well into next year.

Mr John Major, the Chancellor, had drawn some of the financial markets' fire by predicting a fresh rise when he appeared before a parliamentary committee last week, and the pound and the stock market were little affected by yesterday's figure.

The 0.9 per cent rise in the retail price index last month, which took it to 118.5 (base 1987), was to a large extent

the result of a sharp increase in interest rates, though a sharp increase in seasonal food prices, and rises in leisure costs and clothing, also played an important role.

City economists fear that, though expected, the rise in inflation will fuel wage de-

mands at the very time when pay moderation is called for urgently. This, in turn, will make the defeat of inflation - the Government's prime objective - much harder.

The underlying inflation rate, which excludes the distorting mortgage interest payments, was an annual 6.1 per cent, unchanged from October. This is still the highest for nearly eight years.

Mr Glenn Davies, senior economist at Credit Lyonnais Securities, the securities house, said that no comfort could be drawn from the underlying rate at this stage of the economic slowdown, as anticipated price increases are likely to continue to push the rate higher in coming months. He sees headline inflation probably peaking next month at about 7.9 per cent.

In October, the retail price index rose by 0.8 per cent for a 7.3 per cent annual rise, after 7.6 per cent the previous month.

Increases in the pipeline next month include a 4 per cent on the price of a loaf, some mortgage rate rises and higher costs for some food.

Last month rises were partly offset by cheaper second-hand cars and petrol, as well as off-licence discounts on alcoholic drinks. The same categories should show further easing this month.

The RPI figure underlines the message Herr Karl Otto Pöhl, the Bundesbank president, delivered at a news conference on Thursday - that full sterling participation in the European Monetary System is probably ruled out by Britain's present inflation and yawning trade gap.

His remarks followed a warning by Mr Robin Leigh-Pemberton, the Governor of the Bank of England, against "exaggerated" entry into the European monetary system's exchange rate mechanism.

Herr Pöhl said: "The present inflation rate in the UK and the present situation regarding the current account means entry to the EMS is probably not possible."

He expressed satisfaction with the West German inflation rate, which is expected to run at about 3 per cent for the full year and 2 per cent next year.

US deficit at \$10.2bn

By Our Economics Correspondent

The United States trade deficit widened in October, with imports posting their biggest gain for more than a year, providing fresh evidence that progress on reducing America's deficit has stalled.

After an initial drop in reaction to the trade figures, the dollar steadied to give a mixed performance against the main currencies. On Wall Street, prices went into retreat after staging a broadly-based rally.

The trade figures, and data indicating an underlying growth in wholesale prices, confirmed growing fears that the US economy might have to slow down further to reduce industry's appetite for imports, narrow the trade deficit, and squeeze out inflation.

The surprise jump in the seasonally-adjusted merchandise trade deficit was to \$10.2 billion (£6.34 billion) from an

upwards revised \$8.5 billion shortfall in September, which had initially been set at \$7.9 billion. The markets had been looking for an October deficit of about \$8.6 billion.

Imports reversed the decline seen in September, reflecting boosted imports of raw materials and supplies for American industry.

Mr Neil Mackinnon, chief economist at Yamaichi International, described the trade figures as a "pretty poor performance" that could foster protectionist pressures.

In the past few months, exports have stagnated at between \$30 billion and \$31 billion. The latest three-month average has also provided a pattern of rising deficits since August.

Reducing the main trade imbalances, including the US deficit, has been a central poli-

cy goal of co-operation between the leading industrial nations. A reversal could threaten the current "Uruguay Round" of talks aimed at freer world trade.

The US deficit fell by 22 per cent to \$11.8 billion last year and is expected to come down to \$10.9 billion this year. The deficit with Japan has risen to \$4.9 billion from \$4.1 billion in September.

In October, the US exports of manufactured goods rose to \$24.4 billion from \$23.4 billion. Imports advanced to \$35.1 billion from \$31 billion.

Other data showed an 0.1 per cent fall in the producer price index - the first decline since August. But producer prices showed an 0.2 per cent rise with the more volatile energy and food components are stripped out. Industrial output rose 0.1 per cent.

MMC investigates Tiphook

By Our Industrial Editor

Tiphook, the aggressive sea freight company headed by Mr Robert Montague, is to be investigated by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission because of its proposed acquisition from Mercantile Credit of Trailertail, which operates in the road trailer rental market.

If the merger went ahead, Tiphook's road-trailer rental interests added to those of Trailertail would account for about a third of the trailer

rental market. In the refrigerated trailer rental sector, the two companies are thought likely to account for almost two thirds of the market.

Road trailers are the load-carrying half of articulated trucks, attached to the front drive units. Trailer rental is a fast-growing business in Britain.

One big operator has moved from a trailer rental turnover of £3 million in 1985 to £50 million this year. The trailer

rental sector has seen several mergers recently, the market leader being TTP Europe after its acquisition of CSL.

Tiphook, which acquired Rentco, is the second largest operator followed by Trailertail.

Another likely factor behind the referral is that because trailer rental is a much less developed sector on the Continent, little competition seems likely to be injected from there in the near future.

Institutions oppose terms of restructuring

Land under pressure over meeting

By Graham Searjeant
Financial Editor

Opposition from British Land's institutional shareholders is putting pressure on the property group to postpone the extraordinary meeting, scheduled for Thursday, called to approve its controversial restructuring. Leading brokers claim to have seen a surge of opposition in the past 36 hours, partly because some fund managers have only just received and studied the documents.

Leading shareholders of up to 15 per cent of British Land, including Postle Investment Management and Legal & General, are understood to have decided to vote against the scheme unless the

meeting is postponed and details changed. Robert Fleming Investment Management, which controls 7 per cent, plans to decide on Monday.

There is near universal approval of the concept of the scheme, under which a portfolio of properties would be sold to a demerged New British Land and the remaining large property investments of British Land would be sold and the proceeds distributed. But there are objections to the terms drawn up by SO Warburg, BL's merchant bank.

There was criticism that too much of the benefit would go through incentive schemes to British Land management and their families. They back an invest-

ment group that could have as much as 27.6 per cent of NBL, if performance targets are met, through subscribing initial capital to NBL and having the benefit of options over more than 20 per cent.

Mr John Stubbs of Postel said: "As we understand it, the deal would represent a breaching of the spirit of the guidelines on pre-emption rights and options."

Limits on bringing in shareholders on advantageous terms and on the proportions of shares that can be issued to management via options would not apply directly to BL, since the incentive package is in NBL shares, but institutional investor protection committees have started discussions on the proposals.

Headlam reverses to move ahead

MIKE POWELL



Going on the town: John Chaplin (left) chairman of Headlam and Peter Grant Cadogan's managing director yesterday

Headlam, the safety and sports footwear group, is moving ahead and treading its size with a reverse takeover of Cadogan Oakley, the maker of Christy men's hats, Michelson shirts and ties, Peter Gault upholstered furniture and Maltifalls protective clothing, writes Melinda Wittstock.

Cadogan, 85 per cent-owned by Lord Chelsea's private Cadogan Estates property

company, wants Headlam's quote to fund expansion.

The deal, via the issue of up to 23 million Headlam shares in two tranches based on the relative pre-tax profits of both companies this year and next, does not as yet have a price tag.

Though the maximum consideration would be £17.5 million based on the current price of Headlam's shares, suspended yesterday at 76p,

both companies expect Headlam to issue just 16 million shares, making a total consideration of £12.2 million.

Headlam, which reported pre-tax profits of £929,000 on a turnover of £22.8 million for the 11 months to end-December, 1988, operates three separate manufacturing divisions.

Phipps-Faire supplies materials for the shoe trade, R Coggins & Sons manufactures and distributes industrial foot-

wear, and Faire Brothers supplies the Ministry of Defence with protective clothing fabric.

Cadogan Oakley operates four companies. Christy & Co, the maker of top hats, bowlers, riding headgear and police helmets. Michelsons, makes mens shirts and ties, Peter Gault, its furniture maker, supplies Harrods and John Lewis, while Maltifalls, also supplies the Ministry of Defence with protective clothing.

Hestair agrees BET bid

By Melinda Wittstock

BET, the international support services company, emerged late yesterday as a white knight in the battle for Hestair, the Atlas personnel services and consumer products group, with a £192 million agreed bid.

Hestair, fighting a £167 million bid from its Swiss counterpart, Adia, said this month it was in talks with a potential rival bidder, though BET approached it days ago.

The BET cash offer, at 33p per share, represents a premium of 15 per cent over Adia's 282p offer and a 46 per cent premium over the mid-market price of 222p.

Hestair shareholders will be entitled to a share alternative of 13 ordinary BET shares for every 11 in Hestair for all or part of their cash entitlement. They are also entitled to hold onto the Hestair interim dividend of 3.6p, payable early on in January.

Adia, run by Swiss financier Mr Werner Rey has been singled out as a likely bidder for the personnel agency division of Brompton Holdings, the former Oil Inspection Services.

Brompton, the USM-listed company in which Adia already holds a 35 per cent stake, is planning to sell its manpower and telecommunications businesses in order to focus on its core industrial equipment testing operations.

THE TIMES GUIDE TO THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

JUNE 1989



Edited by Alan Wood

This new edition of THE TIMES GUIDE TO THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT contains detailed statistics of the third direct elections to the European Parliament held in June in each of the twelve member states. Also included are biographies and photographs of MEPs and commentaries on the member state election campaigns.

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Winners and losers of the 80s

Take a bow. Mr Asil Nadir, the man who turned Polly Peck from a frayed-at-the-edges rag trade company into the stock market success of the decade. Anyone fortunate enough to have backed the 47-year-old chain smoking Turkish Cypriot with £1,000 10 years ago would now be the proud owner of a £1.2 million nest egg.

Research from County NatWest WoodMac, the broker, shows that Polly Peck's share price soared a mind-boggling 120.545 per cent from the end of the 1970s to the end of last month. But Mr Nadir's path to success has not been smooth. There was a huge speculative bubble in Polly Peck shares during 1983 which eventually took them from a low of 9p three years earlier to the equivalent of £35. When the bubble burst because progress proved slower than anticipated, Polly lost more than a quarter of its stock market value in a mere 20 minutes.

There was a further hefty downgrading when Mr Nadir allowed his hopes to be translated into hard City forecasts which were missed by a mile. But he persisted. His ideas for shifting Polly Peck from its downbeat East End operations on to a world stage as a heavyweight international trader seemed to a disbelieving City too far fetched.

Mr Nadir said his fruit packing and distribution activities would grow beyond their small beginnings in Cyprus and Turkey and was met with scepticism. The same fate greeted plans to build a consumer electronics operation in Turkey. Little by little most of the critics have

Shares soared through the 80s, growing at 23.5 per cent a year. But there were thrills and spills for the captains of industry. John Bell and Martin Waller report.

fallen by the wayside. Mr Nadir clinched two deals this year that underlined his entry to the big league. He paid \$875 million for the fresh fruit business of Del Monte, and became the first European to buy control of a listed Japanese business with a majority stake in Sansai, the audio equipment company.

County's research shows fruit has been a winning business during the 80s. Mr Tony Miller's Albert Fisher group was easily the next best performer among the 700 or so leading shares which make up the FTA All-share index. They climbed no less than 8,218 per cent. Fisher's stock-in-trade was the well-chosen acquisition.

Other acquisitive companies to repay their shareholders well were Williams Holdings, the conglomerate built by Mr Nigel Rodd and Mr Brian McGowan (up 4,065 per cent), Hazlewood Foods (4,005 per cent), Hanson (2,187 per cent) and BTR whose shares gained 1,300 per cent. Despite the strictures of Sir James Goldsmith,

BAT shows up in the best performers among the elite who make up the FT-SE 100 index. A special honour is probably due to housebuilder William Connolly which is a shining example to a lacklustre industry, turning in solid growth through thick and thin. Its shares grew 2,698 per cent.

Among the stars of the 1970s - Britain's top 100 companies at the turn of the decade - are supermarket Sainsbury and Tesco, which have both blazed trails for the rest of the retail trade. Top of the 1970s stars was Glaxo, whose shares soared 2,677 per cent. The falling stars of the 1980s make predictably depressing reading. For some, the agony is not yet over. Several of those stars of the 1970s whose fortunes waned over the next decade had close connections with the British retail industry, and so shared its sad decline. Both GKN and Lucas Industries have since restructured to such an extent that they can no longer be considered pure motor stocks.

Similar abrupt restructurings have taken place at Harris & Crawford, still frantically trying to shake off its erstwhile rag as a specialist chemicals and builders' merchandising, and at Granada. The latter is screwing up its courage to enter the great TV franchise free-for-all which will be such a feature of the first few years of the next decade, and has only recently announced it plans to bid for a second franchise to add to its existing one, maker of the perennial soap opera *Coronation Street*. But observers say the hunter is more likely to become the hunted, once Independent Broadcasting Authority rules on takeover bids are relaxed. City poor Standard Chartered, formerly chaired by Lord Barber, still seen as the weakest of the big banks.

County's lists, surprisingly, feature just the one retailer. Current disaster areas such as Next and Sainsbury came from such a low base at the start of the decade that their more recent falls from grace have done little more than redress the

balance. But Asda represents a retail disaster of epic proportions, featuring that favourite staple of pulp fiction, the Marriage That Was Not Made In Heaven. The subsequent divorce led to the management buy-out of the DIY retailer MFI. That also set a notable trend when it came to grief on the rocks of late 1980s high interest rates, to be followed by two more retail basket-cases, Lowmores Queensway and Magsat.

Among the smaller companies, names such as Eagle Trust and Charterhouse are still at the nadir. GPC - the unattractive initials hide the bits of the old Guinness Post Group the New Zealanders did not want - is still trying to resolve its future, aided by Mr Robert Maxwell, whose performance elsewhere has surely earned him the title of Most Caring Shareholder of the Decade.

Charterhall features another 1980s figure, the Australian Who Fell From Grace. Observers Down Under say Mr Russell Goward may soon need all his life-saving skills acquired as a Bondi Beach life-guard for his Westminster vehicle.

The seemingly interminable Eagle Trust saga has been one of the features of the past year - only this week the group was forced to announce a £10 million write-off on a deal carried out by the former chairman, Mr Malcolm Stockdale.

A highlight of the 1990s will be the legal resolution of a certain drinks takeover which logged the headlines in the late 1980s. Involved was another of our legends, the merchant bank Henry Auschbacher.

Up and downs of the last decade

What happened to the 70s stars



Nadir's heights at Polly Peck

Top 10	%	Bottom 10	%
Polly Peck	120,545	NSM	-63
Albert Fisher	8,218	GPG	-65
Mountleigh	4,109	Eagle Trust	-62
Williams Hds	4,065	Chloride Group	-57
Hazlewood Foods	4,005	Charterhall	-59
Priest Mariani	3,861	Kelco Group	-57
Southend Prop	3,325	Henry Ansbacher	-57
Securcor Group	3,117	Rockware Group	-53
Wilson Connolly	2,698	London Utd Inv	-28
Glaxo	2,677	London Amer Vent	-17

Source: County NatWest Wood MacKenzie. Performance from end-December 1979 to end-November 1989. Based on FTA All-share companies.

There are a few lessons for the 1990s in the lists of best and worst performers over the past decade. The top two, Polly Peck and Albert Fisher, have waxed fat on the trend to healthy eating.

Securcor owes much of its dynamic growth to the continuing boom in cellular phones. Williams and Hazlewood show that there is money in backing the takeover specialists that politicians love to hate.



Goward: needing his skills



Lord Sainsbury: trail-blazer

Top 10	%	Bottom 10	%
Glaxo	2,677	GKN	89
Sainsbury	1,361	De La Rue	80
BTR	1,300	Harris & Crawford	92
BAT Inds	1,280	Standard Chart	100
Sun Alliance	878	Midland Bank	107
Reed Int'l	867	Granada	129
BOC	791	Dowty	157
Unilever	682	Hewlett	172
Legal & General	651	BP	175
		Lucas Inds	179

Source: County NatWest Wood MacKenzie. Performance from end-December 1979 to end-November 1989. Based on top 100 companies at end-1979.

Many 1970s stars sailed through the 1980s and look set to continue their winning ways. Glaxo's Zantac, the world's best selling drug, is still conquering new fields, and helping to finance a new generation of

products. Sainsbury and Tesco continue to change the shopping habits of the nation. BTR and Unilever also show no signs of flagging. Some of the losers like GKN are set for strong recovery in the 1990s.



Lord Barber: Standard weak

The rise and rise of Britain's equity market

The 1980s started with the worst recession since the 1930s, but they became a brilliant decade for investors.

In an extensive analysis, due to be published next week, the research team at County NatWest Wood MacKenzie found that the British equity market rose every year in the 1980s.

The cumulative rise - to end November - has been 395.5 per cent. Adding in gross income, the cumulative total return has been 702 per cent, or 23.5 per cent per annum. In fact, the last time that the market failed to produce a positive total return was 1974.

Only in two years during the decade,

1982 and 1987, has the gilt market provided a better return than the equity market.

Cash was a better investment in 1981 and 1987.

Despite the excellent performance of British equities, overseas equities have provided better returns during six of the last 10 years, mainly reflecting the substantial decline of sterling against other leading currencies during the decade.

● Sector Performance:

Best sector performances during the decade, again in total return terms, have been health and household (1,742 per

cent), publishing and printing (1,445 per cent), other industrial materials (1,111 per cent), life insurance (1,364 per cent) and food retailing (951 per cent).

The laggards have been other financials (348 per cent), oil (524 per cent), insurance brokers (618 per cent) and property (408 per cent).

This divergence in performance, together with the introduction of privatizations, has resulted in a fairly dramatic shift in sector and stock weightings (by market capitalization) within the market. In particular, the oil sector has fallen from 15 per cent at the start of the decade to 11 per cent now.

The stores sector has fallen from 7 per cent of the market to its present 4.5 per cent.

Moving in the opposite direction has been the health and household sector, which shows a rise in weights from 2.5 per cent to more than 7 per cent.

BP and Shell have retained their positions over the decade at the top of the capitalization rankings, although British Telecom, introduced in late 1984, now splits the two stocks.

GEC has suffered a steep decline in importance. At the peak of interest in technology stocks in 1982, GEC was the largest stock in the market, its capitaliza-

tion representing 5 per cent of the market. It currently stands in 13th position in the rankings, and represents just 1.3 per cent of the total.

● Corporate Earnings and Dividends: Corporate earnings have grown at an average annual rate of 11 per cent per annum during the 1980s. This reflects 9 per cent if the oil sector is included. Dividends have grown at a higher rate, 12.5 per cent per annum, reflecting the end of dividend controls at the start of the Conservatives' first term in power.

Privatizations: Excluding the Government's BP sales during the decade, privatizations have

increased the capitalization base of the market by approximately 10 per cent. Although most privatization stocks have performed well in absolute terms, not all have kept up with the rest of the stock market.

British Aerospace, Amersham, Rolls-Royce and British Steel in particular have all underperformed the market since their introduction.

The net effect is that privatizations cannot be viewed as having pushed up the market. In other words, no investor holding only privatization stocks would have done just as well investing in the existing companies in the market.

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Equities

Share	Price	Change
Admiral (70p)	108	+
Anglo Irish	85	-
Autoc Distribution	18	-
Berke Hops (142p)	148	+
Berkeley Mines	2150	+
Bicore (42p)	43	+
Courtyard Life (27p)	21	+
East Surrey Water	214	+
East West	94	+
Euro Project (50p)	51	+
First Earth (130p)	130	+
First Pile (50p)	46	+
Growth Dev (100p)	103	-
Harley Reid	91	+
Image Share (80p)	81	+
J.P. Phillips	800	+
Lon Merit Sec Dr	42	+
Melrose	98	-
Midgate Gp (70p)	70	+
Millcom Inc	214	+
Pendragon	78	-
Prospect (10p)	11	+
Rumford (Herry) (100p)	112	+
Regal Hotels	156	+
Sage Gp New (130p)	148	+
Semperviva (40p)	49	+
Stem Cell Corp	510	+
Stem Group (30p)	36	+
Surrey Gp	14	+
United Drug	184	+

See main listing for Water shares

RIGHTS ISSUES

Share	Price	Change
Ass Energy N/P	8	+
Ass Energy N/P	8	+
Ass Energy N/P	8	+
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Ass Energy N/P	8	+
Ass Energy N/P	8	+

(Issue price in brackets)

TRADITIONAL OPTIONS

First Dealings

Last Dealings

Last Dealings

For Settlement

Call options were taken out on 15/12/89. Other Resources, Global, Truist, Public Stock Sales.

Call options were taken out on 15/12/89. Other Resources, Global, Truist, Public Stock Sales.

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Property slump sends McCarthy down to £7m

By Maria Waller

McCarthy & Stone, the builder of sheltered housing, has revealed a pre-tax profit collapse from £34.1 million to £7.1 million in the year to end-August after losses of £4.4 million in the second half.

The final dividend is to be cut from 4p to 2.64p taking the total for the year down from 5.14p to 3.95p.

The figures come a day after McCarthy's rival, Anglia Secured Homes, announced losses after exceptional items of £4.5 million for the year. McCarthy's share price slipped 4p to 107p, against a high this year of 407p, even though it had warned of falling sales and mounting debts this month.

Interest charges rose by £6.4 million to £14.4 million dur-

ing the year, and retained profits after the dividend payment were £1.1 million, against £19.9 million.

Miss Krystyna Brzezinski, building analyst at Hoare Govett, is expecting the group to lose another £5 million during the current year, although she stresses this is a highly provisional figure.

Mr John McCarthy, the chairman, who holds a 30 per cent stake, made comparisons with the last property market crash. "The situation is very little different from 1974. If our customers can't sell their homes, even if they don't need a mortgage, then they have a problem - or to be specific, we have a problem."

He revealed the company

had bought £40 million worth of land in the year to end-January 1989, when analysts reckon land prices were at their peak. Land purchases have now been halted.

The company has 1,992 units ready for sale and another 986 under construction. But in the first quarter of this year only 193 sheltered apartments had been sold, down from 446 in the comparable period a year previously.

Borrowings had rocketed over the year to £118.6 million, or 110 per cent of shareholders' funds, from 60 per cent, although disposals since the financial year-end had trimmed gearing to about 100 per cent.

McCarthy is not making

any write-offs against current developments and against its land bank, a feature of the Anglia figures. Mr McCarthy said the realizable value of land and stock was "well in excess" of the cost value of £221 million at which they were held on the books, although he refused to reveal that actual value.

Observers, however, believe some sort of write-off is inevitable if current trading continues as at present.

The company is tackling the problem by a massive redundancy programme - the number of employees in the core business is being trimmed by two-thirds to fewer than 600 - and by offering special incentives to customers.

Why shareholders should lead fight against short-termism

Few people know more about relationships between shareholders and companies than Sir Brian Corby. An actuary by training, he ascends in May from chief executive to the chairmanship of the Prudential Corporation.



KENNETH FLEET

He knows at first hand the natural tensions between investing institutions and managements of companies whose shares they hold. With the Pru's 5 per cent stake he may play a god-like role in putting pressure on an ailing company to change its ways; but he may not lose sight of mortal notes in the Pru's own vision (plunging expensively into estate agency perhaps), which might incur his shareholders' wrath.

As the next president of the Confederation of British Industry, he is familiar with industrialists' anger over the short-term performance criteria of investment fund managers. And, as a director of the Bank of England, he understands the Bank's desire to see relationships between owners and senior managers improved.

At the Robson Rhodes & WR Royle annual dinner, he advocated a "more robust", two-way dialogue between companies and shareholders to overcome concerns over company management. Pressures on management to perform have increased and, if all else fails, the hostile takeover exists to ensure better management. At the very least it guarantees an immediate improvement in communications between companies and shareholders. Managements have responded to the threat of a bid by taking a short-term view of corporate performance and concentrating probably to excess on their share price. This may save skins but could damage the company's health.

Shareholders, Sir Brian maintains, have to be ready "to stand up and be counted." His preference as an institutional shareholder is still doing good by stealth and behaving robustly in private. With one notable concession: "annual general meetings can be pretty tame affairs. Here I believe the institutions could play a more positive role. Is it sufficient to say that they have the information they need through, say, their own research departments? Do they have a wider responsibility - to the company, to the shareholders as a whole and to the system?"

They do and they could begin to exercise it at annual meetings by asking the right questions to elicit information for all shareholders. There is a paradox here. Many companies go to consider-

able pains preparing answers to questions shareholders might ask, but never do. Chairmen are aware of their responsibility to elucidate, clarify and shed light but rarely are they called on to discharge it. To be regularly called to account in open forum would have a salutary effect on directors whose performance, rightly, would add to or subtract from the market's perception of them and their company.

What has now come to be called rather grandly "corporate governance" is a hot topic. The Bank of England has just released a discussion paper, written by one of the Governor's advisers, Jonathan Charkham, focusing on the role of shareholders in promoting better management in industry.

In essence, it is a call to institutional shareholders to be "positive." If they see a good company in decline "they should use their influence and, in the last resort, use their powers under the Companies Act in relation to the composition of the board to cause remedial action to be taken, rather than simply wash their hands of the whole matter by selling their shares and walking away (the Wall Street Walk)."

The call is not a new one. But it has a greater urgency than before, for two reasons: first, British manufacturing industry, for the most part, appears to have neither the competitive edge nor the right structure to take on the Americans, Germans and Japanese; secondly, the City seems to manufacture industry to have only one thought in its collective head - to make a fast buck from its stakes by selling out to the first predator prepared to pay above the market price.

There has been some progress toward "long-termism" among leading institutions but most still insist that their duty is to buy and sell shares for the maximum benefit of the policyholders, pensioners and unit holders they represent. They are gamblers in a special casino, not management consultants. The trick is to persuade them that they would serve their clients better by taking a positive view of their role as shareholders and not simply to seek stardom through the

investment performance charts which are as ephemeral as the Top Twenty.

This is beginning to happen, not through intellectual argument or appeals to the national interest but because the cost of constantly churning portfolios is high and the performance of the fund managers who do the churning flatters them not. Mr Charkham refers to US evidence that only between a quarter and a third of fund managers in any year "beat the index" and the struggle to do so year after year is "relatively unavailing." In fact, only one trust in five manages to outperform the relevant index.

Not surprisingly, there is a trend toward "indexed funds," which are invested in shares from a particular index and thus require no fancy footwork. The logic is impeccable.

The market has all the data about a share and can therefore be beaten consistently only by an investor whose knowledge and judgement are superior to the market's. In the old days such investors did exist: they had inside information. Beating the index legally now requires divine judgement and the devil's luck in capturing all bid premiums.

Index matched funds, managed by institutions on behalf of others, are long-term investments which need changing at the margin but not churning in pursuit of above-average performance. As Mr Charkham says, being locked in as a long-term investor is "a reason and an opportunity for positive shareholding." And institutions are relieved of the cost of researching all firms in the index "and can concentrate resources on firms where improvement seems *prima facie* possible."

Short-termism, whether in the market or in companies, will not disappear overnight. The market has a vested interest in turnover and those like merchant banks, which manage funds on behalf of savings institutions, have reputations and fees to foster.

But the system is under critical scrutiny as ever before: "Is there just the slightest possibility," Mr Charkham asks, "that our market system, so excellent when viewed in isolation, may be put at a disadvantage in international competition by those who have superior linkages and lines of accountability within it, and a greater sense of patience?"

The possibility, yes, but the responsibility for improvements lies with much with industry as it does with investment institutions and the stock market.

Standard sale to net £258m

Standard Chartered Bank said it is selling its Singapore headquarters building for 800 million Singapore dollars (£258 million) to DBS Land a property company.

The deal follows the sale of Standard's London head office for £145 million and residential property in Bangkok for £50 million.

Bunning loss

Bunning Group, the advertising company, has set aside £120,000 to cover the cost of a severance claim from Mr Trevor Sheffield, the former chief executive. The group incurred a £1.2 million loss (£315,000 profit) in the six months to end-September. The 1.75p interim dividend is passed. The shares fell 22p to 98p. Losses per share were 16.9p (9.3p earnings).

Grainger up

Grainger Trust, the property group based in Newcastle, made pre-tax profits of £7.3 million, up 23 per cent, in the year to end-September. The total dividend rises from 4.2p to 5.25p out of earnings up from 20.4p to 23.2p. Net assets per share are stated at 551p (578p).

Memory deal

Memory Computer, the computer systems and maintenance company whose shares are suspended at 75p on the USM, expects to finalize negotiations on the management buyout of its Irish operations today. Mr Frank Casey, the chairman, is leaving.

Post ahead

Bristol Evening Post raised pre-tax profits to £4.2 million from £4 million in the six months to end-September on sales up from £28.5 million to £31.2 million. The interim dividend is raised from 3.5p to 3.75p out of earnings up from 9.91p to 10.68p.

Presidio buy

Presidio Oil Company of Colorado has completed its \$157 million (£98.1 million) purchase of the assets and operations of Home Petroleum, the American oil and gas subsidiary of Gulf Canada.

Fleet takeover

Members of the troubled Fleet Friendly Society voted overwhelmingly for a takeover of the group by Homeowners Friendly Society.

Airbus to BAe

Mr Robert Smith, seconded to Airbus Industrie last April as financial director, is to return to British Aerospace.

Asda fulfils profits forecast with interim slide to £83.5m

By Our City Staff



Little cheer for Christmas trading: John Hardman yesterday

Interim results from Asda Group bear out the warning given two weeks ago that profits would be sharply lower. At the pre-tax level, profits are down from £109 million to £83.5 million, but as promised the interim dividend is held at 1.85p a share.

Mr John Hardman, chairman, has repeated his warning that full-year profits will be significantly below the £247 million of last year. Looking ahead he sees a good recovery from the current year's difficult trading conditions.

Dealers were disappointed that Mr Hardman still had no cheer to offer for Christmas trading and the shares dipped 4p to 104p, below the level at which they stood after the initial profits warning.

He maintains the board still has confidence in the "strategic direction" of the group, which has paid £705 million for 61 Gateway stores and pushed its borrowings to £1.1 billion. Mr Hardman says that there is no improvement in sight for the MFI associate, which consolidated a £2.8 million loss in Asda's first half-year ending November 11.

Results of the divisions show Asda Stores ahead at operating profit level at £76.3 million (£74 million) but Allied down at £3.8 million (£6.3 million). Gazeley, the property operation, increased profits from £2.2 million to £5.2 million. But after the MFI loss and interest, profits are sharply lower. Earnings per share are down from 6.36p to 4.88p.

Japanese boost at Guinness Mahon

By Jeremy Andrews

The purchase of a 65 per cent stake in Guinness Mahon by the Bank of Yokohama in July has led to a flurry of deals involving both institutions, says Mr Geoffrey Bell, the chairman.

Since then negotiations on about 30 joint lending and leasing transactions have begun, and the once-troubled merchant bank was enabled to participate in underwriting the water privatization issue because of the substantial financial backing provided by its Japanese shareholder.

The news came with the announcement of Guinness Mahon's results for the year to September which showed a fall in net profits from £4.92 million to £2.06 million.

However, this was struck after an extraordinary charge of £4.01 million to cover the

VG shares jump on offer talks

By Jeremy Andrews

Shares in VG Instruments jumped 63p to 537p on news that BAT, which holds 69 per cent of the equity, is in "exclusive discussions" with a potential bidder for the scientific instrument manufacturer.

The shares are now more than double their low for the year of 225p before Hoyle's bid for BAT. The tobacco and insurance group announced in September that its stake in VG was for sale, as part of a corporate reorganization aimed at ending off Hoyle's.

After the September announcement, it and BAT had received several approaches about the stake. VG was holding talks with one party, "which may or may not lead to an offer being made."

Regina warns of loss

By Melinda Wittstock

Regina Health & Beauty Products, the royal jelly manufacturer which last month forced its queen bee Mrs Irene Stein out of the hive after a boardroom dispute about cost control, has given a warning of an impending interim loss.

Mr Gerald Simler, the new chairman and former finance director, said the implementation of the "stringent economies" introduced after Mrs Stein's departure in November will not show in the six months to end-December. Regina will not be paying an interim dividend.

The warning comes after a decision by Regina directors to adjourn Thursday's annual meeting to January 12.

Regina, whose pre-tax profits for the year to end-June rose by 5 per cent to £754,000, has blamed rising costs combined with slackening consumer demand.

EC frees bank rules

By Our City Staff

The European Community has agreed to allow banks from any member country to set up in any other country.

This will allow French and German banks to open for retail customers in Britain.

The move was agreed by the European Council in Brussels yesterday without full discussion. It was to have been considered at the full economic and finance ministers' meeting on Monday but was cleared early by a research council.

From 1993 all European banks may offer full services in all 12 member countries without approval from national authorities.

Until now, any bank operating in Britain has needed Bank of England approval. Continental banks will now be able to open retail networks in Britain although in practice it will take many years.

New deputy governor faces challenge of Bank's role

George prepares to find answers

By Rodney Lord Economics Editor

Mr Eddie George becomes deputy governor of the Bank of England at a fascinating time. A period of prolonged experiment with monetary policy is entering a new phase in which Europe will loom large. As financial markets internationalize and accelerate at a pace scarcely imagined five years ago, regulatory and supervisory questions are multiplying and changing shape. Partly as a result, the role and constitutional status of the Bank of England are more fluid.

The deceptively easy-going Mr George is well-suited to the challenge. At 51, he is one of the younger appointments to the deputy governorship. Head of the monetary and exchange rate division of the Bank for the past seven years, he has made a name for himself as someone who can talk the language of the economists while keeping his ear close to the ground in the City's financial markets.

One of the biggest questions he may face is whether after all the twists and turns in the Government's monetary policy over the past ten years the time has now come to try a more radical option and give the Bank of England greater independence in running this side of policy. "The central bank's role is decided by politicians," says Mr George. "That's not just a trite remark. Unless

there is broadly-based support for the central bank to have a more independent role it won't happen. It has got to come from a general appreciation of the importance of stable money as a precondition for achieving other ends."

Given the right framework, however, Mr George has no doubt that he could make a better fist of running the monetary show than the politicians. "If there were public support for the end, and that was reflected in Parliament giving us a statutory obligation to achieve price stability, then we would be more likely to achieve it than in the past."

Does Mr George think, in his five-year term as deputy governor, that there is a possibility of moving closer to something like the German system, where the Bundesbank has a statutory independence and responsibility for price stability? "It would be nice to think so."

Meanwhile the process of managing the system as it is has to go on. According to Mr George, the changes of the last 10 years seem less dramatic from the inside. "Our instinct always is wouldn't it be nice to have firm guidelines. But the reality has shown that in a period of rapid financial change, the indicators of monetary conditions can't be relied on to any great extent. They still contain a great deal of information and we still analyse them, as we did when they were targets. Increasingly we look at the sec-

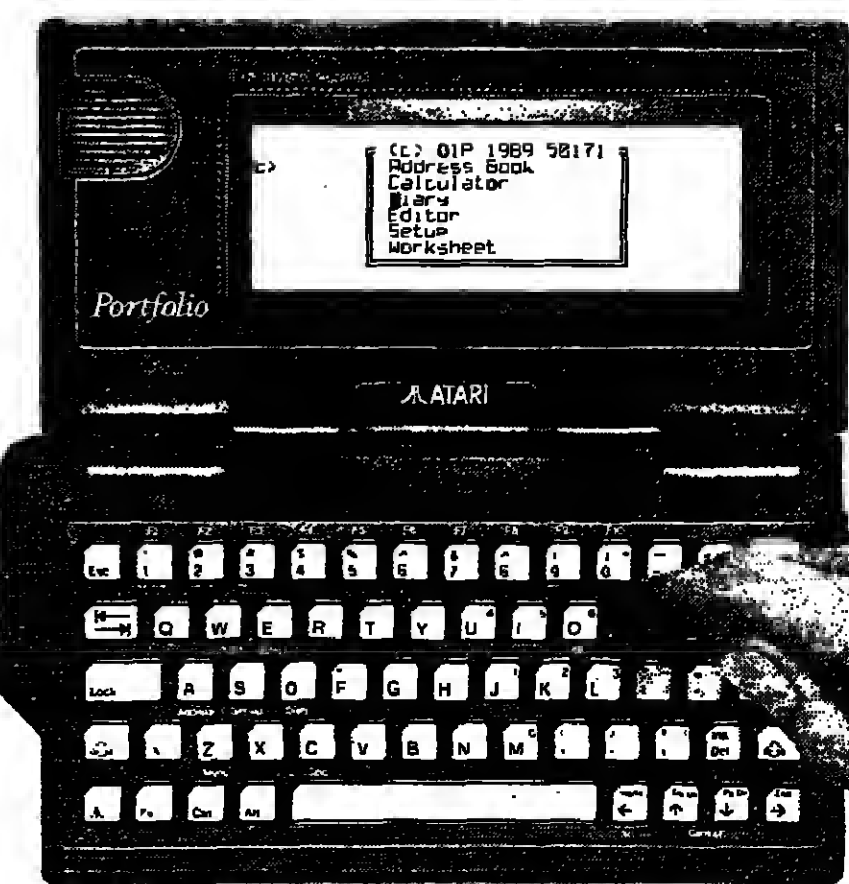
toral components of the monetary aggregates."

There have been, Mr George says, periods when the exchange rate has loomed larger in policy decisions than at others - mainly because of accompanying circumstances rather than changes in the perception of sterling's importance. He said: "It is certainly being given less emphasis than it was two years or 18 months ago, but the process is not abrupt."

Whether the extension of the ERM to include Britain should be followed by closer monetary integration in Europe remains very uncertain. "It is absolutely clear now that we will join the ERM when we have restored better balance to the British economy. If you are committed to stable prices and you discuss performance subject to peer pressures you can leave monetary policy to the national authorities. That is the best way for the ERM, and that is what we are moving towards - a committee of government that delivers then you may go on in the same way. A common monetary policy may evolve *de facto*."

Mr George will have plenty to think about in the regulatory area where questions of functional or institutional regulation and international settlement are likely to occupy attention during the 1990s. The development of the Bank will depend greatly on the answers.

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Anglian surges on speculation

100

The prices in this section refer to Thursday's trading

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From your Portfolio Platinum card check your eight share price movements on this page only. Add these prices to your running total for the week and check this against the weekly dividend figure on this page. If it matches this figure, you have won outright or a share of the total weekly prize money stated. If you win, follow the claim procedure on the back of your card. You must always have your card available when claiming. Game rules appear on the back of your card.

No.	Company	Group	Code	Price
1	Tyne Tees TV	Leisure	100	100
2	Geys Gross	Paper, Print, Adv	100	100
3	Wardle Stores plc	Chemicals, Plastics	100	100
4	Manfield	Breweries	100	100
5	SA Breweries	Breweries	100	100
6	Mutland (as)	Banking, Discount	100	100
7	Bromsgrove Inds	Industrial A-D	100	100
8	Ena Nat Fin	Banking, Discount	100	100
9	Scholes Grp	Electricals	100	100
10	Rentall	Chemicals, Plastics	100	100
11	Wentworth	Banking, Discount	100	100
12	Lancaster	Motor, Aircraft	100	100
13	Geys	Industrial A-D	100	100
14	Townkings	Textiles	100	100
15	Wentworth & Palfin	Food	100	100
16	Aurion	Industrial A-D	100	100
17	Heaven-Shorn	Building, Roads	100	100
18	Radient Metal	Industrial L-R	100	100
19	Ultramar (as)	Oil, Gas	100	100
20	Dawson	Textiles	100	100
21	Blackley	Building, Roads	100	100
22	Johnson Cleaners	Industrial E-K	100	100
23	Townkings	Textiles	100	100
24	Fisher (as)	Shipping	100	100
25	Moulding	Textiles	100	100
26	Blackley Grp	Building, Roads	100	100
27	Sutcliffe Spinning	Chemicals, Plastics	100	100
28	Nat West (as)	Banking, Discount	100	100
29	Miller Grp	Industrial L-R	100	100
30	Island Frozen	Food	100	100
31	LMAP	Newspapers, Pub	100	100
32	Smith 10p (as)	Paper, Print, Adv	100	100
33	Rechem	Industrial L-R	100	100
34	Time Products	Drapery, Stores	100	100
35	Rechem (Waher)	Shipping	100	100
36	Barlow	Industrial A-D	100	100
37	Rechem	Industrial A-D	100	100
38	BOC (as)	Industrial A-D	100	100
39	TNT	Industrial S-Z	100	100
40	Dorset	Motor, Aircraft	100	100
41	Nobo Grp	Industrial L-R	100	100
42	Am New Z	Banking, Discount	100	100
43	TT Group	Industrial S-Z	100	100
44	Ryl Bk Scot (as)	Banking, Discount	100	100
45	Times Newspapers Ltd	Daily News	100	100

Please take into account any minus signs

Weekly Dividend

Please make a note of your daily totals for the weekly dividend of £8,000 in today's newspaper.

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

BRITISH FUNDS

1989 High Low Stock Price Change %

SHORTS (Under Five Years)

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STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES

Slide continues

ACCOUNT DAYS: Dealings begin December 11. Dealings end December 22. Contango day December 27. Settlement day January 8. Forward bargains are permitted on two previous business days.

Prices recorded are at 4pm. Changes are calculated on the previous day's close, but adjustments are made when a stock is ex-dividend. Where one price is quoted, it is a middle price. Changes, yields and price earnings ratios are based on middle prices. (as) denotes Alpha Stocks.

1989 High Low Company Price Change %

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FAMILY MONEY

Edited by Vivien Goldsmith

Taxing thoughts on Christmas parties

CHRIS MORTON

When the festive season moves into full swing, most businesses slow down. However, there is one organization which may actually make money out of the Christmas extravaganza — the Inland Revenue. It is likely to tax the cost of employers' entertainment of their workforces as a benefit in kind to the employees if certain conditions are not satisfied or the cost exceeds £50 per head.

The issue was first raised five years ago when Mr John Moore, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, said: "There is no question of a drive by tax offices to tax what most people think of as Christmas parties, where an employer entertains his staff generally on a moderate scale."

He did, however, imply that the cost should be reported as a benefit on form P11D where a function is confined to a few directors and is not open to staff in general. The Inland Revenue also taxes a benefit provided to all staff where the entertainment is regarded as "lavish".

The £50 limit applies to each person who attends so a company can spend up to £100 per employee if spouses or other guests attend.

Mr Moore in his 1984 statement concluded: "The legislation is widely drawn and covers expenditure by an employer in respect of all employees' guests. Consequently, there would not be any need for employers to enquire into the marital status of any particular employee."

Tax relief for employers for this expenditure depends upon the entertainment being for staff or limited to a small group of directors. Staff entertainment is a deductible business expense but other entertaining is not. Similarly, VAT can only be recovered if the party is for staff.

Unfortunately, the Inland Revenue does not operate any concession where an employer provides a Christmas present such as a turkey, hamper or Christmas spirits. Employees, who earn less than £8,500 per annum, are taxed on the secondhand value of the goods but those who earn more than this are taxed on the cost to the employer.

Worse is to come. Where the employer decides to pay the tax on his Christmas present, this is regarded as further taxable remuneration so the employer is required to pay tax on his employee's tax, plus national insurance!

All this is not exactly best calculated in encourage generosity but the Revenue must follow the letter of the law and Christmas hampers are clearly a perk of employment. In the same way milkmen and postmen are taxed on Christmas boxes from customers.

Ian Greenidge
Ian Greenidge is a tax partner with accountants Pannell Kerr Forster.

Gas glows from another bonanza

Any shareholder in British Gas looking for some extra cash to pay for that last-minute Christmas present, should not, whatever they do, sell their shares — especially if they are among the 4.5 million who bought them through the privatization share sale of December 1986.

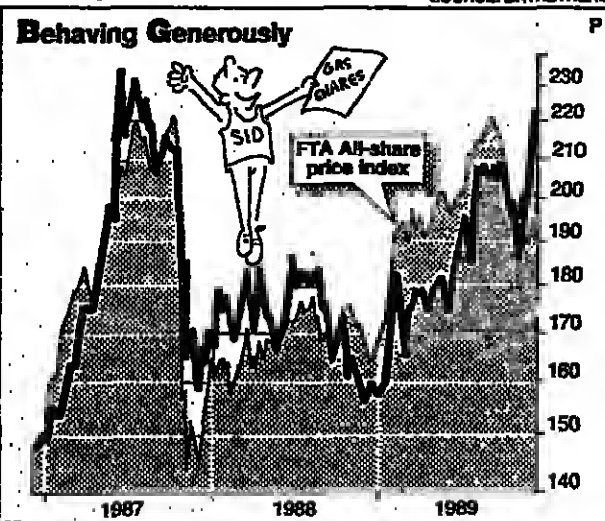
They can look forward to a late Christmas present themselves. They are due a bonus British Gas share, currently worth around 228p on the stock market, for every 10 shares they hold, up to a maximum of 500, provided they hang on for another two weeks.

They must be on the share register at December 31 to qualify. They must also have opted for the bonus when they applied for their shares. Those who chose instead to receive gas bill vouchers will not be entitled to new shares.

People who acquired shares in British Gas since stock market dealings began on December 8, 1986 will not qualify, since the bonus entitlement is not transferable, except in special cases. Exceptions have been made where the original owner has died and bequeathed the shares and where under-18s at the time of the issue have assumed their entitlement on reaching majority since.

Joint holders too have been permitted to transfer shares to their partners without penalty.

The issue of bonus shares, which are expected to be despatched to holders on January 20, will not affect the price of the existing shares. These new shares were created at the time of the flotation and have been included in British



Gas financial reports all along, so they will not change earnings and dividend calculations.

The Government reckons that about 60 per cent of the 2.5 million remaining British Gas shareholders will be eligible for the bonus, which means handing out an extra 60 million shares.

The Department of Energy which floated British Gas, has retained some 75 million shares to satisfy the maximum demand for bonus shares. The balance of around 15 million, worth some £35 million, has turned into a windfall profit for the Treasury.

The issue marks the end of the British Gas privatization. It has been a profitable ride, too. The shares, sold at 135p apiece, notched up 13p premium on December 8, 1986, the first day of official dealings. They closed at 63p in their partly paid form. Only 50p was payable up front, with

further payments of 45p and 40p sought in June 1987 and April 1988 respectively.

Should investors sell in the new year, once they have qualified for the bonus? Mr Stephen Turner, an analyst with Smith New Court, thinks not. "The shares are not expensive in terms of fundamentals like earnings per share, while the 6.1 per cent dividend yield is really attractive."

Mr Turner believes the the shares are worth keeping for the long term. When the icy grip of a hard winter takes hold, investors can comfort themselves with the thought that the colder it gets, the better for their British Gas share price.

Michael Tate
British Gas Shareholder Inquiry Office, 100 Rochester Row, London SW1P 1JP. Tel 01-834 2000. Shareholder Newline tel 01-976 5678.

Banks are steps ahead on best interest rates

Investors with money to spare following the water issue, will be better off turning to banks.

Even though some building societies have geared accounts to attract water investors, most lag behind the banks when it comes to paying interest. Miss Kathryn Deane of Good Savings Guide said: "The banks are very difficult to beat, especially on large sums and at short notice. Investors should also be wary of tying up their money for long periods."

Firstdirect, Midland Bank's telephone banking subsidiary, will deal for customers whether or not they have received a water shares certificate. Its cheque account pays 9 per cent interest after tax on £500 or more. The bank's High Interest Deposit account pays a top rate of 11 per cent net on £10,000 or more. Customers have instant access via cash dispensers.

The best rate of all is on Firstdirect's 30-day notice account, which pays 11.5 per cent net after tax on £50,000 or more.

The Norwich and Peter-

borough Building Society allows customers to deal without certificates provided they have £1 in their account for every share they wish to sell. The society pays a top rate of 11.9 per cent net on £10,000 or more invested in its Special 85 account.

Leeds Permanent Building Society provides a free water share dealing service for holders of its Liquid Gold or Solid Gold savings accounts, paying a top rate of 11.1 per cent net on £25,000 or more.

Provincial Bank will pay up to 11.75 per cent net on £50,000 or more, withdrawals being at one week's notice. The Chestnut Building Society offers 12 per cent net on a similar amount but requires three months' notice.

Provincial Bank is also the best choice for £20,000 or more, paying 11.63 per cent after tax with instant access. The rate climbs to 11.83 per cent net on three months' notice. Chestnut pays 11.6 per cent net on three months' notice.

On £1,000 or more, Exeter

Trust offers 11.75 per cent net fixed for three months. The Coventry Building Society pays 11.6 per cent on its three-month notice account.

Alliance & Leicester's Capital Choice account pays 11.8 per cent on £1,000 or more so long as the sum invested remains locked in for 18 months. Bristol & West's Vantage Bond offers the same on £5,000, maturing in November 1990, while the Henden Building Society's annual share account pays 11.75 per cent on £3,000 locked in for six months or more.

Many unit trust groups offer share swap schemes, so escaping dealing costs, but investors with just £100 worth of water shares will not be welcomed with open arms. For instance, at Fidelity the minimum parcel of shares which will be accepted as part of a swap, is £1,000 worth and the total package of shares and cash to be invested in the scheme must be at least £2,500.

Jon Ashworth

INTEREST RATES ROUND-UP

	Nominal rate	Compounded at fixed rate	Min/max investment £	Notice	Contact
BANKS					
Ordinary Dep A/c: Typical	5.00	5.10	4.08	none/none	7 day
Fixed Term Deposits:					
Barclays	9.00	9.00	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-626 1567
Lloyds	9.75	9.75	2,500-25,000	6 mth	01-626 1567
Midland	10.63	10.63	2,500-no max	1 mth	Local Branch
Northwest	11.07	11.07	2,500-no max	6 mth	Local Branch
West	10.81	10.81	10,000-no max	1 mth	01-260 2805
West	10.46	10.46	10,000-no max	6 mth	01-260 2805
West	10.88	10.88	10,000-24,000	1 mth	01-726 1000
West	10.75	10.75	10,000-24,000	6 mth	01-726 1000

	Nominal rate	Compounded at fixed rate	Min/max investment £	Notice	Contact
HIGH INTEREST CHEQUE ACCOUNTS					
Bank of Scotland M&AC	10.64	11.18	8.94	2,500	none 031-442 7777
Barclays	9.50	9.84	7.87	1,500	none 0604 252891
Co-operative	7.10	7.30	5.84	No limit	none 01 626 6543
Cardiff	9.25	9.25	7.40	1,000	none 051 966 2076
Lloyds M&AC	7.00	7.20	5.76	500	none 01-325 3300
Midland M&AC	9.00	9.31	7.45	2,000	none
Northwest	9.00	9.31	7.45	500	none 01-374 5374
Royal Bank of Scotland	9.75	10.11	8.09	2,500	none 031-556 8555
TSB England & Wales	9.00	9.00	7.20	2,000	none 01-600 6000

	Nominal rate	Compounded at fixed rate	Min/max investment £	Notice	Contact
BUILDING SOCIETIES					
Ordinary Share A/c:	6.15	6.15	4.52	1 mth	none
Best buy — largest socs:					
North of Engl.	6.90	6.90	5.52	1 mth	none
Heart of Engl.	6.25	6.25	7.40	250 mth	none
Homesdale Bent	10.41	10.41	8.22	500 mth	none
Chel & Glouc	10.00	10.00	8.00	10,000 mth	none
Teachers	11.00	11.00	8.80	20,000 mth	none
Best buy — all socs:					
Homesdale Bent	10.41	10.41	8.22	500 mth	none
Guardian	11.10	11.10	8.23	3,000 mth	30 day
Homesdale Bent	11.04	11.04	8.93	500 mth	60 day
Hornington	11.20	11.20	8.40	1,000 mth	15 day
Lambeth	10.25	10.25	8.40	250 mth	6 mth

	Nominal rate	Compounded at fixed rate	Min/max investment £	Notice	Contact
Cash/Cheque Accounts:					
Barclays	3.75	3.75	3.00	1 mth	Rates rise
Almance & Leicester	6.90	6.90	5.52	500 mth	with notice
Northwest	6.00	6.00	4.80	500 mth	balances
Anglia Plc	6.00	6.00	4.80	500 mth	balances

	Nominal rate	Compounded at fixed rate	Min/max investment £	Notice	Contact
NATIONAL SAVINGS					
Ordinary A/c:	5.50	5.50	3.00	5-10,000	8 day 041-649-4555
Investment A/c:	11.75	11.75	7.05	5-100,000	1 mth 041-649-4555
Income Bond:	9.38	9.38	7.50	2,000-100,000	1 mth 0253 60151
Deposit Bond:	12.50	12.50	7.50	5-25,000	3 mth 041-649-4555
Joint Issue Cert 1	1.50	1.50	7.50	25-1,000	8 day 091-356-9800
Yearly Plan	7.50	7.50	7.50	20-200,000	14 day 041-649-4555
General	5.01	5.01	5.01	100-no max	5 yrs 041-649-4555
Capital Bond	12.00	12.00	9.02	100-no max	5 yrs 041-649-4555

	Nominal rate	Compounded at fixed rate	Min/max investment £	Notice	Contact
GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS					
New Direction Plc	11.75	11.75	9.98	1,000 mth	1 yrs Figures from Chase de
Consolidated Life	10.50	10.50	8.92	1,000 mth	2 yrs 041-649-4555
Pegasus	10.40	10.40	8.84	1,000 mth	3 yrs 041-649-4555
Hill Capital	10.30	10.30	8.98	1,000 mth	3 yrs 041-649-4555
RPI (November 88-89)	47.7%				£ buys 175.00
Bank Rate	15.0%				£ buys 9.20
Personal Loan	19.7%				£ buys 250.00
Credit Card	16-26.9%				£ buys 2025.00

*2.5% for balances below £500, and 2.75% for balances above £500, subject to a maximum of £100 per day. *Interest on balances up to £100,000 for investors reviewing products of interest. *The first interest payment plus gross higher rates for larger sums. *No longer on sale. Compiled by NAREN MCKELLY

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031 558 1171				
BANKS				
Abbey National	14.50	to £50k	100	over £50k
0800 891122	13.50			
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TT 18/12/89

FAMILY MONEY

Tim Cockerell advises festive users of mail-order development services to check the small print

How film fun can snap the budget

Low cost mail-order film processing may not always be the safest or cheapest way to cut the family Christmas snaps budget.

Films and prints can get lost in the post and poor processing when it does occur, is not always readily resolved - refunds cannot replace special pictures.

Product and discount incentives on mail-order envelopes can sometimes be misleading and highlighted prices usually apply to minimum service excluding postage and packing. So anyone contemplating using one of these services should study the small print.

The most prominent - and cheapest - prices are often for three-and-a-half inch prints, while the standard photolab-size four-inch prints are advertised as superprints or special jumbo snaps - at a higher price.

Some companies offering replacement films with pro-

cessed prints only supply the bare minimum 12 exposure spools - irrespective of the one submitted.

The main alternatives to mail-order are through shops, high street mini-labs or private processing companies, and these too are not always foolproof. Chemists, newsagents and photographic shops send films to the leading processing laboratories - Kodak, Coloucare and Grunwick. Most shops tell clients which companies they use although some, like the walk-in mini-labs, run their own operation.

Although today's technical standards are high with most companies using sophisticated equipment, pitfalls can lie in sloppy operating techniques, peak-time service demands such as Christmas - and poor machine maintenance.

It is, therefore, worth checking to which processing laboratory the mail-order company or high street shop is

The prints are just like you, my dear... over exposed and under developed.



linked and, especially in the case of mini-labs, whether they run quality control schemes. Kodak and Fuji have across-the-board quality controls which also operate in shops and mini-labs using their equipment. Boots runs its own scheme and private groups which mainly rely on commercial business, are often safer though costly bets if a

film is particularly valuable. Prices vary for all methods and depend on time and special extras. Mail-order is in most cases cheaper than the other options with processing costs for a 24-exposure colour film ranging between £2 and £3.50p. Waiting time is usually one week.

Shops operate a next-day service for colour film (longer

for black and white) and costs range from £3 to £5 for 24 exposures.

Mini-labs' charges depend entirely on speed of processing. One to four hours can cost up to £6 for 24 exposures, scaled down for longer periods.

Some offer a free set of reprints - if done simultaneously, otherwise reprints average 25p each. In all cases 36-exposure film will work out cheaper per print.

When problems do occur you are entitled to re-order if the processor is at fault. Instances include poor or over-colouring, bad or under-exposure (if negative detail is sharp), chemical splashes, spots and dust (on prints).

More serious faults are ruined films and badly cut or scratched prints and negatives. Processors cannot be held responsible for defects such as red-eye, off-line flash photography, snapped films, super-imposed double prints

or blanks and full processing charges will still be made.

Many companies are protected by their small print from big compensation claims but usually - if they accept liability - will offer settlements in the form of photographic product vouchers, albums and free films.

Follow advice from other satisfied customers or professional photographers and when using a mail-order company, get proof of postage and label film spools as well as the envelope. For those who plan a considerable amount of photography, it is worth shopping around for offers on film, slide mounts and albums.

If you buy in bulk or require discounted equipment, photographic magazines and classified newspaper advertisements are good sources.

It also often pays to buy a higher quality camera with flash to avoid problems which could lead to costly processing with no end result.

Thrills and spills of the housing roller coaster

By Rodney Hobson

Interest rates are high and possibly going up again; house owners are seeing the value of their properties eroded by inflation; the housing market is stagnant and estate agents have laid off staff. Was there ever a better time to buy a house?

It was easy enough to persuade would-be owners to pile into the market last year - and away from the South-east during the first part of this year - while prices soared and the lure of an instant profit was all too visible.

Yet many have lived to regret buying at the top of the market. They have faced rising mortgage bills and seen the value of their homes decline. They have, in a nutshell, paid more than they intended and done worse than stand still, since the first year's payments on a 25-year loan are swallowed up almost entirely in interest payments.

The sharp lesson has discouraged homebuyers from entering the market. Those who buy now fly in the face of convention. They will pay mortgage interest of about 13.75 per cent, and perhaps more if base rates rise again.

However, the brave will have many advantages. Interest rates are likely to be at or near their peak, and any further increase is likely to be short term.

From now on the momentum to the next election will gather pace and the Government will want interest rates at these levels to be fading from voters' memories.

Because there are comparatively few buyers, estate agents are likely to be more helpful.

Gazumping has virtually disappeared. Together with a less-harassing purchase comes the righteous glow of knowing that last year's gazumpers are the ones who have been hit worst.

Indeed, although estate agents generally agree that asking prices are still at last year's levels, the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors says sellers are accepting up to 20 per cent off the asking price.

In addition, building societies, surveyors, solicitors, the Land Registry and local authorities have less pressure from a flood of transactions

and should be able to deal with the paperwork faster.

Those who buy now, even at knockdown prices, are unlikely to see an initial gain. Prices across the country will lag behind inflation even if they do not actually fall, while that crippling mortgage still has to be met. Builders who committed themselves during the housing boom are still putting newly-finished homes on the market, and may have to resort to gimmicks to sell.

But to do better than buying now - or perhaps a little later in areas such as the North and Scotland where the boom is only just tailing off - would mean catching the market exactly at the bottom, and no one can forecast precisely when that will be. In the meantime, potential buyers who hold off will probably be paying rent or living in cramped surroundings.

There is the additional risk that if interest rates fall swiftly, the housing market could take off again sooner than expected, leaving slowmoosers competing as prices move against them.

It is easy to forget that the housing market has peaked and fallen before, only to pick up before people realized what was happening. The boom of 1972 and 1973, where prices went up 50 per cent in a year, collapsed with the oil crisis. It was not the end of the world. By 1979 prices were rising 30 per cent a year.

In the early 1980s, price rises again lagged behind inflation, yet when the Halifax Building Society started its house index in 1983-84 it was already recording an average rise of 7.3 per cent. From there it was all uphill: 9.1 per cent in 1984, 11.0 in 1985, 15.4 in 1987 and 23.3 in 1988. With some areas not peaking until the turn of the year, the index was 32.1 per cent up in the first quarter of 1989 over the first three months of 1988.

The simple fact is that people have to live somewhere, and the rental sector has shrunk. There is nowhere else to go.

One may buy now and regret not timing it even better. But when prices rise again, and the size of mortgages with them, those who bought in time will be able to regret all the way to the building society.

Putting value on golden treasures

By Jon Ashworth

With the gold price rising, many investors are wondering what to do with any gold coins and jewellery gathering dust at home.

The cost of selling the metal may take some of the shine off investments. While a reputable jeweller is the best port of call when selling jewellery, for gold coins, the British Numismatic Trade Association provides a free directory of dealers.

Mr David Fletcher, the BNTA's secretary, said gold's new popularity could be the worst thing for small investors.

Costs of moonlighting

Earnings from part-time festive season work could go straight out again on unpaid car insurance claims if employees do not declare their second jobs to their insurance companies (Michael Sheldon writes).

A spokesman for the Association of British Insurers said: "Some workers could be driving without full insurance cover and if they have an accident, although they would

still be covered for the minimum legal requirement, they could find themselves seriously out of pocket."

Many jobs are considered "high-risk" occupations by insurance companies and can include anything from bar work and chef to window cleaner and chimney sweep.

Whether cover can be arranged depends on the insurer and on the extent of car usage.

Consumers seek out legal advice at the end of a telephone line

By Margaret Leslie

Telephone helplines providing legal advice 24 hours a day have been around for 10 years.

Their use is steadily increasing with the growing sophistication and awareness of the consumer, though until this month there were still only four companies in the market providing the service: Allianz Legal Protection Insurance; IRPC Legal Assistance; Hambro Legal Protection; and Legal Protection Group.

Advice line services are usually sold as a legal expenses package "bolted-on" to household or motor insurance policies for about £8 a year, though they are often marketed as being free.

Advice lines were pioneered 10 years ago by Mr Stephen Manson, managing director of IRPC Legal Assistance, now part of Royal Insurance. Its legal services are sold with Cornhill and Preferred policies and those of Royal.

After Mr Manson's innovation, three competitors moved into the market, each offering round-the-clock advice for less than £2 million people's company. In many cases, the service is available through membership of trade associations, such as the National Association of Shopkeepers or trade unions, though some employers offer it to staff as a perk.

Critics for help most often concern insurance law, in particular on the

buying and selling of cars. But Hambro Legal Protection is finding that employment problems are also on the rise with the emphasis on dismissals.

According to Mr Edward Wright, director of Hambro, the "marked increase" may not be just a case of more people getting the sack. He said: "People are more aware of their rights from the

Without the legal line advice, I would not have been able to pursue my claim. I would not have had the confidence or the knowledge.

increasing amount of publicity on dismissal cases.

Dismissals are also becoming more complicated. Golden handshakes for senior employees have to take into account pensions and pensionable entitlements. They almost need an actuarial assessment."

A management consultant who used a legal helpline following dismissal, found the advice very useful on taking the employer to law. The outcome proved fruitful enough for the employer to supply him with a reference for his next job. In another dismissal case, a secretary

said: "Without the legal line advice, I would not have had the confidence or knowledge to pursue my claim. It didn't cost me anything to win my case."

The lines are manned by people described as having legal expertise, which can mean a barrister, solicitor or a legal executive or consultant. Sometimes as in the case with IRPC, the advice required may be better in a more practical context from a non-legal expert in, say, an employment enquiry where a personnel expert would be more effective.

At Legal Protection Group, which is owned by Sun Alliance, advisers at the end of the "Lawcall" line include finance and tax law specialists. Mr James Painter, of LPG's marketing department, says consumer law and building-related disputes, such as house repairs, are at the top of the pecking order of inquiries. Next are neighbour disputes, landlord/tenant difficulties, employment, and family, as in divorce and separation.

For details on legal help lines contact:

- Allianz Protection Insurance, 0345 078755
- Hambro Legal Protection, 0206 870570
- IRPC Legal Assistance, 021-233 0202
- Legal Protection Group, 01-661 1491

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- SHOPPING: BEST-DRESSED TREE IDEAS

THE TIMES

REVIEW

SECTION 3

SATURDAY DECEMBER 16 1989

The art of the London hit men



Stars of the hit musicals, left to right:

Les Misérables: Peter Karrie and Grania Renihan. Cats: Donald Francke and Ria Jones. Miss Saigon: Peter Polycarpou and Lea Salonga. Starlight Express: Mykal Rand and Kim Leeson. The Phantom of the Opera: Robert Meadmore and Jill Washington.

Photograph by John Timbers



Over the past decade British musicals have upstaged the best of Broadway, not just because they are good, Sheridan Morley says, but because, among other things, they are being marketed, like hamburgers, for easy consumption. Can London continue to outshine the re-awakening American glitz?

The 1980s have been the most triumphant decade in the history of the British musical theatre, at home and abroad. The period that began with the 1981 opening of *Cats* and ended with the Drury Lane premiere of *Miss Saigon* a few weeks ago has established, largely through the endeavours of just five people (the composer Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreographer Gillian Lynne, impresario Cameron Mackintosh, designer John Napier and director Trevor Nunn) the supremacy of the West End musical as a treacherous showbusiness territory that had been dominated by Broadway for all of the century since Gilbert and Sullivan.

It has been rather as though a team of American actors were suddenly to take over Shakespeare at Stratford, and show how it should really be done.

Yet something equally important, albeit less noticed, has been going on behind the scenes. To the names of Lloyd Webber, Lynne, Mackintosh, Napier and Nunn should be added that of deWynters, a Leicester Square firm of theatrical printers and publishers, which has created the logos, that have not only hallmarked the posters and T-shirts of half a dozen international hits but

also symbolized their worldwide marketing. The face of the orphan child from *Les Misérables* now stares out pathetically but profitably from hoardings not just in London and New York but in cities from Reykjavik to Melbourne, where "Les Mis" (or "The Glums", as it is more irreverently known backstage) has taken more than £170 million since its Barbican opening four years ago.

We have entered the era of the musical as an international package, conceived only in part as entertainment for West End audiences. From their London offices, both Mackintosh and Lloyd Webber plan their new shows, severally or jointly, with a small team of accountants, publicists, directors and designers, before sending out task forces to set up cloned productions around the world.

Despite, or perhaps because of, their commercial success, a certain artistic snobbery still conditions many attitudes to the stage musical in this country. There is a reluctance among critics to admit that a great musical can be as magnificent as Shakespeare, Ibsen or Chekhov, for which reason Nunn, in the period of his finest work (from *Cats* to the Glyndebourne *Porgy and Bess* and this year's *Aspects of Love*), is still

widely thought of as the director who once led the Royal Shakespeare Company and who has somehow fallen off since.

Those London critics (and they were in the majority) who wrote scathingly of the first Barbican night of *Les Misérables* in 1985, suggesting that this was not the sort of thing a classical company such as the RSC should have allowed itself to get involved with, might now care to reflect that but for its share in the show, reckoned to be running at £1 million a year, it might have declined into bankruptcy by about 1987.

The trouble with the British, as Noel Coward told me when explaining why he had written most of his later scores for Broadway rather than the West End, "is that they have never taken their light music seriously enough", and this would still seem to be something of a problem, even nine years on from *Cats*.

It is not even as though Lloyd Webber was achieving something new with his transatlantic triumphs. While no other English composer had ever had three musical hits playing simultaneously in the West End and New York, the British were on Broadway as early as 1917 in the persons of P.G. Wodehouse and Gay Bolton. The London musical may

have had to wait for *Cats* to find its international dancing feet, yet long before Lloyd Webber not only Wodehouse and Bolton but Coward, Sandy Wilson, Lionel Bart and Anthony Newley had all achieved hits in New York to rival many of those achieved by American composers in the West End.

A significant difference between, say, the Fifties and Sixties and the Eighties has been in the selling of the shows. Russ Eglin, creative director at deWynters, who started out 30 years ago designing the Palladium's posters for Judy Garland, says the producer Michael Codron was the first to insist on imaginative artwork on posters, where before a neat list of credits below the title had been deemed sufficient.

Eglin more than any other artist has been the inspiration behind the revolution in London theatre advertising in the past decade, working on the basis that, like Coca-Cola and Mercedes Benz, big musicals require a logo that symbolizes the show. "It all began with the *Cats* poster, which to our amazement theatregoers began begging to buy as soon as they saw it. So then we went into mugs, T-shirts, towels, ashtrays, watches and coasters, and now I start work with the creators of a show at least a year before they go into rehearsal," Eglin says.

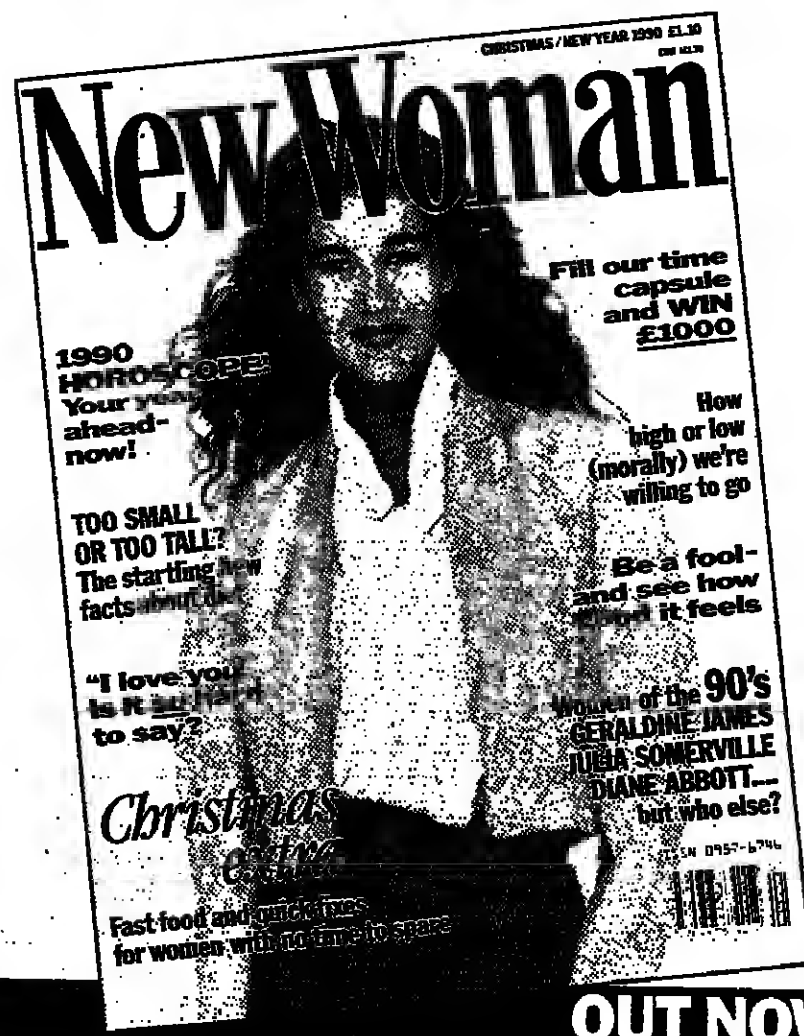
"*Miss Saigon* took nine months to devise. I started with the sun and the moon, which are very important in Vietnamese folklore, and then went into oriental calligraphy and built in the image of the helicopter, which has come to symbolize Vietnam in all those American movies. Now we are working on a musical about Martin Luther King, which opens next March, and again we have a very strong image on the poster which is being used on all the advance booking forms."

The reason why *Cats* represents such a watershed for Lloyd Webber is that he and Mackintosh controlled all the elements from musical-copyright to T-shirt sales. Lloyd Webber, with Tim Rice, had been responsible for three earlier hit shows: *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Evita*. But these had been created for other managements, such as David Land and Robert Stigwood, and therefore the composer and lyricist remained, at best, well-paid employees.

A measure of the revolution that the song-and-dance shows

Continued overleaf

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Caught in the grip of a European cold influence

It is hard to go anywhere this Christmas without bumping into Dame Vera Lynn. It is also a great pleasure, but I had thought to name-drop an opening sentence about the Duchess of York. However, no sooner was I raising a glass with her slim, tanned grace than Dame Vera was at our side. Our rendezvous was the Hyde Park Hotel, where the Berkeley Square Ball organizers were handing out the splendid sums they had raised for charity.

A few days later and there was Dame Vera again at the Grosvenor House for the television and radio Christmas lunch addressed by Frank Carson, who tells 'em almost as well as Mike Yarwood.

My network of insider information has collapsed this week as My Man in Deal has gone down with flu, like so many elderly persons. In his case a symptom has been a morbid urge to dwell on the history of his complaint.

I thought the flu was a 19th-century affliction but no, Hippocrates knew all about it in the 5th century BC. Until 1743, it was known here as *La Grippe* (it still is) to Adelaide in *Gyps and Dolls* — "A person can develop *La Grippe*", she sings of her cold.

However, in 1743 John Huxham encountered it in Naples where Italians called it "an influenza di freddo" or "an influence of the cold". Huxham latched on to the word "influenza" and brought it home to England where it flourished.

Epidemics were blamed on travellers from Russia until the pandemic in 1918 when it was compared with the Black Death. Twenty million people died, more than perished in the First World War. The next big scare was the Asian flu epidemic of 1957 which was traced to China, via Hong Kong refugees.

Asian flu was a popular complaint through the 1960s and once it did me a good turn. When we were producing the movie *The Virgin Soldiers* in Singapore, my colleagues Leslie Gilliat and John Dexter and I were disturbed to hear that an executive of Columbia Pictures was planning to pay us a visit on location.

I knew him as an enthusiastic collector of jade and reckoned he wanted the company to fly him east for free. The only way he could justify the expedition was to solve a crisis, so he set about creating one. He spotted the word "lesbian" in the script and announced it would be unacceptable on home screens in America. He must fly to sort the problem out.

This is just the sort of trouble you don't need when you are making a film. I pondered how to deter him. Fortunately I also knew he was a king-size hypochondriac.

I wired our delight at the prospect

of seeing him, advised him that we had reserved the plush Golden Dragon Suite in the best hotel for him and added that he must get all possible Asian flu shots as an epidemic was raging.

My telegram arrived in the middle of a Columbia board meeting in downtown Burbank. It passed the length of the table. The other vice-presidents read it as they moved it down.

"Well," said the last VP as he handed it to our man, "I guess you won't be going." We were left in peace.

I SPENT Monday at the Actors' Centre off Tottenham Court Road, meeting Irish actors willing to go to Southampton next year for Geradine Aron's play *Same Old Moon*. We saw 40 at a preliminary encounter and I have never come across such a consistently talented line-up.

I have never been to the theatre in Ireland and I was struck by the range of theatrical activity there, judging by the impressive CVs.

For me as, I suspect, for many of us, Irish theatre consisted of the reputations of the Abbey and the Gate and visiting companies in O'Casey and Yeats. I knew that the Gate was the home of the eclectic range of plays staged by Michael Maciammóir and his friend, Hilton Edwards, and that the Abbey was the rallying point for all things patriotically and natively Irish.

Last week Peter O'Toole reminded me of Maciammóir's witty phrase to sum up the policies of his theatre and of the Abbey. He used to call them Sodom and Begorrah.

O'Toole may be disappointed in *Same Old Moon*. He has a theory that the best Irish plays are built around meals and cooking scenes with real food consumed eagerly by the actors.

He once played in an O'Casey with the late Jack McGowan and had to cook him a massive fry-up. Every night McGowan wiped his plate clean. O'Toole had ordered himself a huge pair of bushy eyebrows for his role which failed to arrive in time for the first night. When they did turn up a few days later he had grown into the part and no longer wanted them. So he lunged them into the pan with the rest of the food and McGowan devoured them with zest.

MY MENTION of Ted Ray's first stage name brings a scholarly correction from Eric Thornton of



Liverpool. I quoted it as Ned Lowe. Mr Thornton points out that Ted's family name was Olden. He reversed it to produce "Nedlo—gypsy violinist".

Steve Race suggests that at another time Ted also called himself Hugh Nique (shades of Nomo King). He also remembers an occasion when Ray was addressing a daunting company of stage professionals after lunch. "I was intrigued to see what his first line to

this distinguished audience would be. He began: 'You will be wondering why I sent for you...'"

I HAVE had Bulgaria on my mind as the domino effect hits the Balkans. Are we going to embrace the Bulgars as enthusiastically as we are turning on to Poles, East Germans, Hungarians and Czechs? Will names like Mladenov, Alexandrov and Zhivkov soon fit happily on our lips? Shall we forget

Georgi Markov murdered with a poisoned umbrella?

Perhaps the most sympathetic Bulgarian was King Boris, the Sociable. In 1936 he was shocked to read in John Gunter's *Inside Europe* that he was "the worst dressed king in Europe" because, for patriotic reasons, he insisted on wearing clothes made in Sofia. He changed immediately to Savile Row.

Many of his predecessors were less amiable. Khan Krum, who was in charge during the 9th century, slew the invading Nicephoros and converted his skull into a drinking goblet by lining it with silver — a design concept Sir Terence Conran might care to adopt.

An impressionable successor, Khan Boris, was terrified into better behaviour by pictures of hell painted on his palace walls by crafty Byzantine monks. But in 1014, Tsar Samuel was defeated by a northern invader, Basil II, known as the Slayer of the Bulgars, who put out the eyes of 15,000 prisoners.

Do we need a rapprochement with these people?

Even the name is tainted. *Bulgari* in Latin was synonymous with perversion and when, in 1223, the French Catholic hierarchy accused the Albigensian heretics (who came from eastern Europe) of the same thing, they called them *Bougres*; hence a popular modern English epithet.

It used to be said that every private soldier in the Bulgarian army carried a field marshal's lipstick in his knapsack. Can we trace this slur to Evelyn Waugh? During the Second World War, Waugh was reluctantly appointed ADC to a general whose company he did not relish. He took to the bottle and, inspired by wine, asked the old boy if he was aware that in the Bulgarian army only officers of field rank were allowed to wear lipstick. He was instantly relieved of his post.

There are other reasons for keeping the Bulgars at arm's length. Are we likely to learn much from their art? The most famous play by Vasil Drumov ("The Father of the Bulgarian Theatre"), is called *An Unhappy Family*. It does not sound like a barrel of laughs to me.

Nor does the latest Bulgarian joke. "Have you heard about the economical mousetrap which works without cheese? The mouse shakes its head in disgust and cuts its throat on a saw." One for Frank Carson?

CAN THE rumour be true that in Hollywood, recently, Elton John dared to show Sylvester Stallone's first glimpse of a video of Stallone's *Spitting Image* puppet? It is said that Elton observed the television set being hurled in anger through the window.

FRANCES EDMONDS

If I were...

If I were disgraced billionaire Leona Helmsley, New York's self-styled hotel queen, I would be sitting in my fabulous Connecticut mansion, Dunellen Hall, quietly contemplating the prospect of the next four years in gaol. Convicted on charges of tax evasion, the words of my personal philosophy: "only little people pay taxes", would return to haunt me.

Wandering dazed through this, the favourite of my several gorgeous homes, I would cast a tearful eye over the priceless antiques, the gold accessorized bathrooms, the stunning jewellery and the hoards of designer clothes which I was too mean and greedy to pay for personally.

Sobbing uncontrollably now, I would grasp the hand of my adored 80-year-old husband, Harry, the property tycoon who married me, appointed me president of his Helmsley Hotel empire and made the Leona Mindy Roberts Rosenthal rags-to-riches story complete. He having been deemed too ill and incompetent to stand trial with me, I would bewail the fact that I have had to face such appalling vilification and ignominy alone. My thoughts would turn to that other female tyrant, Imelda Marcos, a soul-mate in the "buying everything at other people's expense" school of ethics. And I would wonder why it is that, when the party is finally over, it is we wives who take the rap.

But the "Mean Queen" has not got where she is today by indulging in unproductive sentiment. Assuming my appeal fails, I would set about organizing a work schedule for the 752 hours of community service I have been ordered to serve in a Harlem centre for the homeless. Sixty-nine years old and childless after the death of my only son, I would decide for the first time in my life to make the \$7-billion Helmsley empire work for the less fortunate in society. I would order a



... Leona Helmsley

large consignment of the large fluffy towels, the plump soap bars and the wonderful floral arrangements which feature so prominently in my hotel adverts and have them delivered immediately to the centre. I would offer training and a guaranteed job in the catering trade to all those who are homeless merely for want of work. And I would organize the biggest Christmas party that Harlem's hopeless have ever seen.

I would then resolve to be a model inmate should my prison sentence be upheld. Every morning as I scrubbed the floors, I would regret the times I scattered crumbs in corners in an effort to catch mounds out. Every afternoon as I swept the leaves, I would feel remorse for the innumerable gardeners I sacked on the merest of whims. And every meal time, as I ate my tasteless prison food, I would bewail the gourmet dishes I sent back simply to humiliate the chef.

But old habits die hard and obsessive attention to detail will always be my forte. As I did with Harry's hotels, I would have my Danbury federal prison renamed to reflect its now enhanced status: Lovely Leona's Lockup, perhaps, or the Happy Helmsley Hideaway. I would smarten up those dowdy wardens with Bill Blass uniforms and dispel their penitentiary look with a few Van Cleef & Arpels baubles (sales tax paid this time). With such improvements I would ensure, as I always have in my hotels, a 90 per cent occupancy rate in this slammer.

At the end of my very useful sojourn, I would return to the remains of the Helmsley business empire. A chastened woman, I would vow never again to tyrannize helpless employees. And I would accept that, in the end, not only do the poor people pay their taxes. They also wreak their revenge.

THE MAKERS AND THE TAKINGS OF THE HIT SHOWS

CATS

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Designer: John Napier
Choreographer: Gillian Lynne
Director: Trevor Nunn
Producer: Cameron Mackintosh/
Really Useful Company
Opened: May 1981
London box-offices: £43.7 million
World box-offices: £367 million

UK box-office: £40 million
World box-office: £80 million

LES MISERABLES

Music: Claude Michel Schonberg
Designer: John Napier
Directors: Trevor Nunn, John Caird
Producers: Cameron Mackintosh/
Really Useful Company
Opened: October 1985
UK box-office: £27.6 million
World box-office: £161 million

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Designer: Maria Bjornson
Choreographer: Gillian Lynne
Director: Hal Prince
Producer: Cameron Mackintosh/
Really Useful Company
Opened: October 1986

STARLIGHT EXPRESS

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Designer: John Napier
Choreographer: Arlene Phillips
Director: Trevor Nunn
Producer: Really Useful Company
Opened: March 1984

UK box-office: £20.3 million
World box-office: £66.5 million

ASPECTS OF LOVE

Composer: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Designer: Marisa Bjornson
Choreographer: Gillian Lynne
Director: Trevor Nunn
Producer: Really Useful Company
Opened: April 1989
UK box-office: £5.6 million

MISS SAIGON

Music: Claude Michel Schonberg
Designer: John Napier
Choreographer: Bob Avian
Director: Nicholas Hytner
Producer: Cameron Mackintosh
Opened: September 1989
UK box-office: £2.7 million

Continued from previous page have created in this decade was the flotation of Lloyd Webber's Really Useful Company on the Stock Exchange at an initial valuation of £35 million, thanks largely to the success of *Cats* and *Starlight Express*.

What changed in his favour was the accessibility of the American record market, which had tended to ignore European performers until the coming of the Beatles, and the franchising of shows worldwide. This system was largely pioneered by Mackintosh, who put first *Cats* and then *Les Misérables* into innumerable foreign cities the way McDonald's puts in hamburgers, so the product is the same wherever you happen to come across it.

Ever since *Oklahoma!* had hit post-war London like an earthquake "smelling", as the poet Carl Sandburg wrote, "of hay mown up over barn-dance floors", British producers and composers had been in a 30-year state of shocked retreat towards, at best, the Dickensian nostalgia of Lionel Bart or the twin-piano naivety of shows such as *Salad Days* and *The Boyfriend*.

What changed with Rice and Lloyd Webber was, first of all, the realization that if American audiences were to be drawn to British musicals, then Broadway had to be fought on its own pre-packaged terms. In the Seventies, both *Dreamcoat* and *Superstar* came from already familiar Bible stories, while the selling of *Evita* started when Eva Peron toured Europe and America in the early Fifties. Webber's first non-Rice hits

were not about anything very new either: *Cats* was an arrangement of T. S. Eliot's poems in which there was so little initial faith that the original production team had to take percentages in lieu of salaries before the first night. The result is that most of them now live on several thousand acres of the West Country. *Starlight Express* became a massively successful roller-disco, but again does not have a plot which could occupy even the back of a matchbox: that is essentially why such productions have worked so well around the world.

There are no language problems for foreign tourists, no demands of shared heritage or education, no cultural barriers to be stormed. They are events and can be travelled vastly more easily than what I believe to be the greater musicals of the 1980s: Willy Russell's *Blood Brothers* and the Bragg-Goodall *Hired Man*.

For Russell and Howard Goodall, creators of these more localized and dramatically tough musicals, there is a discreet uneasiness at the multinational and pre-packaged quality of the marathon hits of the Eighties.

Whereas the shows that once came to us from Broadway, from *Oklahoma!* all the way to *Gyps and Dolls* and *Pal Joey*, were still definably about America, there is precious little about modern British life in *Phantom of the Opera* or *Aspects of Love* or *Les Misérables*. In that sense, the hit musical seems to have abdicated any role as a topical commentator.

With the coming of *Cats*, the Broadway/West End power balance went into an abrupt reversal. The arrival on Broadway of Lloyd Webber seemed to coincide with the shutting down of the native American musical.

An appalling combination of spiralling costs, backstage union disputes and the spread of AIDS in the dance community has meant that, until this season with the opening of three new shows, there has not been a genuinely Broadway-created world-wide hit since *La Cage Aux Folles* more than five years ago.

Twenty years before, in New York in 1965, I saw *Hello Dolly!* and *Funny Girl* and *Mame* on three consecutive nights, and that was not considered so very special.

What *Cats* proved was that for the first time Britain could assemble 30 show-dancers as talented, versatile and energetic as any team ever mustered by Broadway or Hollywood: hits did not come any more smash than this one, "Now and Forever", as they still say on its posters.

Les Misérables marked a different leap forward. What mattered most about it was the way that, like Verdi's *Rigoletto* and Stephen Sondheim's *Sweeney Todd*, it set out to redefine the limits of music theatre. Like them it tackled themes of universal, social and domestic despair with an energy and intensity which could be found in the work of no British composer past or present.

Miss Saigon is, if not an improvement, nearly its equal, but it has taken a British RSC-experienced

director (Nicholas Hytner) and the Mackintosh management to launch *Saigon*.

It starts next year on Broadway, where it will be battling for the Tonys against Lloyd Webber's *Aspects of Love*, a score which seems to me to mark not only the growing-up of the English stage musical but the only one which Sondheim might have wished to compose.

I may well be that Nunn's stage management of the spectacular has led to a more hostile climate for such smaller-scale shows of his as the recently opened *The Baker's Wife*. Easy talk of the rebirth of the British musical, therefore, needs to be qualified. We are still dealing with the work of a few key people and, as Americans are eager to point out, if Lloyd Webber is under a bus tomorrow, who would our revolution be the?

In the past few weeks there have been indications from across the Atlantic that native American musical is at last being reawakened in a way where, unlike London, a big lyrical hit can change whole face of Manhattan.

Cab drivers, hotel po and head waiters all look happier in New York morning after the success opening of a new musical. That has never happened here, even during this magical decade.

● Sheridan Morley is the author of *A Little History of the British Musical Theatre* (Thames & Hudson, £12.95). His Noel & Coward musical biography, *Comedy Theatre, London*, is also available.

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A LONGER LASTING EAU DE TOILETTE FOR GENTLEMEN

A CHILDHOOD: PETER DE SAVARY

'I could not understand at school why Latin and algebra lessons would make me a success in life'

Peter de Savary cannot remember a time when he didn't want to be grown up. Childhood and school were one long frustration.

"When people say schooldays are the happiest days of your life, that's absolute garbage as far as I'm concerned," he says. "I hated school and would have given anything as a boy to be put into a time machine and catapulted into the future. I just couldn't wait to get started."

So far the future has proved a good friend to him. As an "international entrepreneur" (that is how he describes himself in *Who's Who*) he claims to have no idea of his actual wealth but acknowledges that it is substantial. City watchers estimate a personal fortune of something in the region of £60 million.

Certainly his interests are varied, from Land's End to John O'Groats (his companies own them both), Falmouth and Hayle harbours, a ship-building company in Aberdeen, Glenborrodale Castle and Ardnamurchan Point, not to mention his historic Tudor home, Littlecote in Berkshire, open to 250,000 of the public for six months a year.

Along the way to country gentrification there was, and may still be, property in Manhattan, a telephone company in Dallas, a Mayfair casino, banking in the Bahamas, fish processing in Morocco, and pear plantations, a furniture manufacturing company, oil companies, sandwiches, shipping, aircrafts and hotels.

His portfolio of interests is apparently ever growing, ever changing, only his obsession with boats, yachting and his quest for the America's Cup remain absolutely constant.

He is an entrepreneurial genius with one O level in religious knowledge. Born to a middle-class farmer in Essex in 1944, he left Britain for Venezuela at two when his parents were divorced and his mother married an employee of the Shell oil company.

He was, he thinks, a naughty child. Once, left alone at the hairdressers at the age of seven, he instructed the barber to shave his head. Despite the child's abundance of blond curls, the barber obliged.

When his mother returned for him he was, he says, as bald as Yul Brynner. She was distraught, but fate had the last laugh. He's bald for ever now.

At nine he was shipped back to a prep school in Battle, near Hastings. Holidays were either with his mother (by now living in Nigeria, then Argentina) who would rent a house, or with his father who had a furniture manufacturing company. He was expected to work when he stayed with his father.

At 13 he scraped into Charterhouse "by the skin of my teeth", where he proceeded to display a great interest in boxing and cross-country running but absolutely none in the academic life of the school.

He is prepared to concede that he may have had a slight inferior-

ity complex at Charterhouse. "I always felt lonely at school and absolutely hated it. I was insecure and uncomfortable and hated being told what to do all the time. I found it too claustrophobic and the subjects I was asked to study, by and large, boring. I was unable to understand why it would help me to be successful in life by learning Latin and algebra."

Twice he ran away from school. The first time was just a brag but on the second occasion, when he was 15, he went with a girl from his father's factory and camped out on a local golf course for a couple of nights.

The inevitable search parties were dispatched and there were, he says, appeals on the radio for a missing boy. "I think I was just totally frustrated by school. I thought about going abroad but, of course, I hadn't planned what was going to happen to me when I got abroad. I didn't think that far ahead."

"I would never have gone alone. I always needed and still need companionship and I've always liked female companionship."

It was female companionship in the shape of an affair with the housemaster's au pair which, at 15, was to terminate his education at Charterhouse. "They asked me to leave," he admits.

He describes the affair in the

Evidently Canada was stimulating. He enrolled at high school for a time and found the studies more to his liking, but most of his four years were spent working - selling encyclopaedias from door to door, selling cars, driving a delivery truck, working in a glue factory and running his own landscape gardening service.

The gardening service was his first solo business venture. He hired two other boys and carried the tools around in his first car, a blue and green 1951 Pontiac which he bought for \$52 because it had been written off after a crash.

After that came the baby-sitting service, when he realized many of his gardening clients had young families. He had found a neat way of doubling his business by using the same customers.

Even in his teens de Savary had his eye out for the bigger deal which would set him up, and he tried to do a property transaction. It foundered when he was unable to raise the money.

Back in England at 20, he went to work for his father in the West Country, running the furniture factory as designer and production manager "making the blasted cabinets". His relationship with his father was competitive, he thinks. Everything was fine so long as he, and his two step-brothers, were doing what their father wanted. "We had a love-hate relationship." When he was 26 he asked for a percentage of the profits of the business. His father refused and he left to begin his life as an entrepreneur mainly, to the legend goes, playing middle-man, buying and selling wheat, cement and oil cargoes along the West African coast. Years later he bought his father's factory and then resold it for a profit.

He cannot, he says, remember any particular moment when he suddenly felt grown up, probably because from an early age he knew he was capable of being independent, that nobody owed him anything and that he could achieve whatever it was he set out to do.

He illustrates this by talking about his great love, sailing. "I remember at the age of nine seeing a sailing dinghy on the beach at the Solent and telling my mother that I was going to ask the people who owned it if I could take it out. It never occurred to me that I couldn't sail. So I asked the man and he let me and I taught myself. I've always been that sort of person. It never occurs to me that I'm not capable, competent or qualified to do something, if I want to do it."

He is a pioneering, competitive sort of man and it is not, perhaps, surprising that the only things he excelled in as a boy were fiercely competitive singular activities like boxing and running, not team games but sports in which he pitted himself against the rest.

Now with his third wife and four children, his stately home complete with its own chapel (he did that O level in religious knowledge, remember), his multi-million pound business empire, his 24 vintage cars, and his sailing, he has become the successful man he could not wait to be.



Peter de Savary now and, inset, as a child: "I've always tried to be successful in what I willingly undertake and the an pair fitted this category"

by Ray Connolly

same way that he describes a business interest. "I've never had sex with men or boys, I've only ever had sex with women and I found out at a young age that this was a rather fascinating opportunity that stimulated me. And I was rather keen to develop this opportunity. I was far more keen on this than going to some boring Latin class or attending some debate in the library on the virtues of Shakespeare."

"I've always tried to be successful in what I willingly undertake and the an pair fitted this category. She was a big, strapping 22-year-old Scandinavian. I wasn't the first and I've no doubt I wasn't the last. And extremely nice it was for a young lad. I didn't ask if it was successful for her. I was just overawed by the whole experience."

"After that I suddenly realized the world was a pretty good place and I found it even more difficult to concentrate on my lessons."

So, armed with the one O level for which he had been entered, he left to join his mother who was now living in Canada.

"I would say my parents were pretty annoyed. They'd made every effort to give me a good education and I think they felt I was an unappreciative little bastard. I wasn't ungrateful, but I found it impossible to take advantage of the situation. Even today I may see opportunities which may be profitable, but I don't engage myself and try to develop those opportunities unless they stimulate me."

Photograph by
Nick Rogers

Looking in vain for the party spirit

Graham Greene once wrote a short story of twin brothers at a party, one of whom dies of terror while hiding during a party game. The story is generally held to be a study in parapsychology of the Catholic idea of hell, but it seems to me a reasonably lifelike description of any old children's party.

Children's parties are, of course, more obviously full of terror than adult parties. The pressure to beam cheerily through misery and humiliation is never so strong as at a children's party.

You beam as the grown-up hands loom downwards placing a ridiculous paper hat on your head; you beam as you run around the ever-decreasing circle of chairs, all the while dreading that the music will stop and find you chairless; you beam as you are served jelly of a hideous hue while crackers bang and splinter in your face; you beam while the conjuror forces you to join in some coy chant; you beam as you shuffle through the game of Oranges and Lemons, knowing that in minutes the chopper will come to chop off your head.

My own memories of the horror of children's parties - and I know not a soul who did not share my horror - are superseded only by my memories of the horror of teenage parties.

At one end would stand all the boys, at the other end all the girls. Neither group would speak to the other, and the boys would not even speak to one another because they had their pride to consider.

After a short time - say, three-quarters of an hour - the bolder boys would root out the more forward girls. Dancing would begin, with music sufficiently noisy to preclude conversation for all but the



awkward 30-second gaps between records. In the first gap, addresses of schools would be swapped; in the second gap, information about future O levels.

The third gap would always be a problem - I remember one girl asking me if I kept any pets, which I did not, though I had once, thank goodness, had a guinea-pig - and the fourth gap would be just plain awkward. By the fifth gap, most couples would be kissing - or snogging as it was then called - out with any great enthusiasm, but simply because it made a welcome break from trying to think of things to say.

Parents anxiously popping their heads around the door would recoil in horror at the scenes that met their eyes, always blaming the strength of the fruit cup or the decline in moral standards, but never the poor conversational skills of their offspring.

Now I am an adult, I still enter most parties with a little voice in the back of my mind

suggesting that, like it or not, at some time the bell will ring for a round of Musical Chairs. Every party is crammed full of terror and yet one keeps going back. Could it be that, far from being an obstacle to party-going, it is the promise of terror that ensures our return? I remember Mark Boxer, who was a keen party-goer, once admitting to me that he often walked two or three times around a block before plucking up the courage to walk into a party.

Logan Pearsall Smith once wrote of going to a particular gathering: "I rang the bell as of old; as of old I gazed at the great shining Door and waited. But, alas! that flutter and beat of the wild heart, that delicious Doorstep Terror - it was gone; and with it, dear, fantastic, paucic-stricken



CRAIG
BROWN

which he throws his rather gruesome-sounding shepherd's-pie-and-champagne parties. From photographs, the flat, 14 floors up and with glass walls, looks terrifyingly precarious; what else but the delicious promise of falling from a great height could possibly draw princes, ministers and former football managers to his presence?

This invigorating sense of fear that draws people to parties can be fuelled by things other than vertigo. Even the mildest get-together among

Youth had rung the bell, flitted around the corner and vanished for ever." Certainly, the parties towards which one feels no sense of apprehension tend to be the parties one enjoys the least. (This could well explain Jeffrey Archer's worry at losing the penthouse flat in which he lives.)

More stilted parties can carry their own hazards. Five years ago, I went to a New Year's Eve party at which a glut of food writers and cooks were present. The conversation swung round to what each person had eaten for Christmas lunch. "Ris de veau with baby shallots," said the first person,

a distinguished food critic. Everyone nodded in appreciation. "Roast quails with sage," said the next person, who had her own cookery series on television. "Mmm," said everyone.

By this time, I was in a panic. The third person, a chef, declared he had eaten a boned leg of rabbit with a mustard vinaigrette and was warmly applauded, leaving only me to answer the question. "I had turkey," I said. Everyone looked downcast, and the party broke up shortly after.

Those who have scanned the "Parties of the Decade" feature in *Harpers and Queen* magazine may have noticed the curious rule whereby the more practised partygoers, the more off-putting the parties they appear to demand.

Like manic riders on ghost-trains, they have no sooner assuaged one horror than they demand new and creepier ones. These the society hostesses are forced to provide in the form of more grotesque locations, more off-putting guests, more garish decorations, more ludicrous "themes", more strained topics of conversation.

It can surely be no coincidence that the best part of a page in Lady Elizabeth Anson's very short *Party Planners Book* (1986) is given over to a section on "Suicides at Parties". "People who stage suicide attempts hysterically or as a means of emotional blackmail will, unhappily, often choose a party for the gesture," she writes.

If she is planning a second volume, I would suggest a collaboration with Graham Greene. Between the two of them, I feel sure they could plan a party that was truly awful and to which everyone just had to go.

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FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

As the rest of Europe prepares to toast the festive season, Sweden's dreaming of a white, alcohol-free Christmas, Christopher Mosey reports

Social evils of no drink

ROBIN JACQUES



She was around 30 years old and obviously Swedish: very blonde, attractive and extremely drunk. I gave her no encouragement but she leaned over my table in one of Stockholm's better restaurants and said: "I have discovered the meaning of life." Having frequently wondered what on earth it might be, I asked her to explain. "It's that we are all afraid of death," she said portentously, and staggered on her way.

A little later on, one of a number of men sitting alone at the bar drinking strong beer suddenly buried his glass across the room. It shattered against a mirror. As he was ejected by two burly waiters, the man, still silent, pulled the cloths from the tables lining his route, sending glasses, plates and cutlery crashing to the floor.

Both incidents, though doubtless minor compared with the antics of Britain's lager louts, nevertheless say a lot about the way of life here.

About the first incident there is that naive, well-meant though silly sincerity that characterizes so many of Stockholm's inhabitants in all walks of life. Sometimes it can be charming, more often it's a pain.

About the second there is a provincial lousiness shocking to foreign visitors familiar with smooth-running Volvo and Saab cars and Electrolux household appliances, who arrive here expecting to find a nation of sophisticated technocrats.

On a more simplistic level, of course, both incidents reflect the pathetic inability of many Swedes to cope with alcohol in a social context. The majority of people go to even the smartest restaurants (there are few bars as such) with the idea of getting drunk, as opposed to having a drink and socializing.

There is, quite simply, no tradition in Sweden for social drinking the way it exists in Britain or on the European mainland. The Danes, more European than Scandinavian, derisively tell travellers heading north from Copenhagen: "Asia starts at Malmö."

It should not be implied that all Swedes are this way inclined. Those that have lived abroad or travelled extensively display more savoir-faire. However, old habits die hard. In the last century, when Sweden was a poor, backward agricultural country, alcohol dimmed the peasant population's hunger pains and kept out the winter cold. Politicians, both those of the ruling Social Demo-

cratic party and from the centre-right opposition parties, will tell you that it also dulled political awareness.

Be that as it may, alcohol is traditionally seen as an absolute social evil and its sale strictly controlled by a state monopoly, with prices artificially inflated by high taxation to discourage consumption.

In restaurants during this festive season, pity the poor Swede who has to pay up to £4 for a half-litre of singularly tasteless strong beer, £5.50 for six centilitres of whisky, and anything from £20-£50 for a reasonable table wine. In the state liquor stores, or *Systembolaget*, products are cheaper: a bottle of whisky costs around £20.

The *Systembolaget* is an unorthodox commercial enterprise that seeks to discourage people from buying its wares. Window displays currently promote alcohol-free Christmas drinks, along with advice as to how enjoyable it can be to have a white Christmas in the sense that it should be teetotal.



There was once even a suggestion by Gabriel Romanus, the former Liberal politician who is *Systembolaget*'s managing director, that the stores would include clips of people in the last stages of chronic alcoholism as a warning to clients.

As it is, the stores are hardly inviting, staffed by unsmiling people in green uniforms who take orders grudgingly and, by recent decision, refuse to put the product they so unwillingly sell into the plastic bags provided for its carriage.

These bags are instantly recognizable and, as a result, a populace already plagued by guilt usually disguises visits to the *Systembolaget* by hiding its purchases in other carrier bags. Still, if on your way home your bottles should happen to clink together, people will stare accusingly.

For all its international reputation for liberality, the truth is that Sweden (at least when it comes to The Alcohol Question, as it is known here) is a country in the thrall of a very narrow puritan elite forcing its standards on the rest of the population, famed as the most docile in Europe. Georges Pompidou once de-



cribed them as "un peuple merveilleux à gouverner".

The small clique of MPs which has forced through most of the anti-liquor legislation hails mostly from the agrarian-based Centre and Liberal parties. The vast mass of the population, on the evidence of what one hears and reads, would welcome a change from

what it describes as *Grönköping*, or Little Puddleton, attitudes.

At this time of the year in Stockholm, when the temperature hovers around freezing point and it is dark by 4pm, there is no relief to be found by nipping into a cosy bar for a quick pint on the way home. For a start you can't afford it, secondly there are no cosy bars.

A doorman at one of the uninviting institutions that serves alcoholic beverages will eye you up and down, then, should he decide that you can be admitted, takes your coat and briefcase (it could contain a bottle) and charges you a minimum of 50p for the privilege.

Upon entry you are usually

greeted by the sight of diners at tables and men seated at the bar, morosely tipping down strong beer in silent dedication. You might get a grudging *hej* (hello) as you join them, but it will be said in such a manner as to discourage any further conversation until the goal of drunkenness has been achieved.

Someone once likened the Swedish personality to a bottle of tomato sauce. You shake and shake and shake and nothing happens, then it all comes out in a great sloppy mess. So, by the fifth or sixth glass, you could be engaged in slurred conversation of both crushing banality and emotional excess.

If it is discovered that you are British, for example, you may be offered everything from instant solutions to the problem of Northern Ireland to a discourse on the delights of a language course enjoyed by your circumlocutor in Brighton or Eastbourne, culminating perhaps in a lecture on the horrors of Life itself. During one of the latter, I once experienced the dubious pleasure of seeing a Swede burst into tears.

The results of attempts to deal with The Alcohol Question are generally counter-productive. Because it costs less to buy from the *Systembolaget*, people tend to drink at home, where, deprived of any sort of social controls, they actually consume more... and probably shed more tears.

Home brewing is an ever-increasing problem, with the authorities anxiously monitoring sales of sugar and yeast, although less so than in neighbouring Norway. In Sweden an organization is now suggesting that, to fight alcoholism, prices be pushed still higher, the restaurants' minimum age requirement be raised from 18 to 20, and all duty-free sales banned.

The nanny state has long been a fact of life in Sweden. Less charitable souls call it the Killjoy Society. "What we could do with in Sweden is some kind of *glasnost* when it comes to social restrictions," says Ake W. Bergh, a former merchant seaman turned oologist. "The attitudes of these do-gooders are dictatorial. What we have is the imposition of minority thinking on the majority of the population."

Cecilia Steen-Johansson, a journalist writing for *Dagens Nyheter*, the principal daily news-

paper, recently drew an anguished comparison between Stockholm's stilted nightlife and that of Copenhagen.

She berated her rulers for imposing "pub tyranny" and concluded: "We will never have a pub culture worth the name if we don't start treating people as people and not as presumptive alcoholics."

Such rebellion usually leads to a vociferous and well-orchestrated chorus of complaint from the teetotal movement, as was the case recently when Stig Malm, head of the powerful *Landsorganisation* trade union movement for blue collar workers, suggested that wine be sold in ordinary supermarkets. The evening newspaper, *Aftonbladet*, led its front page with the story.



There was similar outrage when Dr Stefan Zetterberg, a general practitioner, suggested that the mental health of the Swedish people was being jeopardized by the fact that they were not encouraged to drink socially.

Loneliness, he claimed, was a national disease, leading to that traditional solution: suicide. Calling for the municipalities to subsidize cheap pubs, he advised his fellow countrymen: "Look at it as a form of precautionary health care. In Britain and Germany where, for example, people can afford to go out to a pub and have a drink, eat some food, and, above all, mix spontaneously with other human beings, you don't get this problem."

That is, of course, one way of looking at it. The other, however, is to take the traditional Swedish attitude, "*Vi är bäst i världen*" (we are the best in the world), which assumes that, despite the manifest evidence to the contrary, the country has achieved a higher form of civilization than other nations. This, for example, was an opinion often expressed by former Prime Minister Olof Palme, before he was assassinated on a street in central Stockholm three years ago.

Such traditionalists recoil in horror at the thought of their country one day joining the European Community, when they might be forced to cut back on the restrictions governing the lives of their fellow citizens and even reduce taxes on alcohol.

Foreigners living here would, however, be delighted if something approaching a British pub, French café or German *biere* culture were to implant itself on these dismal shores.

MUSEUMS

EXHIBITIONS

PEWTER 1200-1700: Five centuries of the pewterer's craft ranging from tiny pewter toys to the finest domestic wares. Three recreated interiors convey the atmosphere of a 17th-century pewterer's shop, workshop, and dining room. Practical demonstration of pewter manufacture on Thursday at 1.10pm. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2 (01-600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm. Sun 2-6pm. Free.

SHIP MODELS: The addition of 600 miniature ship

models made by R. Farnworth has helped to bring about the setting up of a new permanent gallery, the World of Models Exhibition. Passenger liners, cargo vessels, warships, ferries and tugs are represented in cardboard with great accuracy, at a scale of 1:1200. Merseyside Maritime Museum, Pier Head, Liverpool (051-709 1551). Open daily 10.30am-6.30pm. Admission £1.50, 75p concessions.

Jenny Gilbert

Trip to history

● The following *Times* readers are the winners of the Past Worlds competitions. They each win an all-expenses paid holiday for two to one of the regions covered by *The Times Atlas of Ancient Civilizations*.



Week 1: Damascus and Palmyra
Winner: Mrs P. Wilkes, Bideton, Devon
Answers:
1 Shub-Ad
2 Ashurbanipal
3 Achaemenid/Persian
4 Uruk
5 Persepolis
6 3,789 years

Week 2: The Upper Nile and Egypt
Winner: Miss E. Stone, Oxford
Answers:
1 Akhet
2 2,000 years
3 Beer
4 Upper and Lower Egypt
5 Granite portulicis
6 Canopic jars

Week 3: Greece
Winner: Mr M. Stephenson, Stroud, Gloucestershire
Answers:
1 Athens
2 ...

Answers:
1 Silkworth
2 Musk melon
3 From 722 to 481 BC
4 Qin
5 Ancestors of the Monarch
6 By public examinations

Week 5: Rome
Winner: Mr J. Austin, Orpington, Kent
Answers:
1 Temple of Hercules Victor
2 Tiberius
3 Tarquin the Proud (Tarquinius Superbus)
4 Marcus Aurelius
5 King Attalus (III) of Pergamum
6 1843 years: from 390 BC to AD 1453

Week 6: South Asia
Winner: Mrs H. E. Heather, Perth, Scotland
Answers:
1 Asoka
2 The Huns
3 Arabic numerals
4 Buddhists
5 Umbrellas
6 Arikamedu

Week 7: The Americas
Winner: Mr M. J. Webber, Reading, Berkshire
Answers:
1 A Jaguar
2 Behind you
3 394.52 years
4 Creation

Simon Tait visits Ironbridge, this year's winner of *The Times*/Shell Museum of the Year award for innovation

Reaping the rewards of industry



In 1836 the writer and traveller Charles Hulbert described Ironbridge as "the most extraordinary district in the world". Coalbrookdale was already a nest of mines and foundries in 1708, when Abraham Darby arrived and rented a kiln. But it was Darby who first smelted iron there, giving a good marker for the history books for the start of the Industrial Revolution. Seventy years later his grandson built the world's first iron bridge, over the Severn, and Ironbridge continued to develop.

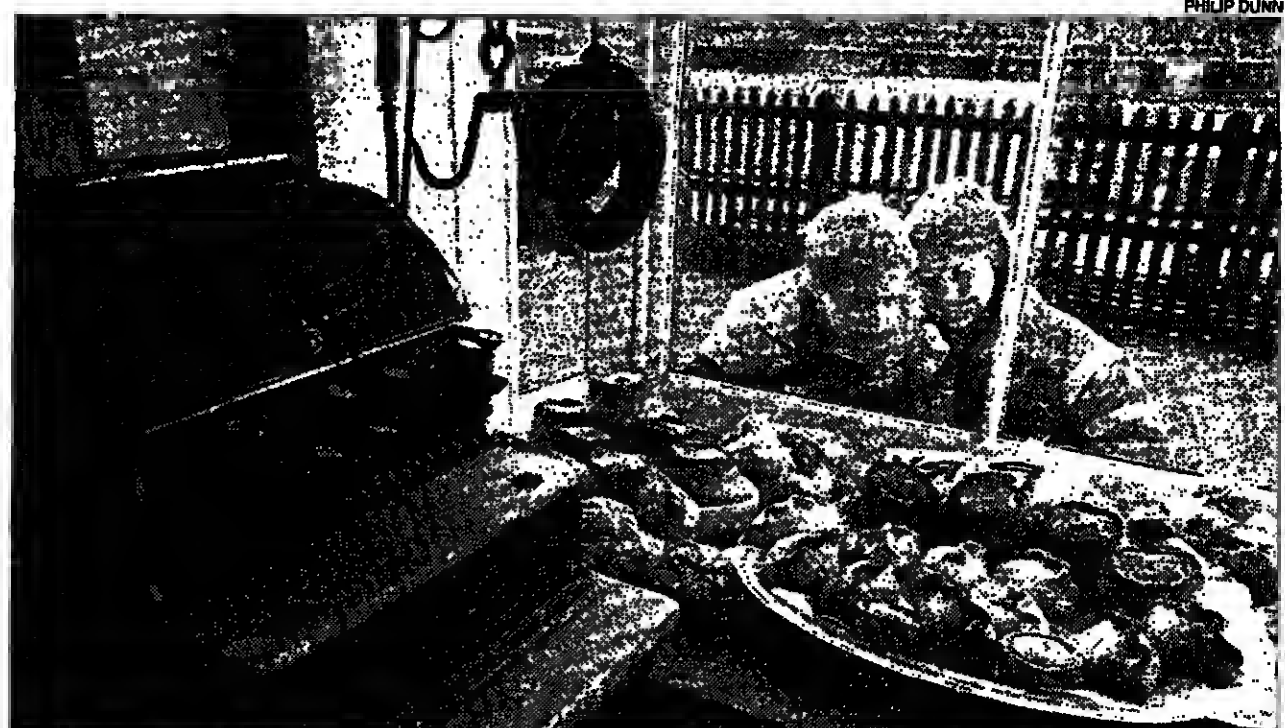
The sight that Hulbert later found so romantic was of the world's first industrial estate, of foundries, mines, china factories, horse-drawn railways, canals, and a river hustling with barges and cargo boats.

A community of museums has sprung up in Ironbridge, beginning 30 years ago when the old furnace was uncovered and a small display put up next to it.

Ironbridge Gorge Museum's latest accolade is the £20,000 *Times*/Shell Museum of the Year award for innovation. It won the Museum of the Year award in 1977 and was the first European Museum of the Year 12 months later. In 1987 Unesco labelled it "of exceptional and universal value", placing it alongside the Taj Mahal and the Egyptian Pyramids, and it became a World Heritage Site.

It has been criticized for being elitist - "I'm afraid most of our visitors tend to be the Volvo-driving sort," Smith says - and it has been accused of being gimmicky, pandering to the visitor at the expense of the curator, marketing a dream in spite of the reality.

A new development phase



Pie dreams: the main attractions at the Blist's Hill Victorian town are the transplanted shops, which show life as it was

elopment plan that Ironbridge is about to launch is likely to fuel the current "theme park Britain" argument. Sponsors are to be sought, and in the new 10-year prospectus Blist's Hill will get the additions of a Victorian school, a photographer's studio, a grocer's, a post office, more houses, and a park complete with bandstand and tea room; some of *The Times*/Shell sponsorship money will be used to employ "character guides" in the shape of, for instance, a policeman and an organ-grinder.

There will also be an hotel, probably a replica red-brick one rather than a transplant like the other buildings, since it will have to meet the demands of 20th-century guests.

There will be a new purpose-built visitors' centre, with a 2,000 sq ft shop and a café, plus a restaurant and an interpretation centre in a converted warehouse. At Coalbrookdale there is to be a new conference centre with sleeping accommodation, another restaurant and train

in terms of the visitor experience. Last year 404,000 had that experience, compared with 276,000 in 1985, and the frequent visitor surveys that independent museums have to carry out show a 96 per cent satisfaction rate.

The estate which polluted the atmosphere for a century and a half before the technology of the 1870s overtook it, is now itself threatened by pollution from car fumes, so the Volvos are to be kept out. £1 million is being spent to provide 1,000 extra car spaces around the periphery of the Gorge; £200,000 will reinstate a steam railway, and provide a light railway and a footbridge across the Severn to help get people around the site without their own transport.

But most important, particularly for the scholars, will be another, seventh museum. Costing £2 million, it will tackle the tentacles of industrialization - its effects on poetry, paintings, literature, politics, social demography, medicine and health care. The idea is an adaptation of an interactive video game,

Institute, in partnership with Birmingham University, currently has 61 postgraduates studying for diplomas in industrial archaeology and heritage management, and Smith hopes to start museum training as well.

Last week the new heritage minister, Lord Hesket, revealed that after the demise next April of the Telford Development Corporation, which owns the buildings and lets them to the museum, five ancient monuments and 15 listed buildings on the site would come to the museum trust. In addition, he revealed that they would be handed over in renovated state over the next three years; a present, not only of the heritage, but of about £6 million of the corporation's money.

But this recognition of the national importance of this museum highlights an anomaly: the package includes the Elton Collection, but because independent museums do not handle public money they are not, in Treasury terms, an-

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THE TIMES COOK

Game for a cobbler

A rich, warming stew topped with scones is a satisfying dish that can rise to any occasion, Frances Bissell writes

Cobblers. What a good, satisfying ring that word has. And a marvellously satisfying smell and appearance when you put one on the table. This dish has formed the centrepiece of our entertaining this winter - at a casual supper when we invited neighbours in on the spur of the moment to taste the Beaujolais Nouveau, and a joint wedding anniversary dinner with some friends which provided us with the perfect excuse to open a bottle of 1964 Chateau Latour. Both evenings were enhanced by this steaming, beefy, gamey stew, topped with featherlight rounds of scone dough baked to a fluffy golden-brown. But you could just as easily serve it with beer or cider, mulled wine or spiced ale.

The etymology of "cobbler" in this context is fairly cloudy. In the United States, where cobbler is both a cooling mixed drink and a deep-dish fruit pie with a "biscuit" or scone topping, it is thought to have originated as something which was quickly "cobbled together". In medieval Britain some recipes called for lining a dish with a thick layer of dough. The cobbler we know today is said to be a refinement of that method. Essentially it is a meat stew topped with scone dough instead of a piecrust. It appeals to me because there are so many variations. The scone dough can be flavoured with herbs and spices or cheese, and can be coloured with saffron or tomato paste, or with blue or yellow cornmeal. The meats can be single or mixed, game or oot. The experiment I originally had in mind was to cook venison in Guinness, but I could find no venison and remembered that I have sometimes been disappointed in the flavour and texture of some farmed venison. The combination of wood pigeon and beef was a happy one. Unless you cook wood pigeon rare and run the attendant risks, the only way of getting it really tender is to cook it very slowly and for a long time. A lean meat, it is best with a beef cut that has plenty of connective tissue and some internal marbling. Shin, blade and chuck are the best cuts.

The meat can be cooked with the vegetables the day before required, and then reheated and the scone topping added. Rather than serve vegetables with it, I think a crisp salad served afterwards is better. Our celebration meal started with marinated salmon and scallops, a variation on a favourite theme, easy to prepare in advance, and if you

give your fishmonger notice you may get the fish sliced for you.

The two sweet recipes are very versatile. Serve the biscuits with fruit in brandy or liqueur wine for an easy pudding; make extra to wrap as last-minute gifts, or suspend them from coloured ribbons and use as Christmas tree decorations. The truffles are almost as versatile, for gifts or after dinner sweets.

Marinated salmon and scallops (serves 6)

1lb/455g thinly sliced fresh salmon from the fillet
9 or 12 scallops, white part only
2 or 3 firm ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded and diced
1 shallot, peeled and finely chopped
2-3 tsp grain mustard
5 tbsp hazelnut oil or extra virgin olive oil
4 tsp salt
4 tsp freshly ground black pepper
1 tsp freshly squeezed lime or lemon juice

Arrange the salmon on individual serving plates, leaving a space in the middle to arrange the slices of raw scallop, in overlapping circles. Each scallop can be sliced horizontally into two or three, depending on thickness. Mix the tomatoes and shallots, and spoon a small heap onto the centre of each plate. Mix the rest of the ingredients, and brush liberally over the fish. Cover each plate with clingfilm and refrigerate until required. This can be prepared 2 to 3 hours in advance.

Serve with wedges of lemon or lime and hot toast, warm bread or pumpernickel.

Beef and pigeon cobbler (serves 6 to 8)

2 or 3 wood pigeons
2 1/2 lb/1.1kg chuck or blade steak
1oz/30g seasoned flour
2 tsp olive oil
1 medium onion
1 carrot
2 celery stalks
small bottle (330ml) Guinness
freshly ground black pepper
pinch of powdered mace
sprig of thyme
1 pt/570ml beef or game stock
1 lb/230g button or cup mushrooms
salt
Scone topping
1/2 lb/230g plain flour
4 tsp baking powder
pinch of salt
1 tsp dried rubbed thyme

2oz/60g butter

plain yoghurt or buttermilk to mix

Remove the breasts from the pigeons, and cut each into 3 or 4 thumb-size pieces. Chop the carcasses, brown them in a heavy saucepan, pour on enough water to cover, and simmer gently to make a stock. Trim any external fat and gristle from the meat and cut into 1in/2.5cm chunks. Toss the meat in the seasoned flour, and brown it, a batch at a time, in the olive oil. Transfer the meat to a casserole. Peel and slice the vegetables, put the carrot and celery with the meat, and fry the onion until just brown. Pour on the Guinness and deglaze the pan, allowing the liquid to reduce somewhat. Add pepper, mace and thyme to the casserole and pour on the boiling Guinness and onion. Cover and simmer or cook in the bottom half of a low oven for 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Top up with stock occasionally.

Make the scone topping: sift the dry ingredients together. Cut in the butter and then rub in lightly. Mix in enough liquid to form a soft dough. Knead slightly on a floured work-top, and then roll out to about 3/4in/2cm thick. Cut into 2in/5cm rounds with a pastry cutter.

Transfer the stew to another ovenproof dish, leaving the liquid behind. Wipe the mushrooms and halve them or leave whole depending on size. Put in the casserole with the cooking liquid. Bring to the boil, reduce until you have a rich textured sauce, plenty to keep the meat moist - about half a pint or so should be sufficient. Pour half of it over the meat. Arrange the scones on top around the edge of the dish, slightly overlapping, and bake in the top half of the oven, preheated to 200°C/400°F, gas mark 6 for 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from the oven and pour the rest of the hot gravy in the middle. Serve steaming hot.

Crisp wine biscuits (makes about 10)

1 lb/455g plain flour
5oz/140g caster sugar
1 tsp salt
1 tsp baking powder
8 fl oz/230ml olive oil
8 fl oz/230ml muscat wine, port, sherry or full bodied dry red table wine
3-4oz/85-110g flour for kneading and rolling out

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl. Make a hollow in the centre, and pour in the oil and wine. Mix thoroughly and knead lightly on a



DIANA LEADBETTER

floured work surface until smooth. Break off a walnut-sized piece of dough, and roll into a rope about 4in/10cm long. Pinch the ends together to form a ring, and arrange on a greased, floured baking sheet. Continue with the rest of the dough. Bake in the top half of pre-heated oven, 180°C/350°F, gas mark 4 for 20 minutes, and then for a further 10 to 20 minutes towards the bottom of the oven at 150°C/300°F, gas mark 2. Remove the biscuits and allow to cool on a wire rack. When completely cold, store in an airtight container. A food processor makes short work of this recipe; first mix the dry ingredients and then add the liquid. It makes a rather soft, pasty dough. And if you use red wine, the dough turns an alarming and unappetizing blue/grey. This changes on baking to a warm brown. A variation on this recipe is to replace the wine with a water and Period or Pastis mixture, brushing the biscuit with a sugar and water glaze after the first baking and sprinkling on fennel or anise seeds. If you prefer not to bake with olive oil, you can use melted butter.

There are several small variations which will allow you to produce a whole array of chocolate truffles without too much trouble. Before you refrigerate the mixture, divide into three. Refrigerate one batch as I have described. Mix finely chopped (but not ground) almonds into another batch, and refrigerate until firm. When you shape the truffles, make some into log shapes and mark them with a fork before rolling them in icing sugar. A further variation is to divide the mixture before adding the spirit, and then flavour each batch with a different liqueur or spirit.

If, by chance, you do have prunes soaking in wine, the chocolate mixture can be rolled and used to fill them in place of the stones to make a very rich and excellent sweetmeat.

Grate or chop the chocolate. Put the cream in a saucepan, and bring it just to the boil; that is, let it get

foaming at the edges, but not to a full, rolling boil. Remove from the heat and add the chocolate, stirring until it has melted. Stir in the rum when the cream and chocolate are well amalgamated. Chill for 2 to 3 hours until firm. Scoop small pieces of mixture off with a teaspoon, and roll quickly on a marble slab. Roll in cocoa powder or icing sugar, or dip in the melted chocolate, letting any excess chocolate fall back. Continue with the rest of the chocolate mixture. Place the truffles in individual paper cases, and store carefully until required, separating each layer with foil or film. They will keep for seven to 10 days in the refrigerator.

Chocolate rum truffles (makes 2-3 dozen)
1 lb/455g plain chocolate
8 fl oz/230ml double cream
1/2 pt/100ml rum
1oz/30g cocoa powder or 1oz/30g sifted icing sugar or 6oz/170g melted plain chocolate
Grate or chop the chocolate. Put the cream in a saucepan, and bring it just to the boil; that is, let it get

COUNTDOWN TO CHRISTMAS

Art of organization

Rather than treat Christmas Day as a military campaign (you know the sort of thing, 06.00 light oven, 06.30 juggle 20lb turkey into undersize oven, 06.35 retrieve turkey from kitchen floor, and so on), I thought I would offer a few ideas that save me from last-minute panics when I can't find the cinnamon sticks for the mulled wine. I have included some short cuts and time-savers that no one will notice, but which allow a much more relaxing time for the cook who is not backed up by a "brigade de cuisine".

Put away, in the garage, under the bed, in the spare room, all the equipment you know you will out use - the wok, the fish kettle, the pasta maker and the other things that take up too much room. On the other hand, remember where they are otherwise chaos will ensue if someone decides they want stir-fried Brussels sprouts with the turkey. Clear space in the refrigerator and freezer. Get rid of anything unidentifiable, thuc anything that you are bored with looking at each time you open the fridge door. Pot that which can be potted, a piece of ham, cold roast beef or game. Deal similarly with head-ends of cheese not fit for another appearance on the cheese board but that can be grated on to pasta or soups or, if soft, can be potted with butter, port and powdered mace. While making those things, make a batch of anchovy butter for hot toast fingers to serve with aperitifs. Make sure there is room for extra ice, which can either be made or delivered in time for Christmas. Make plenty of room for the bird or joint so it can be properly covered and kept out of contact with everything.

Shopping check-list
Buy more than you think you can possibly use of the following: foil (is it wide enough?) which is also useful for emergency wrapping paper, lace paper doilies, bin liners, plastic bags, clingfilm, paper towels (as well as mopping up spills, use them to blot up excess grease on the surface of stocks and sauces) and J-Cloths. A scalded J-Cloth will do just as well as muslin for straining stocks, sauces, jellies and for making "bouquets garnis" and for huttering to lay over the turkey. If you make a lot of mulled wine, cut a J-Cloth into squares and in each square tie a piece of cinnamon, a few cloves, some allspice, a piece of mace and some thinly pared orange zest, and store the bundles in a jar.

Time-savers
Salads: Lettuces, radicchio, endives, fennel and celery can be trimmed and washed, but leave the roots on and put everything, roots down, in a large bowl of water, to which you add some ice cubes from time to time. Keep this in a cool place, not in a warm

kitchen, and they will stay fresh for a day or two. They will lose some vitamins, but if you eat the orange and apple in your Christmas stocking you should be all right.

Cucumber: Peel, halve, de-seed and slice thinly. Salt and drain for several hours, then rinse and squeeze dry in kitchen paper. Keep covered in the refrigerator for two to three days, then dress with oil and lemon juice or yoghurt and garlic for a simple, crisp salad. You will need three cucumbers to feed four people.

Vegetables: Again, loss of vitamins is the price you have to pay for convenience. Most vegetables can be washed, trimmed, sliced and blanched and put in airtight boxes in the refrigerator a few hours before they are required. After blanching, refresh them in a bowl of ice-cold water and drain. To cook them, drop into plenty of boiling water or fry or stir-fry.

Planning the main Christmas meals

It is not a good idea to serve all hot courses unless you have plenty of kitchen help to share the tasks. A cold first course, followed by the hot main course, vegetables or salad, then cheese and finally one cold and one hot pudding is a workable format for the single-handed cook.

Avoid playing every course, especially hot ones. Cold first courses can be plated, covered with clingfilm and refrigerated; so can cold puddings of the fruit or chocolate terrine variety.

Most kinds of soups, hot or cold, can be made the day before and the garnishes, such as cream, sherry, crostons or snipped herbs added at the last moment.

A tub of double cream or yoghurt, mixed with half that quantity of good jam, jelly or marmalade, can be frozen to make a very acceptable ice-cream. Remember to stir it from time to time during freezing. Above all, remember to leave enough time for ice-cream to ripen off (ie, thaw a little) before serving. Good vanilla ice-cream can be used as a base for "home-made" ice-creams of honey, chestnut purée, crumbled Christmas cake and rum-soaked raisins.

Freezer check-list

All these are worth stockpiling for making extra mince pies, savoury pastries and sandwiches: puff pastry, filo pastry, pitta bread and Indian flat bread.

Table decoration
Combine this with the sweet course by decorating pine branches or a silver painted branch with decorative edibles. Crisp wine biscuits, wrapped chocolate truffles, small squares of Christmas cake in Cellophane, kumquats and dates are just a few of the things you can use.

F.B.

CAMPUS

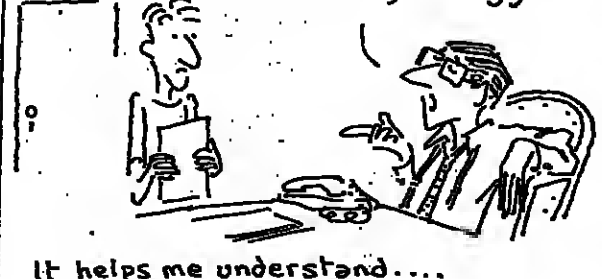
Do you feel useless? Well, actually, you are useless

For many students, this is a time of much waiting and gnashing of teeth. Third-years sense themselves slipping and sliding towards the dark abyss of a Future in the Real World, and as every day of comfortable university life passes, this future seems ever more frightening. Now is the time of reckoning. Those who have done wisely, and studied law, or land economy, or ballistics and nuclear physics, can afford to smile, confident that a grateful society will reimburse them for the useful skills they have acquired. But for the more foolish, whose sole qualification for getting to grips with the late-20th century is an incomplete knowledge of early Byzantine agrarian reforms, the Real World can seem a demoralizing place.

In fact, the uselessness of anyone who did not study law is a favourite theme for employers. The process begins at the Careers Service. You walk confidently in, tell the receptionist about your degree in High Norse, and wait to be given a job in advertising. Two minutes later, when the receptionist has stopped laughing, you will be given a booklet entitled "Don't Worry - Your Degree Isn't Completely Useless", and asked to return when you can programme computers, or speak fluent Japanese. Likewise, should you actually make it to an interview, at least half the time will be spent listening to a Brylcreemed man in braces talking about faxes and the Dow Jones, and making sure you realize how irrelevant you are. "Are you with us?" he'll ask. "Yeah!" you'll reply hopefully. "Are you going to kick backsides?" "Yeah!" "Are you going to forget everything you ever knew about Marxist interpretations of the Victorian novel?" "Yeah, yeah! Anything you say!" By this time you're desperate, down on your knees, praying he won't realize how completely useless every-

Tom Holland describes the horror of survival in the Real World

What possible use is a Degree in Psychology?



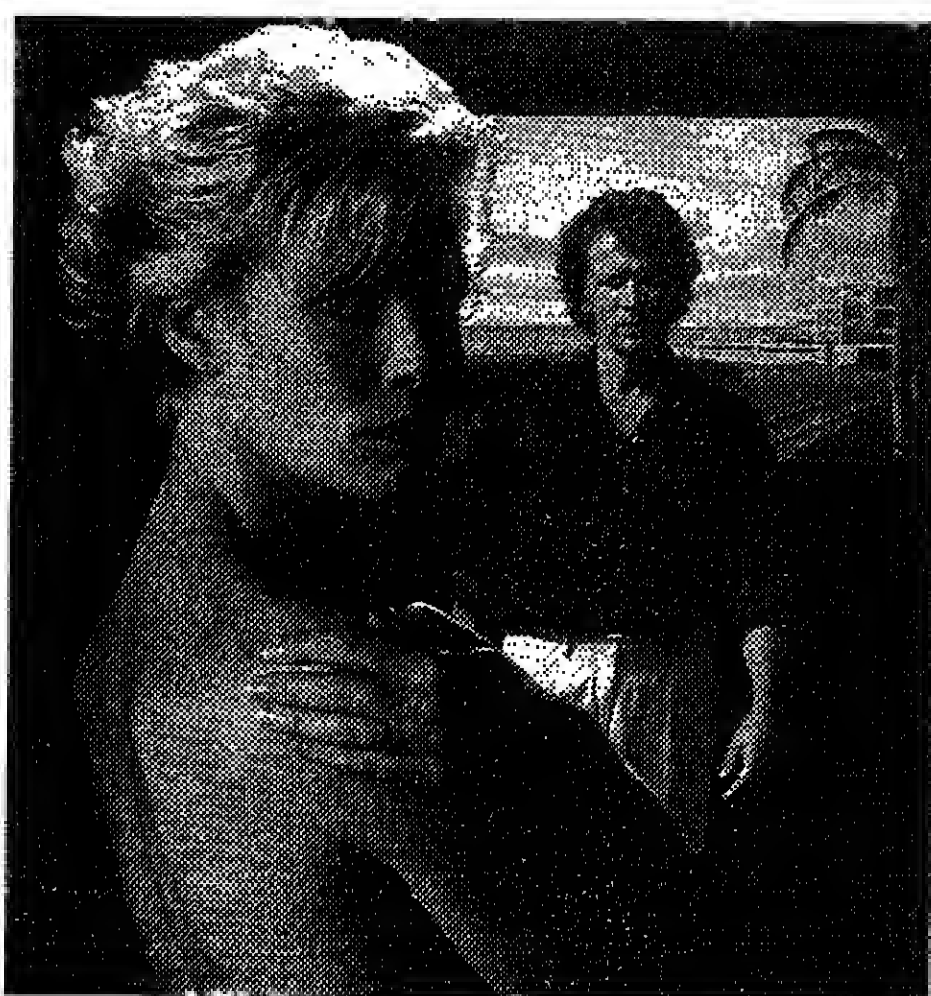
thing you've studied is. But he does. "You see this bin," he says. "It's empty - like you. You don't know anything. But by the time we've finished with you, you'll be a valuable commodity, ready to make your way." "Yeah!" For most students interviews are unsetting because they are a first glimpse of this strange new world. But perhaps the single most terrifying aspect of job hunting is the degree of competition it implies, the seemingly endless process of application and rejection, the humiliations at

telling you he's landed the job with Seachitis that you had wanted and didn't get. The only thing you can do is return to university, buy an ethnic cap, and pretend you're not into Gored.

In the Real World, employers will expect ambition to be directed towards one subject; at university, goals lie everywhere, determined by endlessly shifting standards, and ensuring that no matter what you do, or how you behave, someone somewhere will be despising you. Ambition and competition govern everything: work, sport, sex, politics, drama, journalism, dancing, drinking, not drinking, holidays, hats, everything. Even doing nothing is evaluated rigorously. There is, after all, doing nothing, and doing nothing. If you are going to do nothing in style, you might as well wear black and spend all day smoking in bed: this will get you more points than, say, sitting in your room wearing tank tops. Indeed, I had a friend who was so good at doing nothing that she became famous for it; people would come and study her, to see how it was done, until, sadly, she ruined the effect by getting a starred First.

In fact, job-hunting offers the discerning eye the prospect of many such upsets. What can be more reassuring than hearing that the hitherto god-like figure of the union president is becoming an accountant? Or asking the head of the drama society how her BBC application is getting along? Milk rounds needn't be all bad; they can be a tremendous spectator sport, and they have a hideousness that can make even the jobs themselves seem vaguely attractive. Above all, they offer a gateway to a bright new world, where you can be as dull as you like and no one will mind, since at last, everyone else will have accepted that they're equally dull. Ah, the Real World!

Tom Holland is a student at Brasenose College, Oxford.



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Based on the novel by Elmore Leonard Screenplay by JAMES BORRELLI and ELMORE LEONARD Associate Producer MARI PROVENZANO
Executive Producers GUY COLLINS and JOSH KONSKI Produced by PETER S. DAVIS and WILLIAM PANZER
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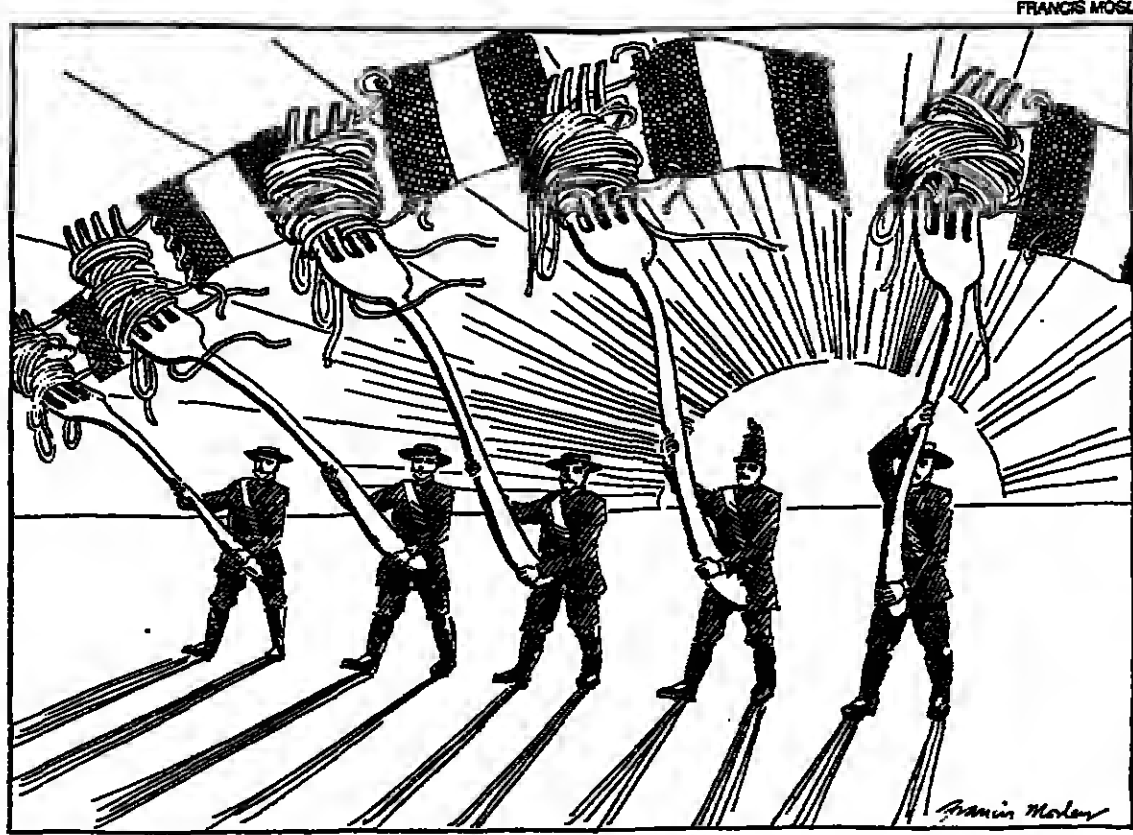
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EATING OUT

Jonathan Meades dines at an imitation brasserie, and enjoys a taste of ideal Italian cooking in Olympia

The first thing to note about the new Grill St Quentin is that it is calculated to give the impression of being the largest restaurant in London — no doubt some of the Cantonesse canteens of south Soho can accommodate more punters, but none of them employs a single space on the sheer scale of this Brompton basement, a former gymnasium. I have no doubt that interested parties can obtain from the management a fact-pack detailing the dimensions of the joint; sufficient to state that whilst it may not be as big as a football pitch, it could certainly make do as one. At least it could, were it not for the pillars — which bring us to point two: this is a "theme" restaurant. Now most "theme" restaurants are zealously down-market — idealized mid-western diners for indigent teenagers, pseudo-colonial outfits for heaven knows who, the sadly-departed Pub Lotus for boy racers (the draught beer was pulled with gear levers, the tables were magnesium alloy wheels). The Grill St Quentin is different. It is a "theme" restaurant for socially ambitious and gastronomically timid metropolitans. The theme is La Coupole, the most famous and largest brasserie in the history of, well, in the history of brasseries. La Coupole is, as I noted when I wrote about it in February, now a replica of its original self, a sort of auto-pastiche. It is this "new" refurbished Coupole that the Grill St Quentin mimics in order to flatter its "knowing" clientele — the *cau-de-Nil* pillars marbled with gilt are ringers for those on the Boulevard du Montparnasse; there is an attempt, too, to reproduce the seating pattern; there is a forest of light wood. And so on.

This is sincere flattery all right, but it's also — how should we put it? — a not particularly imaginative means of creating a very big restaurant. The most striking decorative facet of the original — the paintings at the tops of the pillars — has not been copied. The Grill St Quentin is a dilute pastiche. Still, that doesn't matter: what matters is whether it succeeds on its own patch. London is a very different city to Paris. The egalitarianism of the great French brasseries is unknown in London save at Kensington Place. Certainly there is no marked social mix at the Grill St Quentin. The clientele is manifestly well-heeled, well shod, well suited, and moderately glamorous. The night I dined the punters included a middle-aged pop singer and a vacuum of his aristocratic groupies, numerous actors, many fans. In this regard it's not unlike how Langan's Brasserie was eight or 10 years ago. But it doesn't possess that place's theatricality. Still, there is an unmistakable bustle.



FRANCIS MOSLEY

The other place that Cibo recalls is Orso. But unlike Orso (which uses the same bright pottery plates as Cibo) and unlike The River Café, this joint is owned by a restaurant. The owner is definitely not a restaurant-Italian. He's tremendously enthusiastic, friendly, attentive. He is a young man who does not look as though he has spent his life abusing customers, cursing bad tippers, leaning at women diners. His restaurant is done out with the same energy that characterizes the kitchen, though with rather less expertise. It stays just this side of the chaotic. There is a load of figurative sculpture by Mick Karn (which is for sale) and there are a number of paintings, hung with no particular care. There are also vases full of paint-sprayed twigs and gewgaws wherever you look. The effect is by no means unattractive. This sort of eager ad-locum is invariably more satisfying than the grand schemes of all but the most gifted designers.

As I say, the kitchen is energetic. It has plenty of ideas and doesn't allow itself to be shackled by adherence to purely Italian precedent. An *entrecôte* of beef with steamed caps, braised endives, spinach and oddly delicious roasted potatoes is not so far from the sort of dish one finds in the restaurants of the brighter chefs in France, Belgium, even England. Again, caps fried with garlic is not a particularly Italian dish, though it is a particularly great one. And there is nothing to distinguish Cibo's delicious raw marinated fish (salmon, scallops, tuna) from the same thing in internationally landed Gut Palaces.

All of these were excellent, and so were a number of more obviously Italian jobs, dishes that remind us that Italy borders on Switzerland and Austria, as well as the Med. Asiago cheese is grilled and served with sweet, sweated yellow peppers. *Gnocchi* — wonderfully light potato flour creations — are served with braised rabbit of the utmost savouriness. Mullet is simply grilled and presented with a jug of olive oil and garlic, and a bottle of Pasquali's extra-virgin to pour on it. A fish risotto is very fishy indeed, but insufficiently unctuous to my taste; but this is a small flaw in a memorable meal. The all-Italian wines begin at as little as £5.95 for a Montepulciano d'Abruzzo. With two Camparis and a bottle of fine Chardonnay from Manzoni the bill was £78. This is the last restaurant I shall review this year (next week we publish a hefty chunk of the directory, the week after is prize-giving), and it is one of the best, one of those that satisfies the simple and tell-tell criterion of almost immediately prompting the idea of a re-visit.

Pastiche with water

After less than a month it is already constantly packed. It would be fair to say that this is not because of the cooking and is despite the service. Anyone expecting the standard dishes of brasserie cooking — *choucroute*, oysters, *navarin*, etc. — is in for a disappointment. This is essentially a steak and chips outfit. Given which the chips should be a lot better — they were better in the old Grill St Quentin in Cheval Place. The meat is of unimpeachable quality and is deftly grilled. A lump of beef fillet was marginally superior to a tournedos. This carnal course was preceded by a reasonable, though unevenly cooked *foie gras* terrine and a dish of two grilled goat cheeses, rather sour and yogurt-like *crostini* with a strangely dressed salad. Both liver and cheese were accompanied by toast, which is evidently one of the kitchen's specialties — it also showed up with the beef fillet. It's not easy to figure out why the menu is as short (and, frankly, unexciting) as it is. The St Quentin empire owns at least two *charcuteries* and produces a wide range of terrines, pâtés, etc. Only one of these is offered in the Grill. No doubt the *pâtisserie* here is as

fine as in the retail branch 50 yards away. But having spent more than two hours over two courses, we felt in no mood to hang about while some highly-trained operative took 40 minutes to cut a slice of cake. The service is insultingly dilatory, and when it's not dilatory it is infuriatingly flustered. The two qualities that the management has sought in its staff are the inability to speak even a phrase of English and amnesia. At least it drew the line at rudeness. The staff here, unlike those at La Coupole, are undoubtedly civil. With an ungrudgingly priced bottle of Ch Haut Brissac '85, the bill was £64.

I suppose it's rather futile to draw attention to the stunted culinary aspirations of such an establishment.

GRILL ST QUENTIN

Yeamans Row, Brompton Road, London SW3 0JL (01-581 8377). Lunch and dinner Mon to Sat. 272. Major cards.

ment. Gastronomy is not the point of the Grill St Quentin. There is no pretence to the contrary. In a way it strikes me as being a step backwards, for the most fashionable places of the last few years — The River Café, Kensington Place, Bibendum, Alastair Little, etc. — have also been ones where the cooking was special. At the Grill St Quentin, the social and the gastronomic are once again divorced. This is England.

Cibo is situated in the grim environs of Olympia. If ever a place deserved the sort of audience that the Grill St Quentin is getting, this is it. It is the finest Italian restaurant to have opened in London, maybe in Britain, since The River Café. From which, I guess, it has learnt some valuable lessons. First among these is to offer a menu composed of dishes that you'd more likely find in an (ideal) Italian home rather than in a restaurant. The second is to use very good ingredients in as straightforward a manner as possible. The third is not to do out the premises like an Italian restaurant. The fourth is to employ a staff which, if it includes Italians, does not include restaurant-Italians.

DIRECTORY

Stars — up to a maximum of 10 — are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Prices are for a three-course meal for two. They include an aperitif and modest wine in the case of French places, tea in the case of oriental ones and so on. Prices change: they usually go up. Dishes also may have changed — they are given only as an indication of the establishment's repertoire. I accept no responsibility for disappointments and claim no credit for happy surprises. Always phone first, J.M.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD AND CHARLOTTE STREET

Jamiani
34 Charlotte Street, London W1 (01-638 1178)
★★★★★
Excellent modern restaurant — all adobe walls and wrought-iron chairs. Many of the dishes are to be found in no other subcontinental establishment, for example, curried hare, the battered fish called *Amritsar*, pineapple and vermicelli pudding. And more familiar dishes are associated with unfamiliar panache. But it is expensive: £50 (without alcohol).

Le Lion
117 Tottenham Court Road, London W1 (01-387 4570)
★★★★★
Vanguard of new wave Indian cookery — good quality ingredients, "clean" tastes, herbs as much in evidence as spices. Fine king prawn mussels and star-grilled chicken, well marinated meats. £50.

Chez Gerard
28 Charlotte Street, London W1 (01-638 4975)
★★★★★
Very French steak house. The meat, especially the ribs and the Chateaubriand, is splendid and the *composés* are among the best in town. Dishes of the day include *oeuf Provençal* obviously such as *saïon* with salt cod. The wines are indifferent and the service is hurried. Cheese is better than the sweets. £48.

Zazou
74 Charlotte Street, London W1 (01-436 5133)
★★★★★
Southern French fish restaurant in a smart basement with some sort of cocktail bar on the ground floor. Many of the dishes are slightly and — unusual this — successfully orientated: oysters with curry sauce, salmon with soy and ginger. Grilled fish is simply served with extra virgin olive oil. The cooking is undeniably impressive and so are the cheese which are, oddly, all British. £74.

Ikkyu
67 Tottenham Court Road, London W1 (01-636 9280)
★★★★★
Informal and rather chaotic Japanese basement eatery specializing — the only place in London to do so — in *robata-yaki* (roasted cooking). Much of this is very good indeed: *tempura* and *beef* are excellent, *grilled pickled*, *meaty* *meat* *soup*, wonderful *sashimi* in large portions, *grilled duck*. Marvellously no *cash* when to make pictures on plates. £21.

Rue St Jacques
28 Berkeley Square, London W1 (01-499 0365)
★★★★★
Grandly got-up canteen for businessmen with racks full of credit plastic. Flashy looking dishes for shy tipsters. Overbearing service. £100.

ELECTIC

Morton's
28 Berkeley Square, London W1 (01-499 0365)
★★★★★
A formerly louche club which has cleaned up its act. The bar is straight out of Manhattan, the dining room is more or less True Brit — and it has a balcony which overlooks the square. This is one of the best places in London to lunch in the case of the anguilly *frangula*, cooking is notable — particularly the fish cakes which must be the best ever. Dishes are well priced and reasonably priced. £45.

Le Lion
117 Tottenham Court Road, London W1 (01-387 4570)
★★★★★
Extremely cramped bistro serving generally well made dishes such as pork with brandy and junipers and chicken with a creamy vermouth sauce. Inexpensive wines. £48.

Manage & Trols
15 Beauchamp Place, London SW3 (01-589 4252/584 9350)
★★★★★
One of the most fashionable restaurants of the early Eighties, when its gimmick was to serve only starters and puddings. It now does more than that but is still wildly eclectic. The dishes are well intentioned and often well executed. The wine list is among the best in Britain. £25-£35.

Monkeys
1 Cale Street, London SW3 (01-352 4711)
★★★★★
Shabby, parallel, rather dated Chateaubriand, some of whose dishes are good and some of which might be very good, were just a tiny bit more trouble taken.

Chateaubriand is, oddly, served with *nocturne* *cuisine* *style* *veg* *pudding*; *roast* *lobster* *and* *bass* are well favoured. It is inaccurately cooked, the *cheeses* are *copiously* *portioned* and well kept. *Chateaubriand* *is* *not* *heavyweight* *herb*. £70.

Ciboule
21 Eccleston Street, London, SW1 (01-730 2505)
★★★★★
Small, smart heart of frock designers. The cooking is sedulously bent on novelty — *prunes* *and* *matignon* *turn* *up* *in* *a* *foie* *gras* *terrine*, *crust* *fruit* *mar* *a* *juniper* *sauce*, *beef* *is* *nugget* *by* *heavyweight* *herb*. £70.

Odetta's
130 Regent Park Road, London NW1 (01-586 5466)
★★★★★
All greenery and gewgaws, prints and photos. It looks like a *Sorcerer's* *dial*. But the cooking is considered and accomplished. Crab and chicken mousse, duck with pineapple, quail *sauté* *with* *walnut* *sauce*. Decent wines, *amenable* *service*. £25.

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FOOD
In search of the
perfect turkey

The most fortunate turkeys of 1989 will be spending a quiet Christmas at home in a secluded corner of the Essex flatlands, spared the grand seasonal cull in the interests of eugenics.

They will owe their survival to the dedicated pursuit of the perfect turkey, undertaken by farmer Derek Kelly, down the bloodlines of a dozen breeds, some rescued from obscurity or near-extinction. At some distant date, Kelly believes, a mingling of genes among his breeding stock will produce a turkey which will help supplant the standardized product offered by today's mass marketers.

It is a search constantly frustrated by the death and consumption of its principal participants. "We are getting there, but I can't see us reaching the zenith for another two decades," says Kelly. "The problem is that you eat a very good bird, but then it's dead and you can't breed from it. You just have to hope it runs in the family."

But, when the paragon of shape, size and flavour eventually emerges, it may not be so different from Kelly's black-feathered bronze turkey, a throwback which is already a best-seller on the burgeoning "farm-fresh" and "traditional" markets. This season, traditionally-raised fresh turkeys will account for more than a quarter of the 11 million turkeys sold nationwide and sales of the bronze are climbing.

The bronze's price may be higher, pound for pound — at up to £1.88, which is at least 20p more than the standard, farm-fresh turkey — but not so high as to deter the once-a-year buyer.

Yet the recent history of the bronze is an illuminating example of the vagaries of public taste. Its tangled pedigree leads back to the wild bird first brought home from the Americas by the conquistadores.

Its place was soon taken by its whiter cousins, raised quickly for a place in the freezer cabinet on a diet rich in growth promoters. Blandness was all. But, in 1984, the bronze's time came again. A chance compliment on its flavour from a local butcher prompted Kelly to collect a breeding pool of 120 birds.

The rest is the stuff of marketing legend. By happy coincidence, the revival came at an appropriate time. The Traditional Farm-fresh Turkey Association, whose members' birds sport a gold triangle ticket, was formed five years ago to pioneer the way back from factory farming and it has seen its membership climb to more than 70.

The association's quality code stipulates that the plucked birds should be hung for at least seven days before evisceration, contributing to the slight gamey taste. Equally important to an ever more anxious public, the birds are often reared on a diet of at least 70 per cent corn, free of artificial growth promoters and pass their days in well-aired, open-ended sheds.

The advantages are mutual. The turkey is said to be happier and exposure to fresh air and cold gives it a layer of fatty "marbling" that makes for extra flavour.

But "traditional" rearing techniques should not be equated with free-range, a term still awaiting a strict legal definition. The bronze and other "farm-fresh" birds may see a little more life — about 20 weeks — than their "factory bred counterparts" but no more of the world outside the rearing shed. Kelly is planning a tentative experiment with free-range methods for next year after a recent visit to France where turkeys of some farming co-operatives are still allowed to roam free.

The problem may lie with the consumer. Kelly speaks wistfully of the different French attitudes towards food: "They are ready to pay for quality. Here we begrudge the cost."

William Underhill

Further details from: Derek Kelly Turkeys, Springgate Farm, Danbury, Essex CM3 4EP.

DRINK

Mulling it over

Mulled wine and other warming Christmas cups, punches and toddies can be delicious or disgusting (Jane MacQuitty writes). I have been to plenty of festive functions when the host has bought the cheapest hooch, stirred in a cupboardful of stale spices and bruised fruit, and then wondered why the guests have left early.

The secret behind all hot, alcoholic concoctions is to buy the best and freshest ingredients and never let the mull boil over; if you do, not only does all your precious alcohol evaporate in this process, but the mull takes on an unpleasant stewed flavour.

The most Christmassy of these hot, alcoholic tipples is mulled wine. Every European country has its own version. The Swedes spike theirs with aquavit, cardamom and dried fruit and call it *glögg*. The Germans pour in several shots of schnapps and call it *glühwein*, or glowing wine, but the best recipe I have found is still the simplest.

Christmas Mull: One bottle good, full-bodied inexpensive red wine such as Sainsbury's plummy Arruda (£1.95) or Thresher's Trussell Bulgarian Plavdiv Cabernet (£2.19); pinch each of cloves and mixed spices; several slices of orange and lemon; sugar to taste; plus half a glass of brandy or any citrus-based liqueur such as Cointreau or Grand Marnier.

Place all the ingredients in a large stainless steel or enamel saucepan and heat gently, without boiling. Strain contents through a fine plastic sieve (which stops your guests getting cloves stuck in their teeth) into a large heat-proof jug and serve. This makes six generous glasses.

If this Christmas mull is our best and simplest recipe, then the Bishop is Britain's most traditional mull. No one really knows how it got its name but I suspect its deep purple

colour may have had something to do with it. The Bishop: 1½ bottles inexpensive port, a good ruby such as Sandeman's (Oddbins, £4.99) or Cockburn's (Oddbins, £5.40) or Smith Woodhouse's (Majestic Wine Warehouse, £4.50) will do; two oranges; handful of cloves; one pint hot water; generous pinch mixed spice; 2oz lump sugar to taste.

Stick the cloves into one of the oranges and roast it in the oven for about half an hour. Meanwhile, pour the port into a large stainless steel or enamel saucepan and heat gently without boiling. Pour the hot water and mixed spice into another saucepan and bring to the boil. Remove the orange from the oven and add to the port saucepan, together with the hot spiced water. Stir gently until thoroughly heated. Finally, just before serving, rub the sugar lumps firmly over the skin of the second orange to absorb its zest and oils, discard this orange, and put the sugar lumps into a large heat-proof punch bowl or jug and pour the hot spiced port over them. Serves 15-20.

Cider or beer makes a good base for a hot Christmas cup and this hot apple punch is the most morish I know.

Hot Apple Punch: Six pints medium dry cider; one large cooking apple; soft brown sugar to taste; one large stick cinnamon; two thinly-sliced lemons; one bottle Calvados, try Sainsbury's own-label version (£3.69).

Stick the cloves into the apple and roast it in the oven. Meanwhile pour two pints of the cider into a large stainless steel or enamel saucepan and add the sugar and cinnamon stick. Heat gently until all the sugar has dissolved. Remove the roast apple from the oven and add it and all the other ingredients to the saucepan. Heat gently but do not let the punch boil. Serves 25-30.

Perfect for a red-letter day

BARGAIN BOTTLES

Sainsbury's Arruda, Sainsbury, £1.95
Everyone needs a cheap and cheerful festive red to turn into mulled wine or to serve with those simple pre and post-Christmas meals. The inexpensive plummy fruit and cinnamon spice of this well-made Portuguese red continue to make it the best red bargain-buy in the country, just as it was last year.

Bulgarian Plavdiv Cabernet Sauvignon, Thresher, £2.19
Thresher's canny wine buyer recently scooped up a bargain-buy parcel from the Bulgars, who wanted to sell quickly this robust, rich, truffle wine. Bulgaria's loss is our gain.

1988 Les Roches Blancs, Côte de Ventoux, Waitrose, £2.65
The bright crimson-purple colour and rich, chunky, spicy, herbaceous character and this stylish wine from the Rhône are much classier than its price-tag would suggest.

1986 Sirius, Thresher and Wine Rack, £4.99
Peter Sirius's delicious, ripe, scented, seductive, cassis-laden claret is even more impressive now than it was when it was first launched here last year. Classic Christmas claret.

1978 Romein Garretre, Sainsbury, £3.75
Good red burgundy is too costly to qualify for this "house red" category. But this aged Portuguese red, with its spicy tobacco and truffle-like scents backed up by lashings of warm, winter fruit, makes a great alternative.

1985 Côte du Rhône, Guelig, £4.89
Guelig is one of the great red Rhône names, and this glorious, rich, ripe, spicy-fruity Syrah mouthful is streets ahead of other Côte du Rhône. Perfect with spicy, festive fare.

1989 Anchor's Christmas Ale, Majestic Wine Warehouse, £1.19
Beer drinkers need not be left out just because it's Christmas. Anchor's San Francisco valedine brew changes slightly every year, and 1989's powerful, full-bodied, spicy-hoppy style is one of the best yet.

Make sure that the red wine you serve on Christmas Day fits your feast. Jane MacQuitty continues her guide to festive tipples with the best of the High Street reds

GAME

1985 Wynn's Shiraz, Owens Valley, The Victoria Wine Company, £4.69
A haunch of spiced, well-hung venison is, along with jugged hare, the most

fiendish game dish for which to find a virginal partner. This purple-black essence of blackberry liqueur-like Australian wine should be just the ticket. **Chambolle Musigny, Marks & Spencer, £7.99**
As long as you go easy on those game sauces and stuffings, this classic, non-vintage red burgundy from Bouchard-Ainé should cope with ease. Try opening this M & S offering two hours before the meal begins, in order to let all its spicy, fragrant scents and mature, cedary and tobacco-like fruit to develop. **1986 Cyril Henschke Cabernet Sauvignon, Arthur Rackham, £10.79**
From one of the best wineries in South Australia's Barossa Valley, this intense, luscious, concentrated bramble and cassis-packed Cabernet would go down well with pheasant or grouse.

1986 Clos du Bois Merlot, Davison's, £5.99
California Cabernet is still, I think, the best bet with the festive bird, complete with those much-loved festive garnishes of bacon rolls, chipolatas, bread sauce et al. This rich, plummy, raisiny Merlot from California's Sonoma Valley makes a welcome change.

1985 Santa Rita Cabernet Sauvignon, Oddbins, £4.49, Victoria Wine, £4.69
Not yet in the same league as the best from California or Australia, Chile's impressive Santa Rita Cabernet nevertheless offers lots of robust, ripe, blackcurrant, cedary fruit.

1985 Newton Cabernet Sauvignon, Oddbins, £9.99
Just about as classy a California Cabernet as you can get, blessed, for once, with an equally classy red and black label. Enjoy this rich, spicy, blackcurrant wine with the festive bird, and if you are feeling indulgent with the cold Boxing Day meal.

SPICED BEEF

1985 Pavillon Rouge, Margaux, Marks & Spencer, £16
Not all of us eat turkey on Christmas Day; lots of families enjoy a magnificent rib of beef instead. Beef makes a perfect foil to a great claret such as this utterly delicious, elegant sandalwood and cedarwood-redolent second label from celebrated first-growth Château Margaux.

1979 Les Forts de Latour, Marks & Spencer, £16
Spiced or pickled beef needs the biggest, boldest claret you can find, and this distinguished, powerfully blackcurrant second label from mighty first-growth properly Château Latour should fit the bill nicely.

1985 Gavey-Chambertin, Domaine Alain Bugeat, Davison's, £16.50
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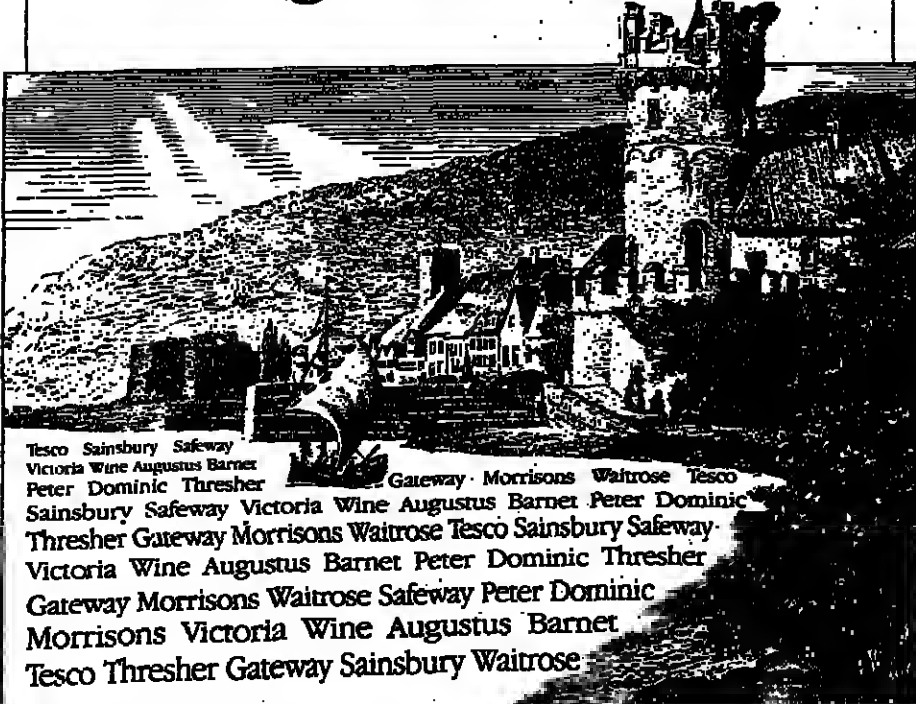
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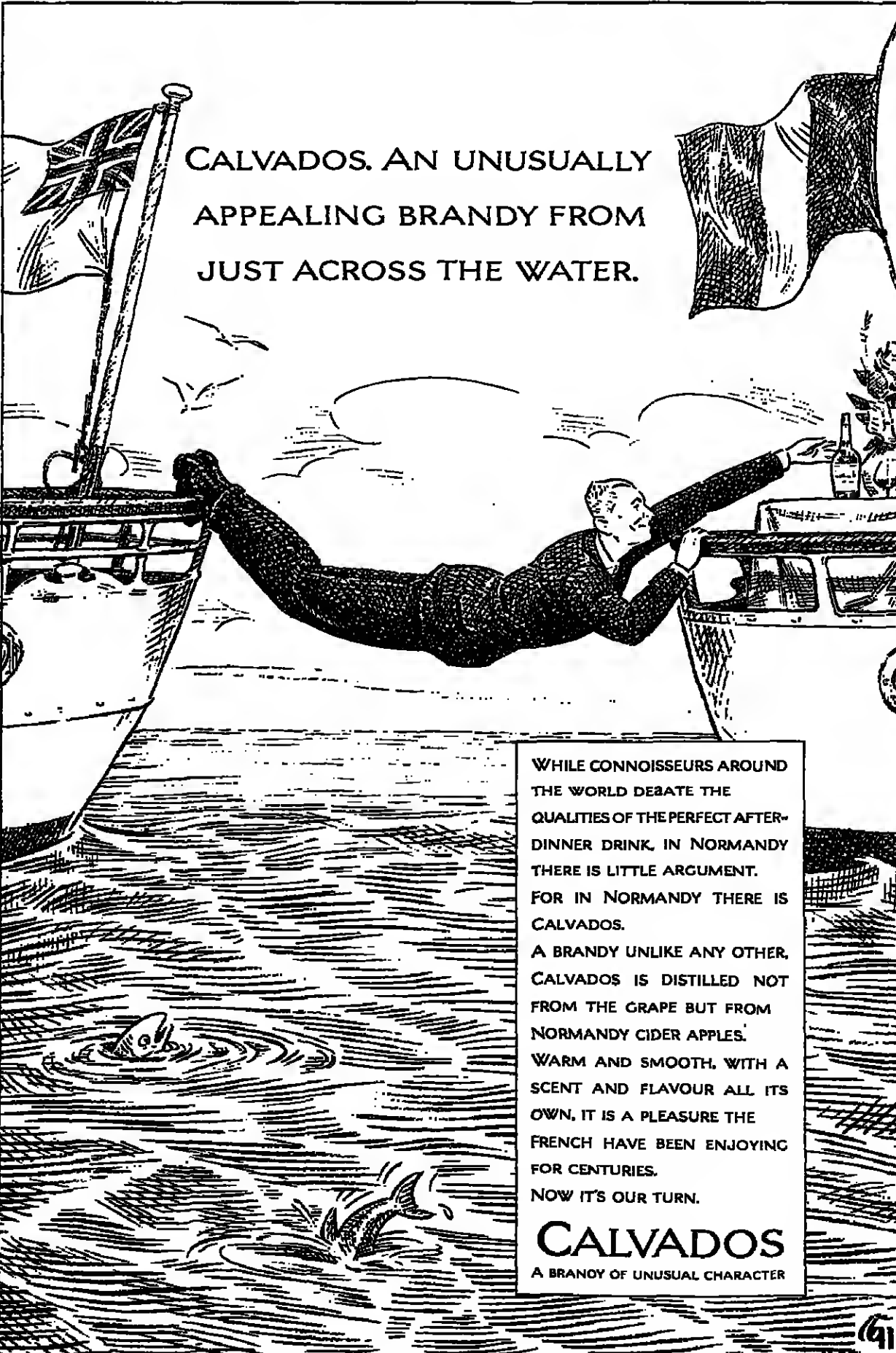


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A BRANDY OF UNUSUAL CHARACTER

Lowering the Tone of illusion

Conor Cruise O'Brien on why a "revisionist"

biography of Irish patriot and reluctant revolutionary

Wolfe Tone has offended republican sensibilities

This is an excellent biography: the first life of Tone to be based on extensive research, and probably also the last "definitive" probably does apply. Don't let the subtitle put you off. It did me, rather, until I read the book. The subtitle is misleading for two reasons. First, it suggests hagiography, of which Wolfe Tone has attracted huge amounts. Marianne Elliott is not a hagiographer; not by any means. Irish republicans have already branded her book as "revisionist", a term of abuse they have borrowed from the Marxist-Leninists, to refer to a blurring-out of unacceptable truth.

The second reason why the title can be misleading is that it can be taken as predicting something that actually happened. In fact what happened, in the 20th century, was the reverse of what Tone had hoped for, worked for, and seems to have expected, in the 1780s and 1790s. Wolfe Tone hoped and worked for unity between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland. The kind of "Irish Independence" that emerged, in December 1921, and that still exists, was independence for the homogeneously Catholic part of Ireland, side by side with murderous interaction between Catholics and Protestants in that part of Ireland that is reluctantly shared by both communities. That the kind of intercommunal strife that was going on in County Armagh in Wolfe Tone's day between the Catholic Defenders and the Protestant Peep o'-Day Boys could still be going on 200 years later is something quite incredible, in terms of Wolfe Tone's understanding, of the way the world was going, and Ireland along with it.

Like many middle-class people born around 1760, anywhere in western Europe, Wolfe Tone was a secular optimist. He thought, God help him, that all those ancient

animosities, in and around religion, were about to disappear under the healing rays of the Enlightenment in his own lifetime. He wishfully exaggerated the extent to which the Enlightenment had penetrated both the Catholic and Protestant communities in Ireland.

"The emancipated and liberal Irishman, like the emancipated Frenchman, may go to Mass, may turn his beads or sprinkle his mistress with holy water. But neither the one nor the other will attend to the rusty and ex-

In 1796, very near the end of his life, Wolfe Tone was living in Paris as a guest of what was still, although only just, revolutionary France. At this time he made a statement, which has become gospel to Irish republicans, representing his entire political career as having been devoted to the revolutionary cause. Elliott refutes this representation, which is what has earned her the epithet of "revisionist".

She shows that from 1790 to 1795, Tone was a radical (although with some vague revolutionary inclinations) whose political work was mainly in the service of the United Irishmen — the movement with which his name is mainly linked in retrospect — but of the Catholic Committee, which was not a revolutionary organization. Its sole object was Catholic emancipation. Tone served the Catholic Committee loyally and capably and it took almost all his time. He became a revolutionary only in 1795, and then almost by accident, being drawn into revolution by others.

It happened this way: in April 1794, the Directory in Paris sent an agent, a Francophile English clergyman named William Jackson, to Dublin with a mission to find out how an invasion of Ireland from France would be received by the people. One of those contacted by Jackson was a friend of Tone's, Archibald Hamilton Rowan. Jackson had brought with him a statement he had prepared about how the French would be received in England; he drew a bleak picture of that. Rowan asked Tone to draw up a parallel statement about Ireland and the French. Tone did so; the result was highly optimistic, on grounds that were partly realistic, partly illusory. When Tone — still not a real revolutionary — found out what was going on, he got his statement back from Rowan, but traces of his contact with Jackson remained.

When Jackson was arrested near

the end of April, a letter from Tone was found among his papers. This was prima-facie evidence of treason, since England (and Ireland) were at war with France. The authorities, rightly at this stage, didn't take Tone seriously as a revolutionary, but they wanted to get rid of him because his work for

the Catholic Committee, while perfectly legal, made him a nuisance to the establishment. So they offered him immunity from prosecution, provided Tone would quit the country. Tone accepted and went to Philadelphia. He soon hated America, mainly on snobbish grounds, and he contacted the

French ambassador. This set him on the road that was to lead, three years later, to his death in a British jail in Dublin, in 1798, and to his status as the proto-martyr and hero of Irish republicanism.

What would have happened to Tone if his French comrades had conquered Ireland (something that

only the weather averted in 1796)? Tone would have been happy enough perhaps for the first six years, as the leading *paria* in a sister republic, which was the French revolutionary euphemism for a tributary protectorate. But, after 1802 when Napoleon became Emperor of the French, those



Tintin visits the land of words

FOR CHILDREN
Martin Spence

TINTIN ILLUSTRATED
DICTIONARY
Harper, £12.95

Is it a Christmas present, is it a language laboratory, is it a user support system, is it a Tintin adventure? Blistering barnacles! This exceptionally good value, bilingual dictionary is everything and, yes, it's fun. In one sense, it is conventional. The approach to language is totally grammatical, with unavoidable old friends like tenses, conjugations, and verbs in party mood. Here is the basic vocabulary you are bound to meet in your first few years of learning French. But, sensibly, there are not too many party guests. The meanings and translations are the most common and the most important; and they are rightly given in order of frequency of occurrence. Colour-packed frames from Tintin's adventures show the words in action.

But, unlike most visual dictionaries, which simply take the French words and illustrate them with a 1:1 picture, this one works both ways. First, it takes English words and turns them into French, with illustrations still captioned in English. Then, after a workmanlike wedge of grammar, comes French-into-English with French-captioned pictures. That, surely, is the natural progression as you learn a language. And, taking well-loved Tintin

frames, recaptioned here for their new function, the Anglo-French editors have geared them to the European, not the British, approach to language: 1992 is *nigh*. Out goes Thatcherite xenophobia, English-as-world-language excuses, and exchange visits where British children are silent after five years' teaching.

In comes application in teaching and learning. In comes this inviting book. There are no short cuts. The Europeans have always known this. That is why they speak such excellent English.

With one pardonable exception, the grammar section exemplifies this elementary truth. The editors have included the past historic tense which, as they rightly say, is never used when speaking; but ignore the subjunctive for practical

purposes until it suddenly pops up in a useful example on page 6. Thundering typhoons!

But what a joy to have a big and beautiful dictionary like this in your Christmas stocking. A dictionary where *Avez-vous la plume de ma tante?* has been remodelled for the 1990s as *Les singes ont pris le fusil du capitaine*, with the addition of a manic frame of chattering monkeys. Where Captain Haddock says "Sniff sniff" to a helpful explanation of why the French have to have more than one word for "smell". Where the difference between the two senses of *croissant* is mediated by the desert moon and Tintin's breakfast. And where, in true Johnsonian fashion, "bark" is defined not by reference to a tree, but to a carefully chosen remark of Snowy's.



Haddock: transcending language



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WILLIAM HEINEMANN

Lives on the front lines

Tim Heald

THE SWORD AND THE PEN
A Selection of Military Diaries
Edited by Michael Brander
Leo Cooper, £14.95

breakfast of sausages and bacon."

These examples are taken from the war diaries of young men, seven in all, who wrote about their experiences in battle between the beginning of the 19th and 20th centuries. The collection celebrates 21 years of military publishing by Leo Cooper, who has produced about 500 titles. Some of these — Cooper mentions Lewin on Silas, Williams on Byng, Lord Anglesey on the cavalry, and Judge Babington on courts martial — have been good and some, he concedes, bad.

Don't mock Newbolt, or scoff at Kipling. When the chips were down, the desert red with the wreck of a broken square. Gearing jammed, Colonel dead, then Englishmen's jaws jutted, lips stiffened, and they were men, my son. On March 15, 1810, in the Peninsular War, Lieutenant George Simmons, who had trained as a doctor before enlisting, recorded: "Major Stewart, as many others have done, asked if he was mortally wounded. I told him he was. He thanked me and died the day following." A month later at dawn Simmons found his old friend Major O'Hare lying dead in the breaches of Badajoz. "Just before he marched off to lead the advance he shook me by the hand, saying: 'A Lieutenant-Colonel or cold meat in a few hours'."

A few years earlier, in India, Lieutenant John Pester wrote in his diary that "Sinclair had no less than 10 shot holes in his hat! The wound in my shoulder was by no means deep, as the weapon ran up under the skin and came out upon the top of the shoulder; a musket shot passed through the cuff of my jacket and took a little of the skin of my arm with it. As soon as I was able to collect the men, I paraded my Company." A hundred years later at Passchendaele the song was still loud. Lieutenant Edwin Vaughan looked down on the Yser Canal, which was "a dark-green swamp, wherein lay corpses of men and bodies of horses." Then he hurried away and: "Our cooks now rolled up and the cooks carried a hot meal over. . . . For my part I had lost my fear now and in spite of the imminent attack and the fearful mass below me, I ate a hearty

rollicking Pester ("killed 23 brace of snipe . . . dined at Mac-Kaulay's . . . paid them the compliment of pushing the bottle handsomely") and the uncomfortable Vaughan ("Soon a line of figures appeared running out of the shelled zone; immediately our machine guns opened and mowed them down. I felt terribly sorry for them, for they looked very new and untired and I was so tired and weary myself.")

Pride of place goes to Simmons in the Peninsular, a vivid writer, a brave and thoughtful man and bold to boot. His spats with the appalling General Crauford are reminiscent of Simon Raven's Fingel dealing with his difficult brigadier. Crauford is rather gratifyingly blown up after an altercation with Simmons over the correct length of storming ladders. Simmons is wounded at Orthez when his "noble servant Henry Short . . . came running to me; and with an oath observed, 'You shall not hit him again except through my body' and deliberately placed himself in front of me." At Waterloo a musket ball broke two ribs and passed clean through his liver. But he was killed out with a corset and lived on to 72 years of age. An authentic hero.

There are blood, toil, tears and sweat in abundance on these pages; plus horror, waste and, in all the writers, more or less, an anaesthetized acceptance of these things. The authenticity is salutary and moving, a demonstration that war for the young changes very little. As far as publishing is concerned, this anniversary book suggests that small, if not exactly beautiful, can at least survive.

JP 11/10/90

Power politics, to the fore

THRILLERS

Michael Hartland

A SONG AT TWILIGHT
By Bryan Forbes
Collins, £12.95

A Song At Twilight is set in a future where Margaret Thatcher has been tipped out of office to chair a chain of supermarkets. Power is seized by Labour's left wing — covertly controlled by the Soviet military intelligence service or GRU which, inspired by *Spycatcher*, has contrived to subvert both the new Prime Minister and the head of MI6. The plot becomes even less convincing as the GRU's General Abramov, irritated by his quashing of a failed coup, schemes to get rid of the PM by promoting financial scandal and IRA outrages. When these fail he has him assassinated to the strains of "Land of Hope and Glory" at the last night of the Proms. Can disgraced spook Alec Hillsden unmask the remaining traitor in time for Right to Prevail?

Despite this demented scenario, Bryan Forbes has written a novel that compels by deft observation of character and detail. Two coppers on the way to examine a corpse in Hyde Park snigger at last night's TV programme on the Californian quest for eternal youth:

"You wouldn't credit the lengths they go to. They had a plastic surgeon on who'd remade his wife like a human Lego kit. Took bits off her arse, had to go at the old hooter, sliced her tits and sucked about a hundred-weight of fat out of her thighs." Jenkins whistled through his teeth, impressed at last.

Seconds later they are both blown to pieces by a terrorist booby-trap: one of many scenes that add a gritty authenticity. Forbes has the narrative power to write a really top-flight thriller. This isn't it — but it's a lot better than most.

● **The Warbirds**, by Richard Herman (Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95). We meet Lieutenant Jackson Locke of the US Air Force at a party in Egypt, dancing naked on a table with his ambassador's daughter. Then he shoots down a Libyan MiG that is trying to destroy a transport plane on famine relief. The Middle East plunges into crisis. Soviet peace overtures evaporate, and the superpowers find themselves in a stand-off that could lead to war in Iran.

A refreshing change from trench coats in dark alleys — this is the sharp end, with vivid descriptions of air combat, the smell of hot oil and fear.

Richard Herman captures the engaging simplicity of service life: our hero may be a prat, but he risks death with courage, and chucks his nubile 18-year-old for "an earth mother built for comfort". *The Warbirds*' aims are more modest than those of many thrillers these days, but well realized.

● **Safe House**, by Derek Kuttan (Century, £11.95). Alfred Baum of

the DST (French counter-intelligence) is the Maigret of espionage — gloomily Gallic, dyspeptic, put upon by incompetent superiors. He faces a classic dilemma. Is defector Alexei Kostov genuine or a plant? A whisky theme, but given bite because Kostov is fingering Antoine Lacharme, the minister who is Baum's boss, as a traitor. . . . Lacharme has the respect of the entire French nation as a stud, so have photographs of his secret homosexuality exposed him to blackmail? The Parisian background is colourful, but what marks this out is Kuttan's skill in building up the tensions between his delightfully rebarbative actors.

● **Contamination**, by Chapman Pincher (Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95). Chapman Pincher is a good investigative journalist. The general enmity with his obsession about Sir Roger Hollis cannot erase the impact made by *Their Trade Is Treachery* in 1981. Alas, having won that threat, Pincher has now turned to fiction. Sex-kitten Dr Wendy Payne of Forton Down discovers a virus that will destroy silicon chips — a mortal threat to the computers that now control every government's defence systems. One might feel that nothing could be of greater benefit, but the discovery rapidly becomes a tool in a tortuous plot by the American president to maintain Gorbachev's even more liberal successor in power against the machinations of Soviet hardliners. The book starts well, bounding along at a crisp pace, but runs into the ground with a laboured plot and two-dimensional characters, short on humour, emotion, and excitement.

● **The Romeo Flag**, by Carolyn Hougan (Headline, £12.95). Neil Walker is a burnt-out CIA troubleshooter. Nicola Ward, a Washington divorcee living only for her anorexic daughter. They are thrown together when he translates Nicola's box of mouldering documents about her parents, who died in wartime China. In an overkill of research, the author crams in Richard Sorge, the hideous Japanese medical experiments on prisoners in Manchuria and the last days of the Tsar in Ekaterinburg — all leading to a traitor in the White House. Hougan is an impressive new writer: a little too slow and predictable in this novel, but intriguing and with considerable human insight.

Seduced by siren song

Peter Jones

AN ODYSSEY ROUND ODYSSEUS
By Betty Rubens and Oliver Taplin
BBC, £10.99

ple have been swanning round seas for 2,700 years. The salty century BC Homeric hero, se determination always to ion his own two feet (preferably ing landed on someone else's) gives a tangle, double edge to heroic efforts to reclaim his ne has subsequently undergone transformations worthy of Cereus, Christian martyr, wanderer, Leopold Bloom, Kirk gins, vaccination mark well to fore, gave a memorably hilar account of him in *Ulysses* (4).

ubens-Taplin do not break new and in their *Odyssey*, but that is the point. Their purpose is to re Homer's *Odyssey* in all its ous twists and turns — how the man himself — accessible to who wish to explore it. With minor qualification, it can be sidered a great success.

ubens-Taplin get off, and stay, the right foot by making the k-fully text-based, in a strong, iminal translation, with case- and para-Harrisonian alliter- ("Surely no one human is ing your flocks by force? ly no one's slaughtering you by key or battery?"). As various odes are told through a bration of translation and nition, the authors turn aside to sider later responses to them. mer, consequently, is set aside with du Bellay, Tennyson, Keats, Cavafy, Seferis, Joyce last three feature very prom-

inently) on the literary side, and Tibaldi, Poynter, Leighton, and most commonly Fuseli on the artistic. The text is superbly illustrated with maps and photographs as well as reproductions, many in colour, and the splendid design format makes it a pleasure to handle and read: a real siren of a book.

But the book's greatest pleasure is its sureness of touch. The Michael Woods of this world seem to spend half their time trying to persuade themselves (and us) that they really know something about the subject in hand. Rubens-Taplin know the *Odyssey* backwards, and have no need to labour the point: page after page of intelligent observation is offered to the reader without fuss or assurance that they really have consulted the world's top experts. This is popularization at its best.

My one reservation is that the enterprise occasionally leans towards the self-indulgent (too many holiday snaps of romantic vistas), or the sentimental ("As we sat in the limpid light of evening . . ."), or even the patronizing ("Two sepa-

rate Odysseuses? [that is, the adventurer and the stay-at-home.] We believe most women and men have both within them . . ."). I suggest that more attention to problems and arguments (à la Wood) could have remedied the tendency. Only two central problems are raised — how were the poems performed? Did Homer use as locations the sites we know as Troy and Ithaca? — and the answers are asserted rather than argued. Malaysian and Javan evidence that the *Odyssey* was performed in two enormous recitations offers no convincing parallel, and while it may be true that Homer knew "our" Troy and Ithaca, and taking different elements of their landscapes, re-worked them into his personal poetic vision, the man is a poet, he has a tradition, and an imagination. Do we assume Sophocles had to visit Lesbos before he could create Philoctetes's island? More space from Rubens-Taplin on these and other issues would have made the repeat even more delicious.

At the end of Plato's *Republic*, Socrates tells how Er returned to life and reported everything he had seen in the underworld. When it came to Odysseus's turn to choose a new life for himself, Er said, "the memory of his former sufferings had cured him of all ambition and he looked around a long time to find the uneventful life of an ordinary man". But I'll bet he's buying copies of Rubens-Taplin for all his friends.



It was the song: Odysseus resists the temptation of an Edwardian vision of sirens, by Herbert Draper

New book of revelations

PAPERBACKS

Karen Armstrong

THE LITERARY GUIDE TO THE BIBLE
Edited by Robert Alter and Frank Kermode
Fontana, £9.99

historical exegesis, which can get in the way of the text. But literary criticism has its own obfuscatory techniques. In J. B. Fokkelman's essay on Genesis, for example, the marvellous stories vanish in a thick, critical fog. He is not the only contributor to interpose himself and his methodology between us and the Bible.

In his fascinating essay "Midrash and Allegory", Gerald Bruns argues that some modern criticism is alien to the spirit of biblical writers. They did not see the scriptures as complete, but as open-ended writings to be constantly invested with new meaning. Pharisaic and rabbinic Judaism did not, analyse scripture to discern the authors' intentions, but believed interpretation and commentary were as authoritative as the texts themselves. Early Jewish Christians rewrote

biblical history to make Jesus its fulfilment.

Gabriel Josipovici argues that they thereby distorted and diluted those writings that were later called the

"Old Testament". In his essay on the Epistle to the Hebrews, he shows that the Jewish scriptures had been content to affirm that there was meaning, without defining this too closely, but the New Testament writers insisted they knew exactly what that meaning was. Their single-minded approach inevitably drained the Hebrew stories of rich ambiguity and complexity, but this did not mean the New Testament presented a homogeneous message. It included rival theologies, some of which could disturb Christians today.

Thus most Christians agree with Paul that Jesus abrogated the Law of Moses and did not, therefore,

keep the Jewish Sabbath and the dietary laws. But Frank Kermode demonstrates in an important essay that throughout the gospel of Matthew, Jesus insists on a more strict observance of Torah than most Jews of his day. In two exciting essays, John Drury shows that Mark and Luke are equally challenging. Mark presents Jesus as a folk tale hero, who blasphemously attacks official religion with a vehemence that would horrify the Christian establishment today. Luke's view of Jesus is closer to Muslim teaching than Christian orthodoxy: as in the Koran, Jesus is seen as a Jewish prophet, not the incarnate Son of God.

In the face of this deliberate inconsistency, dogmatic and aggressive interpretations of the Bible are absurd. *The Literary Guide to the Bible* will not please those who seek fundamentalist certainty in scripture. Indeed, it is a remarkable demonstration of the way the Bible eschews narrow definitions of orthodoxy by allowing discordant theologies to co-exist and interact fruitfully. The Guide also fulfils its objective by showing that there is a deep relationship between literature and religion, despite their obvious differences. Art and religion both attempt a constant creation of meaning, which cannot be achieved by an irritable straining after facts and reason, or confined by sectarian insecurity.

Old gold in new settings

FICTION

Lisanne Radice

THE CROOKED HINGE
By John Dickson Carr
Xanadu, £3.99

THE DETECTIONS OF DR SAMUEL JOHNSON
By Lilian de la Torre
Xanadu, £3.99

THE MISADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
Edited by Sebastian Wolfe
Xanadu, £3.99

Poetry of modern life; the portrayal of paradoxes; highly ingenious puzzles; heights of craftsmanship and virtuosity; works of art. These are among the claims put forward by Xanadu, publisher of a new series of Great Detective mysteries. Are they justified?

There are considerable problems in resurrecting or aping "Golden Age" crime fiction, not least the question of language, of attitudes and beliefs, and of accepted behaviour. And when one adds the structural weakness of the classic crime mystery, its one-dimensional reliance on clever ratiocination, the difficulties of achieving a publishing success are clear.

The modern reader, accustomed to psychological insights, the evolution of characters and the questioning of moral orthodoxies, finds it difficult to accept a mere logical unravelling of carefully placed clues and red herrings.

There are ways of getting round these dilemmas. The publishers can provide their Great Detective with a suitable historical background, so that authenticity is the most important consideration for the discerning few. They can ask the reader to applaud the brilliance of a modern pastiche, or the subtleties of a clever parody, or, the most successful option, they can reissue a Thirties mystery which, despite inherent flaws, can still engage the reader's interest.

John Dickson Carr's *The Crooked Hinge* was published in 1938, and is still a marvellously satisfying read. It has everything a crime fiction punter could ask for: a skilfully unravelled plot; a larger-than-life eccentric Great Detective; a gentle infusion of romance, and macabre and mysterious events. In effect, a brilliant pot-pourri of happenings which provide a tale that is both exotic and yet steeped in the comfortable tradition of the English country house mystery.

Lilian de la Torre, in *The Detections of Dr Samuel Johnson*, has opted for the historical solution. Her detective is Dr Johnson, his chronicler, as ever, James Boswell. The emphasis here, surprisingly, is not so much on Johnson's logical elucidation of cleverly presented clues, but rather on the quirks and eccentricities of 18th-century society. This is a pastiche which relies on the reader's ability to suspend belief in the great lexicographer as a man of culture and sedentary habit and accept him as a swashbuckling hero. The crime fiction addict, hoping for a rational appraisal of carefully placed clues, will want his money back.

Parodies, burlesques, and "un-official" adventures make up the contents of *The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Comic crime fiction is difficult to achieve, partly because of the nature of detective mysteries — murder is rarely amusing — and partly because readers expect more than humour. So, despite a galaxy of famous names which include P. G. Wodehouse, Stephen Leacock and H. R. F. Keating, this collection of short stories doesn't come off, being neither particularly funny nor outrageous enough for the serious connoisseur of the logical explanation for illogical events.

In trivial pursuit of Elvis

David Sinclair

ELVIS: HIS LIFE FROM A TO Z
By Fred L. Worth & Steve D. Tamberius
Corgi, £12.95

and valuable reference work on the most popular mass-market entertainer of all time.

But the book tends to be weighed down with facts at the expense of any sort of critical insight. We learn that *The Trouble With Girls* was the only Presley film to be given a subtitle (*And How To Get Into It*), but there is nothing to indicate whether it was a better or worse production than *Jailhouse Rock*. Occasionally, when it is unavoidable, the authors dip their toes in

the hot water of controversy, as with the entry on Presley's manager Colonel Tom Parker, a man widely regarded as venality incarnate. They accuse Parker of not guiding Presley's career with sufficient wisdom or sensitivity, but feel constrained to add, in a footnote, "Although we . . . personally feel that Elvis's career could have been more spectacular than it was, how does one argue with success?"

Similarly, how does one argue with a volume like this, since its all-consuming, encyclopaedic nature is nothing if not a pure reflection of the singularly overwhelming nature of Presley's success?

In among the flotsam there are nuggets that provide genuine insights into the life of a man who could never have known more than a tiny fraction of this much about himself. The reproduction of a letter which Presley wrote to the then President Nixon in a shaky, spidery scrawl offering to bring his in-depth knowledge of "drug abuse and communist brainwashing techniques" to bear on solving the American nation's problems, is plainly the work of a confused, childishly well-intentioned man.

Apparently, Presley's last words, in reply to his girlfriend's admonition not to fall asleep in the bathroom, were: "OK, I won't".



Systematic fanaticism: Presley at the height of his powers, aged 21 in 1956

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THE ARTS

New York: Holly Hill reviews the rise and fall of Broadway theatrical fortunes

Deep-cutting critics

Digging up dirt

TELEVISION
Oscar Moore

Whatever our romantic attachment to the Raj, the India of today, the 40-year-old democracy that has seen 38 years of Congress Party rule, is a teeming cauldron of hoveis and high-rises, riddled with sectarian violence.

To understand this nation, living with the myth of its own unity, speaking in many tongues, requires an imagination as rich as India itself. Salman Rushdie is the perfect translator of India for the British. Eschewing our sentimentalism, he thrusts his exiled nose into the dungheap of misery, poverty and hatred on the streets of Bombay ("A sophisticated blith of a city") and describes every flavour of the stench.

Taking its cue from Rushdie's *Midnight's Children*, Geoff Duggan's *The Middle of Midnight* (Channel 4) sends the writer back to his homeland in the year of their 40th birthdays. In search of his own generation, Rushdie sits down with right-wing Hindu politicians, the rabble rousers of religious hatred, with the women of the pavement, the first victims of political wham ("When Indian politicians speak of beauty, the poor know it is time to watch out"); with good-hearted tailors; Marxist labourers; and a Sikh woman who hid while Hindu thugs beat and burned her husband and sons.

Here is the most horrific version of a tale that weavers through all these lives: religious fanaticism. For all the collisions of wealth and poverty, it is the clash of gods that is paralyzing India.

Our schools are heading for their own paralysis as the new national curriculum leaves teachers demoralized, exhausted and paradoxically under-used. Forced to adopt a system that turns its back on 20 years of educational psychology and deprives teachers of initiative, they are leaving in droves: up to 8,000 a year, according to *Public Eye* (BBC2).

The new free-market education system reeks of Victorian ethics: achievers are rewarded, losers are abandoned. Instead of nurturing children's individual talents (academic and non-academic) the system forces them on to an educational assembly line as "products", each worth £1,000 to the school that wins them. We are building a system of hot houses and trash cans, with no scheme for recycling the human waste.

Martin Cropper

The grim brick lamp in Colindale, where the British Library's newspapers find their eternal crypt, provides a temporary home for all manner of truffling transients. Tomorrow's fish wrappers may work on the principle of instant disposability, but the day after tomorrow they will always be someone who needs to examine the early career of the Bay City Rollers or decode Edwardian snuff advertisements.

Colindale's Diary (Radio 4, yesterday) talked, among others, to a woman who wanted to read about her father's death during the Blitz, and a tight-buttoned gent investigating the programmes of the Criterion Theatre in the early Fifties. "I have personal reasons to want to know what someone saw at that time."

That was refreshing; so, too, was the Mrs Olliphant bibliographer warning of the dangers of being sidetracked by trivia. If Mrs O's copious effusion does not itself constitute trivia, what does? Most poignant of all was the girlfriend of a sometime international darts player from Walthamstow. Words cannot do justice to her satisfaction at discovering photographic evidence of the boyfiddler receiving a trophy from a page 3 girl.

The programme was a deft and busy collage of voices and sounds: doors, coughs, seething corridors where anonymous shoes walked miles. Several pairs undoubtedly belonged to research-happy biographers who, in a year or so, will be telling us more than we wanted to know about the contemporary but thematically irrelevant public events in the lives of various princes of showbusiness. Someone should research the origins of this sorry habit. My theory is that, having flogged themselves up to Colindale in the first place, biographers feel they need to justify the expenditure of their time.

The voice of the week was a repeat from 1889: a reedy, distant contralto that sounded like someone delivering a sermon in a hailstorm. It was *Robert Browning* (Radio 3, Monday) reciting the opening of "How they brought the good news." The Edison cylinder on which it was recorded did the poem few favours, the clearest line being: "I'm terribly sorry but I can't remember me own verses."

Our new plays opened on Broadway this autumn, and the best of them closed after two weeks' run. Of those who saw both the National Theatre's and David Hare's production of *Secret Rapture*, I believe that I am alone in finding as many aspects of Hare's casting and direction to endorse as the NT's. There were few wholehearted peritisms of the play or production here; even if there had been, Frank Rich's killer notice in *The New York Times* would doom a serious drama without a star on Broadway.

The power of *The New York Times* and the practices of its chief theatre critic have become a cause célèbre through a widely publicized exchange of letters between Hare and Rich. Hare braved accusations of sour grapes to raise issues that are real. Though Rich is not alone among Manhattan critics who are growing increasingly vitriolic when they do not like a play or some aspect(s) of the production, Rich's voice is as a thousand against 20. Given the dominance of *The New York Times*, this would be true if its chief theatre critic was Peter Rabbit.

The controversy could be beneficial, but looks more likely to have been chilled by *Newswatch*'s suspension of its longtime theatre critic, Jack Kroll, who publicly supported Hare's views. The problem is among the most acute in Broadway's struggle to survive as more than a thoroughfare for blockbuster musicals, light comedies, and star-studded revivals.

An inventive star-system is being used by A.R. Gurney Jr's *Love Letters* (Edison Theatre). The play covers 40-something years of letters between two Gurney quintessential WASPs: a poor little rich girl and a dutifully conventional male. The material is amusing, poignant, and penetrating in its observation that it is possible to know and to love some people better through letters than in person.

The production has a great gimmick: the letters are read,

Star-studded: a revival of Maughan's *The Circle*, with Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns and Stewart Granger

scripts in hand, by two performers sitting at a table. The minimal rehearsal needed by director John Tilling, and the week-long engagements, enable diverse stars to grace Gurney's play. Jason Roberts and Colleen Dewhurst began the Broadway run; among others expected are Lynn Redgrave, Kevin Kline, Alexis Smith, William Hurt, Elaine Stritch, Kate Nelligan, and Kris Kristofferson.

A satirical comedy about Washington scandal, *Mastergate* (Criterion Center), depicts Senate hearings about an attempted CIA takeover of a Hollywood studio in order to funnel \$800 million in arms to Central American guerrillas through a Vietnam epic, "The Movie", shot in a Philippines ruled by President Neiman Marcus. The hard-brained politicians are anxious to answer two questions: "What did the President know?" and "Did he have any idea he

knew it?" The script by Larry Gelbart (who wrote the book for *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and the film *Tootsie*) has its loony appeal, but is weighed down by efforts to reach ever-ascending heights of cleverness. "Although his name appears in the minutes of the meeting, he did not spend a minute in the meeting."

A nifty courtroom drama, *A Few Good Men* (Music Box) gives no competition to *Witness* for the Prosecution or *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* as a genre classic, but it does give Broadway a promising boulevard dramatist, 28-year-old Aaron Sorkin. Long on story and short on ideas and characterizations that would pass even cursory examination, the play is nevertheless entertaining, with a spiffy production directed by Don Sorkin and an engaging cast of 20 led by Tom Hulse. Sorkin's most evident talent is for

snappy dialogue. Hulse, playing a Navy lawyer assigned to defend two marines accused of murder, is first encountered on his way to see a client who stole and smoked a pound of opium, a case he describes as "possession of a condiment."

The star-studded revival of Somerset Maughan's *The Circle* (Ambassador Theatre) has settled in for the season. Rex Harrison is in top form as Lord Porteous, his debonair and grumpy charm bounding off the ripe and wistful allure of Glynis Johns' Lady Kitty as if they were on the Centre Court at Wimbledon.

The surprise of the production is the Clive of Stewart Granger, who has been away from the stage for 30 years and comes back as if he had been away just 30 minutes. Granger's lighthearted, surefooted performance turns the workhorse role of Maughan's play into a thoroughbred.

Good, bad, great

THEATRE
Jeremy KingstonCinderella
Theatre Royal,
Stratford East

Colour, rousing songs, good jokes and bad behaviour — Philip Hoadley's production pulls in these vital components and the result is a grand evening for one and all.

Sappiness would soon get the book at this East End venue, and there is none of it in David Cragan's zesty new book; about the only time it pops up in his lyrics (cheeky tunes by Brian Protheroe) is in the Prince's love song, when the young fellow tells the abandoned slipper and chirrup on about his heart. He is played by a man (Mark Haddigan), initially as a royal wit, who just wants to do kind things to the less fortunate.

Unlucky for a panto story, he meets Cinderella beside her mother's coffin, and you will take the measure of the show's breezy attitude to sorrow from one of the verses the cast sing to cheer her up: "If you find it hard to wave/ 'Cos your mother's in her grave/ Skip a bit and smile!"

A show that can take in its first stride such irreverence will clearly cock more smocks before the evening is out, and the assault on decorum is manically led by the

two Ugly Sisters (Yvonne Edgell and Michelle Fine). The spilt-schooled, finger-up-the-nostril type, their toothy grins a severe reproach to dental artistry, they are raucously, blissfully, awful. Strill voices while singing, however, distort the words; I caught "chivvy" and "skivvy" and "privy", but lost the rest.

The dame, imperiously played by Michael Bernstein, whips the audience — "Pack of trouble-makers!" — into a frenzy of hisses and ribald abuse. Clutching a cape of furry animals sewn with a crocodile skin for good measure and a sitting pleasant on her hat, she courts Cinderella's father, marries him in a trice, abhors him in a cupboard and provides a strong background story to support the well-known tale.

This gives help to the characters, who combine the required panto effervescence with more than the usual allotment of credible behaviour. Michelle Gayle is a spunky Cinderella, quite capable of teasing the traditional milkop heroine on her kitchen spit. Neither she nor the show can negotiate the handle of preferring someone more important than Buttons (a spy, winning performance by Ian Bartholomew), but she does make him Prime Minister at the end. Her godmother is played by the excellent Geraldine Fitzgerald in a constant rush and a blue fright wig.

Two children from the audience get tickets to the on-stage ball, and silver wands cost 75p at the door.

Irving Wardle

Ariadne
The Place

In the opera *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Strauss and Hofmannsthal devised a marriage of 18th-century comedy and classical myth. In this performance-art piece, Annie Griffin and the Gloria company stage a collision between romantic opera and popular song.

That is a respectful way of describing a show in which deconstruction takes the form of a graffiti-spraying free-for-all. As in the opera, we find the abandoned Ariadne (Leah Hausman) languishing in her island cave (decorated with a reading lamp, a fox's head and other home comforts), facing another empty day like Beckett's Winnie, and mutinously resisting the musical director's rehearsal call.

As in Strauss, she is attended by Echo (curled up in the folds of her robe), and also by Zerbinetta and Harlequin — with the difference that Liz Ranken's Zerbinetta appears in ragged tights and an inner-tube tutu and goes in for songs like the rude version of "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" and Harlequin (Frankie E. Loiret) makes his jack-in-the-box entrance as a ratty dog in search of a partner. Into this lively scene sails the stately figure of Beverly Lytt in long white dress and soaring voice, delivering arias in German.

I think an encounter between the romantic and carnal impulses is intended. But, company-devised shows being what they are, the thematic line branches off into images of swimming and drowning (islands, after all, are surrounded by water); and those who do not perish that way are apt to be polished off with Ariadne's pistol.



Free-for-all: Rankin and Loiret

There is some talent on this stage. The set, by Laura Ford, consists of an assemblage of wooden waves, like outside shoe-shop footstools, which enforce interesting patterns of movement, as stepping stones and slides. Nicholas Bloomfield's arrangements, from Strauss to Gershwin and Harold Arlen, are organized with sharp dramatic impact, and as a pianist Bloomfield has steel in his fingers.

There are some passages where voluptuous Viennese cadences blend with Broadway melancholy and momentarily produce the intense emotional dissociation at which Griffin seems to have been aiming. But her direction is such that simultaneous effects blot out, rather than reinforce, each other. The spoken text is dreadful, and, as so often in shows of performance skills, acting is a skill that gets left out.

John Percival
The Prince of
the Pagodas
Covent Garden

It is not often that one's warmest thoughts go to the orchestra at the end of a ballet night at Covent Garden. I do not know whether the credit for that after *The Prince of the Pagodas* belongs most to Benjamin Britten for the interest of his score, to the players themselves, or to Ashley Lawrence as guest conductor, but musically everything comes together, and I happily praise them all.

A new trio in the leads on Wednesday made surprisingly little difference to the total effect. To follow the distinctively individual Darcy Russell in a role made specially for her must be daunting, but Viviana Durante has the benefit of more experience in leading roles and must know that she is the better actress of the two. I would say that until the last big solo she had the edge, thanks

particularly to sharper phrasing which enabled her to put a little variety of pace and shading into what had seemed a bland role. But it would be silly to propose a rivalry between these two: they are so different, both exceptional, and together the brightest hopes for the Royal Ballet's future.

Stuart Cassidy, another of the company's young bloods, is hardly less live and slippery than Jonathan Cope as the hero's salamander transformation, and when restored to human guise he proved the more dashing except in (again) the last solo, where his initial derring-do came slightly adrift.

As the wicked Princess Epine, Deborah Bull jumped, kicked, glowered and threatened with great gusto but to limited effect. That neither she nor Fiona Chadwick can make much of the part makes me think the faults must lie in what they are given to do.

Apart from Georgiadis's glowing glass Pagodaland and travelling castles, the ballet's stage craft is desultory. Cack-handed re-telling of the story and uneven choreography (sometimes brilliant, but often trivial) result in a situation where the music is often telling of wonders we do not see.

CONCERT
Noel Goodwin
LPO/Tennstedt
Festival Hall

Klaus Tennstedt was toweringly in command on Thursday, as he has been since his appointment as the London Philharmonic's musical director. He has a few rough edges in the ensemble, but particular credit is due to the eloquent legato phrasing of violas and cellos, and to a fervent brass choir of whom the first horn made the most of his solos.

The way was prepared at the start of the programme with a weighty, dramatic account of Beethoven's First Symphony. Tension was seldom allowed to relax and the cantabile marking for the andante was more urgent than gracious. For the minuet movement that became the first of Beethoven's scherzos in all but name, Tennstedt found a lingering sense of fustian that brought his own rewards, before he braced the vigorous last movement on a exuberant rhythmic impetus.

sense of adventure was still apparent when it came to launching the finale, after the heavy tread of the slow movement had been tempered by a tenderness (almost a sense of nostalgia), and after a faintly rhythmic hunting-tale in the scherzo.

Transitional episodes throughout were finely graded, and the orchestral playing was grandly sonorous in the great climaxes, with some delicate transparency in the lighter passages. There were a few rough edges in the ensemble, but particular credit is due to the eloquent legato phrasing of violas and cellos, and to a fervent brass choir of whom the first horn made the most of his solos.

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Squeezing the entertainment world

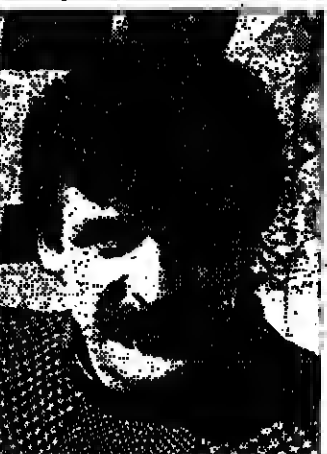
Stephanie Billen talks to the adventurous
circus entrepreneur, Gerry Cottle

A man squirms on the pavement, burrowing his body through an upended garbage can, seemingly on some desperate scavenging mission. This is an unusual scene for the citizens of Minneapolis, and one about to become odder still. Suddenly the man's foot pokes out from the can, beside his head. Even the photographer who set this up is stunned. Argentinian contortionist Hugo Zamoratte has, as usual, gone beyond the call of duty.

British circus-owner Gerry Cottle, visiting the Royal Hanneford Circus in Minneapolis to meet Zamoratte for the first time, is particularly pleased to "capture" him, not least because he is no run-of-the-mill triple-jointed person, but one who specializes in getting into bottles.

"One of the main reasons I booked him for the Christmas show was that I loved the rhyme of the 'man in the bottle' act in what he claims is the biggest Christmas circus London has seen, to be presented at the 2,500-seat Wembley Centre. He is incurably optimistic about his choices, though he admits that the curiosities he has picked up on his travels have not always been successful. "My worst choice was an act called King Fu, a big Swedish fellow. He used to stick pins through his arms and cheeks. I was going to Hong Kong for the third time and I had my normal lions, the tigers, the moon-rocket and polar bears; but I wanted to make it a wider show. I had a lady swimming in a tank with crocodiles and I thought King Fu would fit into that kind of scene. But they didn't like it. It offended them. It was that bad I nearly sent him home."

Zamoratte's exploits are impressive. Aged 42, he is not a small man at 5 ft, 11 ins. The secret of his act — which includes getting into a box as well as a bottle — is his astounding ability to bend body and limbs in whatever direction necessary, to turn him into little more than a distorted torso. Even the warm-up exercises, in which he seems to take each arm out of its socket, do not prepare audiences for his



Circus folk: Gerry Cottle, left, and contortionist Hugo Zamoratte, star of the "biggest circus in London"



In the evening Cottle gives a running commentary on Hanneford's circus, offering his opinions on the human and animal performers: "Chimps need a lot of love, you never see chimp owners with children of their own ... every horse rider has bad knees ... lions are lazy, mind you I shouldn't say that — a friend of mine was killed by a lion ... people who hang by the hair are always bad tempered ... elephants can be killers; they say elephants never forget, but what they mean is that an elephant will wait."

At one stage the human cannonball waves cheerfully at Cottle. "He used to work for me. He was supposed to pack up the chairs at the end of the show. Wouldn't do it. No, he's a superstar."

Even though the frank unfriendliness of Tony Hanneford, this is one occasion on which Cottle feels no great desire to negotiate for acts. But his worldwide scouting has helped to make

his circus what it is. The special acts this Christmas — Zamoratte, a pair of black female trapeze artists called Satin, and Harrison's sea lions — were all wooed from America's huge Ringling Brothers/Barnum and Bailey circus. Cottle's international reputation has been secured by his circus's tours to places such as Iceland, the Orkneys, Malaysia, and, disastrously, Iran, where he was bankrupted by the fall of the Shah.

Cottle's adventurous spirit shows no sign of letting up. Plans are afoot for the establishment of a new business. "I run the circus quite easily now, and I'm very interested in antiques. I think people would buy unusual things, collectables such as Coca-Cola fridges from America. I sell loads of red telephone boxes, as a hobby, from my house."

• Gerry Cottle's Christmas Circus is at the Wembley Centre, London (01-902-1234), from December 23 to January 14.

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

RECORDS

Pianistic pilgrimages

JAZZ UPDATE

Count Basie & His Orchestra The Atomic Mr Basie (EMI/Roulette CDP 732732)
A classic from 1957, and one of the last great flourishes of the post-war Basie band. Fuelled by Neal Hefti's arrangements and outstanding solos from "Lockjaw" Davis and Thad Jones, the ensemble passages overflow with confidence. Bennie Moten's Kansas City Orchestra Basie Begins, 1929-1932

(Bluebird ND90403)

This reissue covers the Count's debut on "The Jones Law Blues" through to the famous session in which Ben Webster helped propel "Motel Swing", "Toby" and "Lafayette" into jazz history. Irene Reid The Lady From Savannah (Bluebird MGS 65)
The ex-Basie singer rekindles the atmosphere of her residency at Ronnie Scott's. Mike Carr's organ and Jim Mullen's guitar form a fluid backdrop for a performance topped by a Dinah Washington-style blues medley.

Carols and a three-day wonder

JAZZ

Clive Davis

Benny Bailey For Heaven's Sake (Hot House 1006)
Winton Marsalis Crescent City Christmas Card (CBS 465879)

A new release by Benny Bailey is rare enough. The news that the trumpeter's recording comes from the same date which produced Tony Coe's album, *Canterbury Song*, makes any recommendation almost superfluous.

A former member of the Dizzy Gillespie big band, Bailey settled in Europe in 1953, building a reputation as a first-division sideman and session musician. Recordings under his own name have been few and far between, although a long stint with the big band of Kenny Clarke and Francis Land helped keep him in the public eye.

Canterbury Song and *For Heaven's Sake* were recorded in the space of just three days, using identical personnel. I hesitate to put Bailey's effort in the same league as Coe's, mainly because the Englishman provides a more engaging, if conservative, choice of material. But there is exactly the same relaxed empathy between the soloists and the rhythm section of pianist Horace Parlan, bassist Jimmy Wood and drummer Idris Muhammad.

Bailey gets down to business from the start with a fiery tribute to Roy Eldridge in "Little Jazz".

Spitting through muted horn, he scuds through the choruses at a pace which keeps Parlan and the others at full stretch. None of the other tracks has quite the same impact, though Coe's clarinet entry on a brisk "Mood Indigo" comes close. For the rest, it is a case of quiet, unassuming craftsmanship, Bailey's punctilious solos balanced against the reed player's more romantic flourishes.

The Bailey album comes complete with classy packaging of a sort not normally associated with the smaller labels. Judging by the tacky yuletide picture on the cover of Winton Marsalis's album, the art department at mighty CBS has either gone on strike or been taken over by the Stateside equivalent of YTS trainees.

A strait-laced neo-conservative, Marsalis is the last person you would expect to tackle a collection of Christmas carols. The results, by and large, are predictable enough, with the trumpeter's fearless intellect scorches the joy out of the old favourites.

Kathleen Battle adds her voice to "Silent Night", and Joe Henderson fights a losing battle with "Sleigh Ride". The main point of interest, once again, is Marsalis's continuing experiment with instrumentation: the groups performing here include a nonet (featuring Joe Temperley and Alvin Batiste), a septet and a quartet. Marsalis has the ambition — and the corporate backing — to dabble on this scale. How long will it be before he brings all the elements together in an outright success?



Winton Marsalis: fearsome intellect scorches Christmas favourites

CLASSICAL

Hilary Finch

Jorge Bolet plays Liszt
Bolet/LPO/Solti (Decca 425 689-2)
Debussy: 16 Preludes Jorge Bolet (Decca 425 518-2)
Brahms: Piano Concerto No 1 Schiff/WPO/Solti (Decca 425 110-2)
Mozart: Piano Concertos K414, 449 Schiff/Camerata Academica des Mozarteums Salzburg/Vegh (Decca 417 886-2)
Mozart: Piano Sonata K310, 333, 545 Maria João Pires (DG 427 788-2)
Rachmaninov: Piano Concerto No 3/Bartok No 2 Bartok/LPO/Eschenbach (EMI CDC 7 48861-2)
Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No 1 Kissin/Berlin PO/von Karajan (DG 427 485-2)

Those who were disappointed to miss the indisposed Jorge Bolet recently in London may take consolation in the fact that his 75th birthday is being celebrated by his record company, too. Decca has chosen a selection from his eight-volume complete Liszt recordings, and added to it a new-minted performance of Liszt's orchestration of Schubert's *Wanderer-Fantasy*, in which the London Philharmonic and Sir Georg Solti join forces.

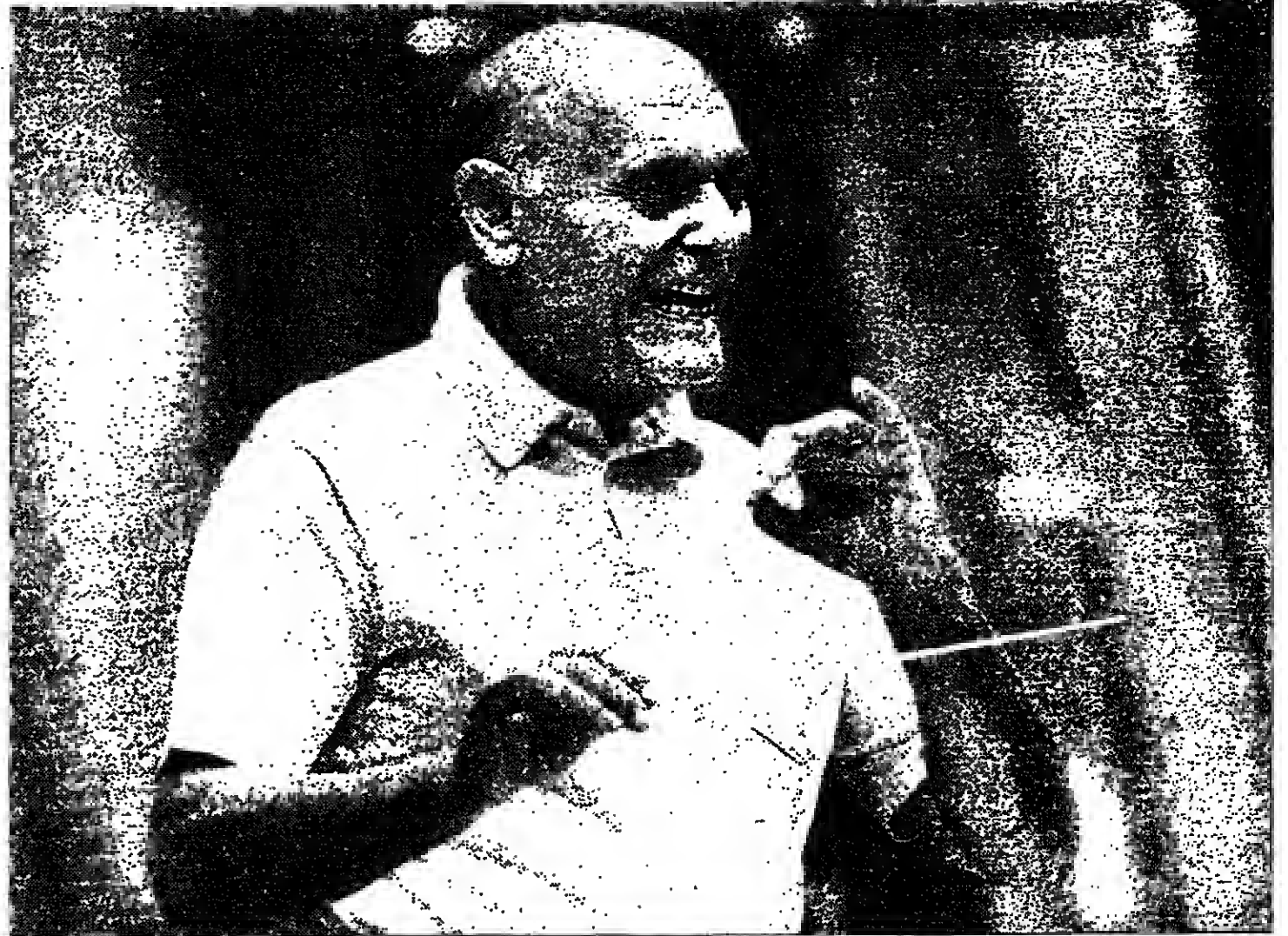
Until the central meditation on "Death and the Maiden", Liszt's version is altogether more fun, and neither Solti nor Bolet seems averse to the idea of gilding vision with virtuosity. With characteristically crisp brass, Solti starts as he means to go on in this strange hybrid, which yields a true concerto for orchestra. We are then presented with one of each of the three *Années de Pèlerinage*. Bolet's "Au Bord d'une source" moves weightlessly as the singing line surfaces through the liquid figuration as if being hummed *en plein air*.

There is, in case we need to be reminded of it, Bolet's uniquely delicious "Liebestraum" No 3; there are Liszt's pianistic mirror-images, marvelously revealed through a tracery of figuration in "Un sospiro"; and there is a hitlike, drumming "Tarantella". Above all, there are two Schubert song transcriptions: "Auf dem Wasser zu singen", in which one voice tracks the other in a series of refracted water images; and "Die Forelle", in which Bolet's winsome combination of showmanship and naivety is bound together by a deep and obvious affection for both composers.

Bolet's Debussy, recorded more than a year ago in San Francisco, is something of a revelation. His choice of 16 Preludes from Books One and Two is marked by a sense of recollection in tranquillity. There is more golden rain than there are rockets in "Feux d'artifice"; Bolet's "Danseuses de Delphes" has a wonderful length of stride and depth of tone, yet the chords are light and translucent in "Le Vent dans la plaine"; and the wind is felt as if through the watery movement of the grass itself, such is the delicacy and evenness of Bolet's sinuities.

Solti cracks the whip for Andras Schiff, too, in a stirring performance of the Brahms First Piano Concerto, whose drama is heightened by an intensely close, physical recording. The work is given a difficult birth in the cracking first chord, the slow, deliberate trills, timpani and strings spaced wide apart, and the continuing strife of bow and string. Schiff maintains tension by emphasizing, in a manner not dissimilar to Brendel, the combative activity of the two hands.

The Adagio is characterized by even pace and lemon-sharp woodwind: Schiff stretches both the fingers and the harmonic muscle to the full. He tames Solti's bark, if not his bite, in the piano's luscious interludes within the final nimble



Not afraid to gild vision with virtuosity: Sir Georg Solti (above) and Jorge Bolet join forces with the LPO to celebrate Bolet's 75th birthday

Rondo. Schiff and Solti exploit the concern's Schumann connection (the slow movement is both memorial for Brahms's mentor, and love-song to his widow) in a voraciously enthusiastic four-hand performance of Brahms's *Variations on a Theme of Schumann*, which makes an unusually satisfying filler.

Schiff played Mozart only last week at the Barbican with the great Hungarian violinist, teacher and conductor, Sándor Végh, and the Chamber Orchestra of Europe. Here it is the Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum which accompanies him in two Vienna concertos.

There are times when the heavy pizzicato, the leaning appoggiatura and the robust articulation of every phrase become a little claustrophobic, particularly in the naturally fresh air of the A major, K414. I enjoyed more the richness of Schiff's own trills, his lung-sied phrasing, and his aria of a slow movement in the E flat, K499. In its finale, Schiff's insistence on hard, face-to-face dialogue as the theme is fragmented and argued between piano and orchestra sharpens what can be an over-sturdy performance.

The Mozart of Maria João Pires could not be more different. She creates something almost Scarlatti-like in the brilliant trills and elastic rhythms of her playing; her *Sonata facile* is bright with unexpected lights and half-lights, as she warms into and cools out of a phrase, turns to pianissimo for the arpeggiated figures, and revels in finding a variety of textures and tones in essentially simple musical material.

On to the concertos. If idiosyncrasy is what you are looking for, then Tzimon Barto is your man. His live performances are never less than stimulating, sometimes provocative, and never without a healthy quanta of fresh insight. But pin him down on a recording, and his originality can tip over into the perverse. His Rachmaninov Third Concerto shows quite clearly that when he is good, he is very, very

good; and when he is bad, well — pianist simply suffocates composer, and the result is mere vulgarity.

The opening, for example, is exquisite: the theme is whispered out with all the acute sensitivity of a singing voice, and the spring in Barto's fingers as he pounces on every new idea as it approaches is exciting both pianistically and musically. But he is tempted to be interested in too much at once. As the movement progresses towards the cadenza, Barto grabs wildly at every note, and the cadenza itself becomes clangorous, just as the Intermezzo, in turn, is soon to lose its own sense of shape.

The electric brightness of Barto's superbly responsive fingertips comes into its own, though in the Barok Second Concerto, in which the piano features as a pitched percussion instrument.

From Bolet at 75 to Yevgeny Kissin at 18. This latest Russian *Wunderkind*, who apparently, at 18 months, imitated his mother playing Bach fugue subjects, has spent 18 years studying with one teacher, Anna Kantor. The Tchaikovsky Concerto, his first recording for DG, is a live performance given at the Berlin Philharmonic just a year ago. It shows remarkable assurance and physical strength: it shows, too, an almost obsessive, microscopic fascination with the calls of the work, encouraged by von Karajan's spacious pacing.

When Kissin surfaces into the clearer air of the slow movement, he answers a flute solo of exceptional beauty with a careful curve of melody, and a *Prestissimo* section as full of dance and laughter as the French song on which it is based. The playing is more nakedly exposed in four Scriabin pieces which fill out the disc. Again the ear listens minutely to every shift of weight and measure in the alternately fragile, languid and air-born miniatures. After his Rachmaninov *Etudes-Tableaux* on RCA earlier this year, this recording confirms that Kissin is a pianist to watch: a sole recital is eagerly awaited.

The Carol Album Taverner Consort, Choir and Players/Parrott (EMI CDC 7 48809-2)
Ecole Notre-Dame: Messe du jour de Noël Ensemble Organum (Harmonia Mundi HMA 1901148)

Price of the Christmas records this year must be Andrew Parrott's cheekily titled compilation. This offers "seven centuries of Christmas music", which seems to mean something from every century since the 12th, with the exceptions, rather curiously, of the 14th and, rather obviously, of the 20th. The present day is tuttingly shunned, though it is a bit disingenuous to complain about "the effete modern tradition of 'arranged' carols" in the notes to a record which consists precisely of arrangements.

The difference is that Parrott and his performers strike back to original sources, which means restoring "Stille Nacht" as a Schubert for tenor, baritone, chorus and guitar, stripping "Ding, dong, merrily on high" of its 19th-century text to reveal an old French dance tune with no Christmas connections, and making "Il est né, le divin enfant" a piece of *ancien régime* chamber music. There is also a try at original pronunciation, though in "The Babe of Bethlehem", an early 19th-century American piece of savage, scrubbed harmonies, the

singers seem to disagree about whether they are in New England or Old Mummerset.

As these examples may suggest, carols skid together with a sublime disregard for chronology or location. But of course one can programme one's player to pick up the pieces and find favourites: perhaps the Coventry Carol, sung here by three voices without accompaniment, or the irregular Lutheran chorale "Christus wir sollen loben schon", or "Gabriel from heaven-king" sung in Parrott's own high tenor with a hurdy-gurdy. The idea of the "authentic" carol may be a nonsense — carols are most essentially inauthentic, endlessly mutable — but this record contains a great deal to discover and rediscover, conveyed with the freshness and enthusiasm usual in records from these musicians.

The French Ensemble Organum can also be depended on for conviction. Here they offer highlights from a Christmas mass as it might have been sung in Paris in the middle of the 12th century. Plain-song, freely delivered, is interspersed with two-part organa where the upper voice's roulades are again unmeasured, often flowing with the speed and sensuousness of ornament, and suggesting a rather exotic Christmas of virtuosity and passion.

Paul Griffiths

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Rock moves the earth for Armenia

Mike Nicholls reports on a plan to harness the power of heavy rock to aid Armenia

Jason Donovan, Kylie Minogue and the rest of Band Aid II are not the only stars aiming to raise money for charity this Christmas. While the school of '89 is relaunching "Do They Know It's Christmas" on behalf of Ethiopia, some graduates of the academy of heavy rock are doing their bit for Armenia.

Last December the northern part of the country was hit by an earthquake that left half a million people homeless. Much of the damage remains unrepaired, with transport and industrial facilities almost non-existent. Hence the formation of Rock-Aid Armenia, featuring stars including Pink Floyd's Dave Gilmour, Brian May of Queen, Ritchie Blackmore of Deep Purple, Bryan Adams and Ian Gillan.

They are part of a 13-piece lineup which has re-recorded "Smoke on the Water", the Deep Purple classic. Ian Gillan, who sang the original version, says: "It was written about an incident which occurred when we were recording in Montreux. The studio blew up. The song was born out of disaster, but went on to become a great success. Although it's such a tenuous link, I hope we can find

some parallel with this effort." As well as the single, all the groups involved have contributed a track to an album which will be released in the New Year, featuring such standards as "Paranoid" by Black Sabbath and Free's "Alright Now". There will also be an 80-minute video starring everyone from Bon Jovi to Led Zeppelin.

All the artists concerned will be waiving royalties, while administration costs have been absorbed by the Harp Lager company. This means that even if "Smoke on the Water" doesn't match the 300,000 copies which the Band Aid II single is expected to sell, the £1 million objective should be reached by the addition of LP and video sales. Yet, as Dave Gilmour points out, there's more to it than money.

"Music is a potent force and we may be able to reach into areas which politicians and other people take longer to get into," he says. "I was near Armenia with Pink Floyd about a month before the earthquake, so news of it hit home hard. Sometimes that feeling of being lucky to be alive is enough to make you go to any trouble for the sake of others."

ROCK UPDATE

Bobby Brown Dancel... Ya Know It (MCA MCG 8074)
Brown spent more weeks on the UK chart than did any other act in 1989. This compilation of 12-inch mixes includes all the big hits — "My Prerogative", "Don't Be Cruel", etc. — together

with material from his US debut, *King of Stage*. Various Artists Lambada Brazil (Polydor 841 580-1)
If you have thrilled to the dirty dancing routine on *Top of the Pops* and warmed to the unseasonably vibrant, tropical Latin rhythms, then here is the ideal collection of light,

indigenous, Brazilian pop. Featuring Carlosa's version of the hit single, "Lambada", and two tracks by the celebrated singer Margareth Mendez ("Alegria da Cidade", "Tenda do Amor Magia"), who is proving to be a key element in David Byrne's much-vaunted touring band.

A-Z GUIDE TO ROCK

This series, an act must have sustained a recording career of at least 10 years, and have mastered at least one decent album during that time.

The entries are designed to be pasted on to index cards and stored in a 6in by 4in filing box, available from most good stationery shops, to form an instant guide to the hits and occasional misses of rock history.

RAY CHARLES

Ray Charles was the founding father and supreme exponent of soul, no less than Elvis Presley was the king of rock'n'roll. A musician of transcendental ability, Charles was the first to weld the basic musical forms of black America — jazz, blues and gospel — into a new, coherent whole that became known as soul. An early example, the celebrated "I Got a Woman" (1954), finds Charles applying a searing dose of spirituality to a decidedly secular lyric, his rich, rasping voice underpinned by a jazz-blues piano motif that coasts like burning kerosene into the fabric of the song. That pivotal recording, along with "Hallelujah I Love Her So", "What'd I Say", and many others from Charles's epoch-making early catalogue of singles, is featured on the indispensable 1971 compilation, *A 25th Anniversary Showbusiness Salute to Ray Charles*. His prowess as a jazz musician is often overlooked, but check *Genius + Soul = Jazz* (1961), recently reissued on Essential, for confirmation of a supreme talent that knew no boundaries.

ERIC CLAPTON

Although possessed of one of the few, truly original guitar voices in rock, Eric Clapton has recorded nothing of note as an instrumentalist since 1969. But what a catalogue of ground-breaking performances he had amassed by then. One thinks of the opening bars of "All Your Love" on John Mayall's *Bluesbreakers* with Eric Clapton (1966), where his distinctive vibrato and steely tone slice through the song's central figure with the cool violence of a guillotine; or the otherworldly lullaby of rattle-and-hum feedback which he constructs during "Sweet Wine" on *Fresh Cream* (1966); or the towering authority of his hell-for-leather soloing on Cream's live version of Robert Johnson's "Crossroads" (Whisper of Fire, 1968). As a solo act, Clapton has tended towards the tastefully bland. *Layla and Other Assorted Love Songs*, released in 1970 under the guise of Derek and the Dominos, is a scant enough collection, which, although it failed to register on the UK chart, houses a title track that has since become a certified classic.

NEXT WEEK: The Clash, Ry Cooder

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SHOPPING

It's never too late

A guide to those last-minute gifts and other forgotten festive goodies

With just a few shopping days left before Christmas, it is only too easy to panic-buy last-minute presents. (Nicole Swengley writes). Fortunately, there are several companies which can help customers to avoid making ill-considered choices and beat today's last posting date for second class mail and Tuesday's deadline for first class mail.

Londoners who have left Christmas stockings to the last can rely on Neal Street East to come up with instant solutions. Call the shop by 3pm next Saturday, December 23, and its staff will gather together 14 small gifts for girls or boys which can be collected from the shop no later than 6pm. The contents vary but the basic menu is always the same. Girls' stockings include a mini jointed bear, a packet of Japanese waterflowers, an inflatable dragonfly and a sparkling wheel, while the boys' version contains a balloon-propelled racing car, a Chinese trick wallet, a glow-in-the-dark bat and a clockwork toy. All you have to do is provide the sock and pay £11.95 for the contents. Neal Street East is at 5 Neal Street, Covent Garden, London WC2 (01-240 0135). Parents anxious to avoid stereotyping boys and girls can, of course, mix the contents.

Liquid Gifts undertakes to deliver festive wines before Christmas to any address in Britain, as long as orders are taken on its hotline (0800 272121) by Wednesday December 20. New for this year is a gift set comprising two bottles of Californian Inglenook wine from the famous Napa Valley, costing £14.99 including delivery. A variety of other wines and champagnes are also available, with a UK-wide delivery charge of £4.99 for any order of two to five bottles plus the cost of the contents.

Londoners wondering how to stock up their cellars on Christmas Eve can call wine merchants Bibendum to help them out of a tight spot. The shop, at 113 Regent's Park Road, NW1 (01-722 5577), is open from 11am to 6pm on Sunday December 24 and deliveries can be arranged free in London, as long as the driver can reach your home before 6pm. Quality claret, burgundy and champagne are specialties of Bibendum's extensive list and the shop also stocks wine-related accessories such as fancy stoppers, bottle coolers, wicker baskets, glasses, corkscrews and decanters, along with a selection of wine books. Gift vouchers are another alternative for anyone looking for a last-minute gift.

If the idea of surprising a partner or wife on Christmas Day with a present of silk lingerie delivered by a young gent in a tuxedo sounds fun, Soie, Nasira Sheikh's one-year-old company, will take calls right up to Christmas Eve

to arrange this. French knickers and camisole cost £50, a silk "teddy", £40, and bra, briefs and suspender sets cost £40 each (01-904 6096).

An environmentally-conscious present can be arranged by making one call to Heritage Conserved before Tuesday's first class posting deadline. This non-profit-making organization offers 6ft plots in North Wales which they will plant with the tree of your choice - oak, ash, beech, silver birch, rowan or wild cherry. Owners receive legal title to the land, a decorated deed and tree location map for anyone who wants to admire their sapling in the raw.



Heritage Conserved pledges to look after the tree for five years, after which nature is allowed to take its course. Plots cost £17.50 each from Heritage Conserved Ltd, Afallon, High Street, Llanfyllin, Powys SY22 5AR (069 184 749).

Another instant "Green" present comes in the shape of gift membership to English Heritage, which cares for more than 350 historic properties including Stonehenge. It will send a Christmas card, guide to English Heritage properties, map and gift token to nominees. Recipients return the gift token to English Heritage to receive a membership card granting free admission to all English Heritage properties and several others including the Tower of London and Hampton Court. The card also gives half-price admission to Welsh properties and to Scottish Historic Buildings and Monuments. A quarterly magazine keeps members informed of special events and concerts. Family membership for one year is £26.50 (free admission for two adults and all children under 21). Individual adult membership costs £14 while membership for two adults at the same address is £24. Membership for retired couples is £17.50 and for those under 16, £7.50. Contact English Heritage Membership Department, PO Box 1BB, London W1A 1BB (01-733 3000).

For a special Hogmanay gift, the National Trust for Scotland's annual subscription is £15 per person, family membership is £24.50, while senior citizens are half price and those under 23, £6. Contact the National Trust for Scotland, 5 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh EH2 4DU (031-226 5922).

Anyone who has left it a bit late to buy a Christmas tree this year will find a selection cut from plantations on the Hatfield House Estate, available for sale up until noon on Christmas Eve at Hatfield House in Hertfordshire. The Park is open daily from 8.30am to 5.30pm and from 8.30am to noon on December 24 and the trees cost £1.25 per foot. Hatfield House is 21 miles north of London on the A1000, within easy reach of the M1, M25 and A1(M) and is signposted on roads approaching Hatfield.

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SHOPPING

What the smart tree is wearing

There is no excuse this year for hanging tawdry-looking tree decorations, thanks to imaginative new ideas in the shops. Contemporary, upbeat decorations commissioned by the Crafts Council are on sale at its shop in the Victoria & Albert Museum (open Monday to Saturday 10am-5.30pm; Sunday, 2.30-5.30pm).

Felt-and-bead Sputniks and felt spirals by Victoria Brown, from £1.75 each, salt-glazed stoneware fashioned into stars by Carole Scott, £4.05, and stained and painted wooden stars, holly and apples by Hilary Brown, £2 each, are also a departure from traditional tree dressing.

Peter Niczewski has produced colourful rhomboids punctuated with rounded steel wires, and Cathy Harris's spangly garlands, from £5.75, make a welcome change from last year's tarnished tinsel.

Nicole Swengley finds original ideas to make your tree sparkle

Louise Slater's delicate PVC white angel, £1.75, is on sale at the Royal Academy shop in Piccadilly along with ceramic stars and moons, £5.95 each, by the American artist Sandi Fenton.

Harrods offers a selection of natural decorations - corn dollies, £3.10, and unpainted wooden animals, £1.50 - and Clifton Nurseries and Brats have hanging pine cone decorations and mini wreaths.

Harvey Nichols has devoted its entire fifth floor to 10 themed tree hangings. Each theme has 20 to 45 different

decorations, and some even have matching Christmas stockings. Particularly striking is the "Last Emperor", with red and gold ornaments including oriental figures, junks, lanterns and slippers.

For those who live outside London, Gabriella Di Nora provides a personal shopping service at Harvey Nichols. She will select a set of themed decorations to a budget and send these by Datapost (from £14 plus p&p) for pre-Christmas Eve delivery (order by December 18).

Similarly themed are the tree decorations at House of Fraser stores throughout the country. The nine different topics include "Versailles", with rose paper balls and ivory baller shoes, and "Dickensian", with musical scrolls, drums, musical soldiers and Victorian paper balls. Prices per decoration range from 39p to £11.75.

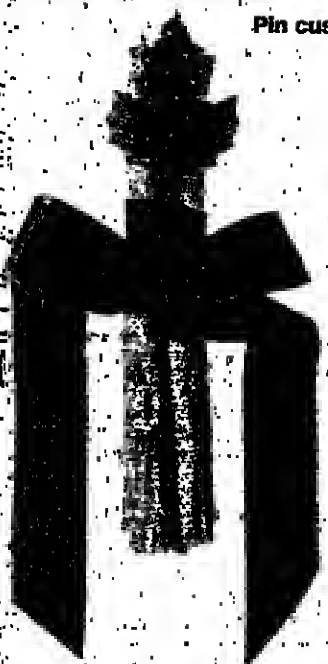
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Joanna Wood, 48a Finsbury Road, SW1 (01-730 5064)
Royal Academy of Arts shop, Piccadilly, W1 (01-439 7438)
Sanderson, 52 Berners Street, W1 (01-636 7800)



Pin cushion, £2.90, Harrods



Angel with lyre, £4.30, General Trading Company



Hanging log with berries, £3.50, Clifton Nurseries



Carol book, £1.30, Harrods

Golden oldies

Dress your tree with imagination, like Shona Crawford Poole, *The Times* travel editor, who makes gilded gingerbread stars

Gilding the gingerbread is a more ancient festive tradition than turkey and trees. I have been making and gilding gingerbread stars to hang on the tree for three years, and the first batch is still going strong, stored in an airtight box from one season to the next.

The gold for gilding should be the type called transfer gold leaf, which is much easier to use than the loose sort. Booklets containing 25 sheets of 3/4in-square transfer gold cost £14.14 each, from Cornhill, 105 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3RY (01-636 1045). A mail order handling charge of £1.50 is made in addition to postage.

Gingerbread Stars (Makes 24 or more)
90ml/3fl oz double cream
110g/4oz dark brown sugar
120ml/4fl oz molasses
2tsp ground ginger
2tsp ground cinnamon
1/2tsp bicarbonate of soda
275g/10oz plain flour

Whip the cream until thick. Add the sugar, molasses, spices and soda and mix well. Add the flour and blend to a stiff dough. Roll out thinly and use a star-shaped biscuit cutter to stamp out stars. Pierce a small hole in one point of each star, not too near the edge. Arrange them on a greased baking sheet, brush sparingly with water and bake in a preheated moderate oven 180°C/350°F, gas mark 4 for 25 minutes, or until they are well baked. Cool them on the trays for five minutes before transferring them to a wire rack. Leave until cold, then store in an airtight container.

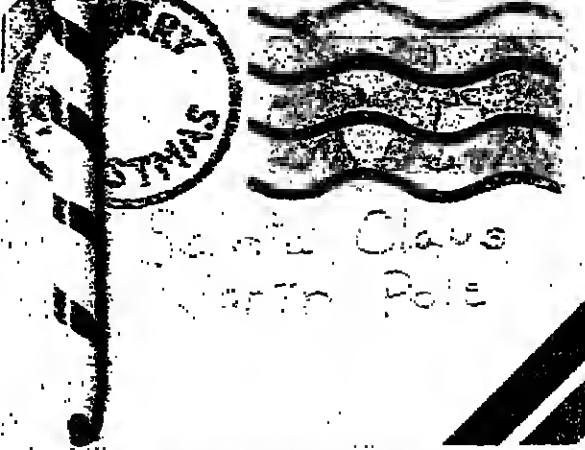
Gild the stars one at a time. Brush the smooth side lightly with egg white, and when it becomes tacky as it starts to dry, lay a sheet of transfer gold over it. Rub it down using the heel of a knife-handle. Gild the reverse side, which is rougher, patching in the gold leaf areas left on the tissue from the smooth side.

Stored in a dry place the stars will keep for several years. If they get wet at all in a damp environment, they can be dried again in a cool oven.

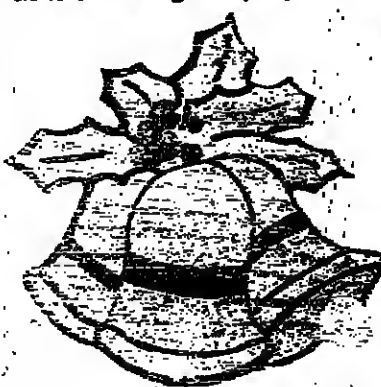
Photographs by CHARLES MILLIGAN



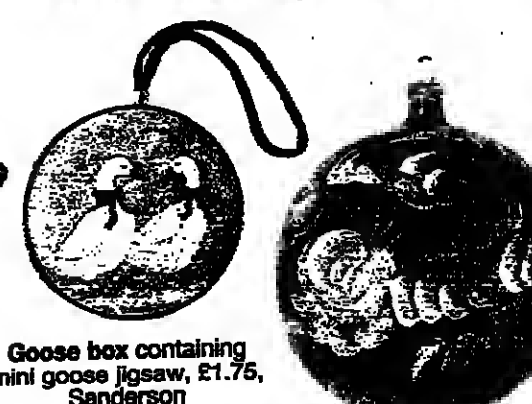
Bunch of berries, 80p, General Trading Company



Santa Claus letter, 99p, Debenhams

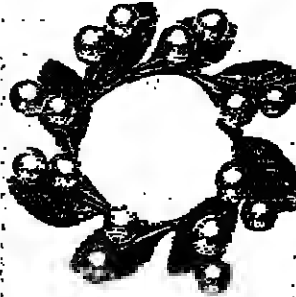


Wooden bells, £2.45 each, nationwide branches of Laura Ashley



Goose box containing mini goose jigsaw, £1.75, Sanderson

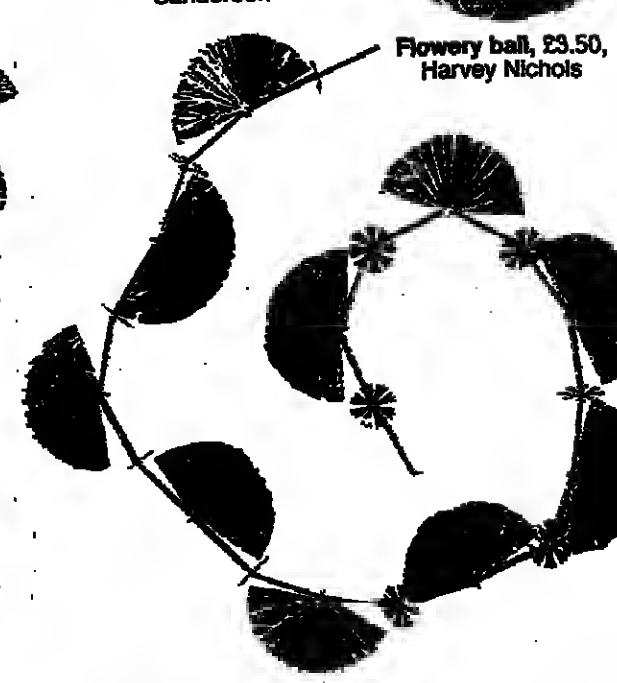
Flower ball, £3.50, Harvey Nichols



Golden berry wreath, £1.30, Heal's



Stripy satin star, £1.75, Conran Shop



Fan garland, £6.90, by Cathy Harris, Crafts Council Shop

Take your Champagne seriously this Season.



SERIOUSLY, IF YOU WANT A PERFECTLY BALANCED CHAMPAGNE TO ENJOY AT NEXT SEASON'S LEADING EVENTS YOU'VE PUT YOUR FINGER ON IT.

VEUVE CLICQUOT.
LA GRANDE DAME DE LA CHAMPAGNE.

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THE WEEK AHEAD



In a Latin mood: David Byrne

ROCK
DAVID SINCLAIR

DR JOHN: The eminent New Orleans *Gris Gris* master hacked away like a pub pianist in the corner on his dates at this venue last spring. Joella Holland would have eaten him for breakfast. Mean Fiddler, London NW10 (01-961 5490) Wed and Thurs.

TEXAS: Back on home turf for the final dates of a hectic year that has seen sales of their *Southside* debut go well past the million mark. Barrowlands, Glasgow (041 226 4679), Wed and Thurs.

SAM BROWN: Like her contemporary, Kim Wilde, she is now much more successful than her famous Dad (Joe) used to be. Hawth, Crawley (0293 553636) Mon; Leas Cliff Hall, Folkestone (0303 53193) Tues; Town & Country, London NW5 (01-284 0303) Wed.

Thankfully, early reports suggest that for his first British concerts in five years, David Byrne has recruited a band which is capable of bringing to life the ambitious Latino arrangements that graced his recent *Rei Momo* album. The 15-piece line-up incorporates Brazilian players alongside the cream of New York's Cuban musical community, and features the Brazilian singer Margareth Menezes. For although the Talking Heads supremo had clearly done his homework in recording such a finely-sketched collection of South American-styled pop, the project, as produced in the studio, had something of an academic air. Byrne has distinguished himself as a cultural adventurer with an eye for detail — witness the African influences on Talking Heads' *Naked*, or the delicate chintiserie of *The Last Emperor* soundtrack — but his aloof, spiky personality and angular way with a melody make it difficult to forget that he is basically an arty New Yorker on the lookout for new ethnic kicks. Tonight, Town & Country, London NW5 (01-284 0303); tomorrow and Mon. Barrowlands, Glasgow (041 226 4601); Tues and Wed, Brixton Academy, London SW9 (01-326 1022); Fri, Point, Dublin (0001 366777).

JAZZ

ORPHY ROBINSON: Nemed — somewhat perversely — Best Newcomer at the 1989 British Jazz Awards, the vibes player appears with his high-energy septet. Woolwich Tramshed, London SE18 (01-317 6687) Thur.

PAT METHENY: The guitarist's Latin-influenced confections are inexplicably popular with the crossover crowd. Usher Hall, Edinburgh (031 228 1155) Mon.

PARTY AGAINST APARTHEID: Jazz Against Apartheid's

Christmas party includes a performance by an all-South African band featuring Claudia Deppa and Lucky Ranku. ICA, London SW1 (01-930 6393) Tue.

GEORGE MELLY: Into the third week of his annual residency with John Chilton's Feetwarmers. Ronnie Scott's Club, London W1 (01-439 0747) Mon to Sat 31.

FRANK CAMPBELL: Rare outing by the veteran keyboard player, accompanied by Kenny Wheeler (trumpet/flugelhorn) and Barry Guy (bass/percussion). Jazz Cafe, London N16 (01-359 4936) Wed.

BROADCASTING

PARADISE: A new play by Barry Keefe which reassesses the traditional view of Robespierre as the villain of the French Revolution. Karl Johnson plays Robespierre, with James Aubrey as Saint Just and Oliver Cotton as Danton. Radio 3, Tues, 8.45-11pm.

THE SHELL SEEKERS: Angela Lansbury, Anna Carteret and Patricia Hodge lead a splendid cast in an adaptation of Rosamunde Pilcher's novel about a mother's relationship with her selfish children. ITV, Thurs, 3.30-10pm, 10.35-11.05pm.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (1935): Charles Laughton in prime form as Captain Bligh, with Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian, in the lavish

MGM version of the famous story which despite its age still eclipses the Marlon Brando and Mel Gibson remakes. BBC2, Fri, 10.50pm-1pm.

THE QUEEN GOES WEST: In 1889 Queen Victoria paid her first visit to Wales. The weather was terrible, the crowds were tony and she was booed. She never went again. Radio 4, Fri, 4.05-4.30pm.

A DAY TO REMEMBER: A hugely entertaining celebration of the broadcasting career of Sir Robin Day, with many clips of his famous interviews. BBC2, Fri, 9.30-10.30pm.

THE VERDICT (1982): Fine performance by Paul Newman and James Mason as rival lawyers in a case of medical malpractice. A sharp David Mamet script, smoothly directed by Sidney Lumet. BBC1, Fri, 10.30pm-12.35am.



An alien's fancy: Geena Davis

When a film is called "a ditty, fish-out-of-water farce about three bony aliens on the make in LA", we know the director cannot be Robert Bresson. *Earth Girls Are Easy* requires someone at the helm with a zany, satirical disposition, and an obsession with popular culture. Who better, therefore, than Julien Temple, British king of music videos, director of *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* and the ambitious musical *Absolute Beginners*? The material was developed from a song on Julie Brown's album *Goddess In Progress*, the singer-comedienne co-wrote the script, and

Thoughtful Weber: René Kollo and Karita Mattila as Max and Agathe in the revival of *Der Freischütz*

Hard on the heels of Welsh National Opera's new production of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, recently brought by the company to London, comes Covent Garden's revival of the thoughtful staging by Gotz Friedrich, first seen in 1977.

Friedrich locates the action firmly in the 17th century, in the period after the Thirty Years' War — the era stipulated by Friedrich Kind, the librettist — though it should not be assumed that such a setting betokens a wholly conventional production. The grizzly, fantastic horrors of this archetypal work of German romanticism are linked explicitly with the political turmoil of the period, and the regality of Prince Ottokar is undermined in characteristic

OPERA

BARRY MILLINGTON

Friedrich fashion. Indeed, one critic of the 1977 production was moved to quote a memorable 19th century translation of Max's exclamation to Kaspar when the eagle is felled by the magic bullet: "Where gottest thou such balls?"

René Kollo returns as Max, and Gwynne Howell as the Hermit. The other roles are taken by newcomers to the production, including the highly promising Finnish soprano Karita Mattila as Agathe, Judith Howarth as her cousin Annechen, Hartmut Welker as Kaspar and Anthony Michaels-Moore as Ottokar. The conducting is once again in the capable hands of Sir Colin Davis. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London WC2 (01-240 1066), Mon 7.30pm.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA: David Pountney's conjuring trick of a *Hansel and Gretel* returns for Christmas, conducted by Mark Elder, with Ethna Robinson and Cathryn Pope. Wed and Fri at 7.30pm. Meanwhile, outstanding production of Prokofiev's *The Love*

For *Three Oranges* continues on Tues and Thurs at 7.30pm. Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, London WC2 (01-836 3161).

OPERA NORTH: The exciting new production of *Show Boat* on Wed: *The Barber of Seville* tonight and Tues. Both shows start at 7.15pm.

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 45331). **ROYAL NORTHERN COLLEGE:** Last chance to see Verdi's *Don Carlo* tomorrow at 6pm, produced by Stefan Janski. RNCM, Oxford Road, Manchester. (061 273 4504).

CINEMA

GEOFF BROWN

appears as the proprietor of the Curly Up and Dye Salon, deep in the lo-tus land of San Fernando Valley. But the chief roles go to Geena Davis — a manicurist at the salon — and Jeff Goldblum as an alien from the planet Jhazzala, whose spaceship crashes into Davis's pool. "Being British, and therefore a sort of alien in LA myself," Temple says, "I thought I could bring to the audience a feel for what these Jhazzalians must have experienced." The film's producer is another "alien" — Tony Garnett, several galaxies away from *Cathy Come Home*. Prince Charles (01-437 8181), from Friday, certificate PG.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

CHRIS KILLIP — WORKING AT PIRELLI: Killip, given free range in Pirelli's Burton-on-Trent tyre factory, has produced a fascinating photographic essay on big business and the shopfloor. Individuals who make the wheels turn. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, London, SW7 (01-938 8500), from Tues.

CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHY IN WALES: The key factor in this open show is that it has been selected by the young British documentary photographer Martin Parr, whose own view of Britain is at times arresting, cynical and humorous. Photography, 31 Charles Street, Cardiff (0222 341667).

DANCE

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET: Three week London season opens with a MacMillan programme of *Dances*. *Concertantes*, *Les Herminettes* and *Solitaire* (Tues, Wed, then Thurs to Dec 23, plus Dec 27, 28, Bantley's popular comedy *Hobson's Choice*. Sadler's Wells Theatre, London EC1 (01-278 8916).

ROYAL BALLET: MacMillan's *Price of the Peacocks* stars Viviana Durante on Tues, Doreen Bussell Wed, then Ashton's *Cinderella* (Fri) with Maria Almeida. Covent Garden (01-240 1066).

ENGLISH NATIONAL BALLET: Tour of *The Nutcracker* ends today at Royal Centre, Nottingham (0602 482626).

CONCERTS

RUSSIAN EVENING: Andrew Davis conducts the BBC SO in Prokofiev's *Lieutenant Kije* Suite, Shostakovich's Violin Concerto No 1 (Dmitri Sitkovetsky, soloist) and Stravinsky's *Petroushka*. Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (01-928 8800), Mon, 7.30pm.

TUBA AND BUNBLE BEE: The RPO is conducted by Arthur Davidson in Kleinsinger's *Tubby the Tuba* (Christopher McShane, tuba), Rimsky-Korsakov's *Flight of the Bumble Bee*, and others. Barbican, Silk Street, London EC2 (01-638 8881), Mon, 7.45pm.

HELP ARMENIA: To help the Aid Armenia fund, the Chilingirian Quartet, including Jeremy Menuhin (piano), perform Schubert's Quintet 1955, Dvorák's Piano Quintet and works by Armenian composers. Wigmore Hall, London W1 (01-935 2141), Wed, 7.30pm.

HELP TADZHIKISTAN: In aid of Red Cross relief for earthquake victims in Soviet Tadzhikistan, the Bekova Sisters Trio play Rachmaninov's Elegiac Trio, Shostakovich's Piano Trio No 2 and Brahms's Trio No 3. Purcell Room, South Bank, London SE1 (01-928 8800), Fri, 8pm.

THEATRE

ALADDIN: By Stephen Lee. Tony Conroy and Stephen Raquana. LOST Theatre, 450 Fulham Road, London SW6 (01-381 6151). Opens Thurs.

CINDERELLA: Jim Davidson, Jess Conrad, Hilary O'Neil and Charlie Drake head the cast. Anamora, Bradford (0274 752000). Opens Thurs.

HARRY'S CHRISTMAS: Dub Theatre presents Steven Berkoff's study of a man spending Christmas alone. Ecclestra, Oxford Arms, 265 Camden High Street, NW1 (01-482 4857). Opens Tues.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER: Una Stubbs as Mrs Malaprop in the classic Goldsmith comedy, directed by James Maxwell. Royal Exchange, Manchester (061 833 9833). Opens Dec 21. Touring to Nottingham, Bradford, Cambridge, Basingdon, Edinburgh and Belfast in February and March.

CIA CABARET: AK47 Company's first production since the still-touring *Hay Nicaeagua*, from 1987. Comedy Theatre, H&S, Chichester, High Street, Chichester N1 (01-228 3724). Opens Tues.

GALLERIES

DAVID LEE

ANDY GOLDSWORTHY: Large colour photographs of delicate and ephemeral environmental sculptures made from leaves, twigs and ice. Windsor Arts Centre (0753 859421). From today.

DENNIS CREEFIELD: Atmospheric charcoal drawings of all 26 English medieval cathedrals, the result of an Arts Council commission. Camden Arts Centre, London NW3 (01-435 2643). From today.

ARTISTS IN NATIONAL PARKS: Paintings and sculptures by contemporary British artists as stylistically diverse as Richard Long and Peter Greenham, who were commissioned to produce work based on their experience of national parks. Exhibition Gallery, Milton Keynes (0908 805590). From today.

ANGELA FLOWERS GALLERY: This gallery's twentieth anniversary is celebrated with a show of works by many predominantly younger artists such as Tony Govan, Amanda Faulkner and Jonathan Waller. Concourse Gallery, Barbican, London EC2 (01-638 4141). From today.



Giving the clergy a bad name: Newton's "Parsons Drowning Care"

Richard Newton's 1796 etching "Parsons Drowning Care" follows in a long artistic tradition of portraying the clergy as a bunch of idle, drunken revellers. Hogarth established the genre in England, while Goya reserved some of his most vicious observations for the tyrannical Catholic clergy. Newton's print is in a simpler style than either Hogarth's or Goya's, and would have been popular with itinerant print-sellers who toured the countryside hawked humorous sheets. More characteristic of British satire are the savage political lampoons of James Gillray and Thomas Rowlandson, both of whose works later influenced George Grosz in his treatment of German bourgeois venality. It is an occupational hazard of such work that the best artists flirted with illegality and sedition. Indeed Daumier was given six months for portraying Louis Philippe as Gargantua, an insatiably greedy monster. All of the above artists feature in *Ridley and Vice: The Art of Satire and Social Criticism*, an exhibition of 135 prints and drawings by 55 artists, which opens today at Bolton Art Gallery (0204 22311) and then tours to York, Exeter and Birmingham.

BRIDGE

Not very often do you hear a new suit being introduced at the level of seven and on the first round of bidding. Nor is it particularly common that a freely-made opening bid is destined to go eight down. But both of these events occurred at the table recently, and if I hadn't myself been seated at the said table, I would not have believed it. Here is how it happened.

Rubber bridge. Love all. Dealer South.

W N E S
Dunham Graham
26 No 64 No 70 No SMT
30 No 68 No 74 No Dile

Now, before you conclude that the players in this school are off their collective tree and start sending for the chaps in white coats, let me explain the bidding. South's opening bid is known as the "gambling three no trump". It denotes a long, solid minor suit and not much else. I am not especially proud of this specimen, because I really should have had one more diamond.

But it had the desired pre-emptive effect of making life difficult for West. His four club bid was for take-out — they were playing one-up over pre-empt — though how he was going to survive a four spade response by his partner

doesn't bear thinking about. But with nary a pause, my partner, civil servant Chris Dunham, came up with six spades, a spectacular bid that wrong-footed the entire table. His problem was that he didn't know which minor suit I held. If he had known it was diamonds, he might well have bid six diamonds, but with West's bid being conventional I might just as well be holding clubs.

East had a trickier problem. He knew perfectly well that my suit was diamonds, and he must assume that North has the spades solid. He could also work out that one of us was sure to be void in clubs.

Therefore, to defeat six spades his side will have to take two heart tricks, but even if his partner has the ace of hearts (very probable; what else did he have for his bid?), the hand is clearly a freak and what to stop one of us being singleton (or even void) in hearts? So, hoping for a cheap save, he bid seven clubs, technically the first time clubs had been mentioned as a suit. It was not hard for us to double this and take our three top tricks. Sadly we shall never know whether, if East had passed, he would have led a heart against six spades. Even good players have been known to try to cash a "certain" trick (in this case a top club) in order to get a look at dummy.

When the gambling three no trump first made its appearance — 55 years ago in West Hampstead — you were supposed to have protection in two of the other suits. But nowadays top players will bid it on seven to an A K Q and nothing else. If partner can't

stand it he bids four clubs, and the hand is played at four of whichever the opener's minor suit is. At worst, the gambler takes a small penalty; at best, he steals a game, as on the next deal.

Rubber bridge. Love all. Dealer South.

W N E S
Dunham Graham
26 No 64 No 70 No SMT
30 No 68 No 74 No Dile

South opened three no trumps and everybody passed. West led the spade king, taken by dummy's ace. Declarer didn't want to duck, because he feared a diamond switch and heart return.

At this point, trick two, there is something to be said for running eight tricks and hoping for the best; if clubs are not 3-2 the contract is on the skids anyway. But South was prepared to take a chance for game, so he led a small diamond off the table, hoping to slip past an unwary East holding the ace. When West turned up with the ace, South had no further problems.

Well, the gambling three no trump bidder's courage was rewarded; he bid and made the only game possible for his side. But by the same token West was cowardly. He should double the bid, forcing North to make the safety removal to four clubs. It is a neat example of the Rixi Markus "Bid boldly, play safe" school of bridge. South bid boldly, and won; West didn't, and lost.

John Graham

CHESS

This week I celebrate Kasparov's amazing result at Belgrade, where he finished three points ahead of his nearest rival and pushed his rating to an unprecedented 2810. The tournament table (below) makes the scale of his triumph clear. ("1" signifies a win, "0" a loss, and "-" a draw.)

White: Gary Kasparov; Black: Jan Timman. Bogo-Indian Defence, Belgrade, November 1989.

Black cannot play 29...f6 on account of 30 Qd3. 30 Re7 Qe4

Now Timman is able to generate serious counterplay.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
1 Kasparov	x	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9.5
2 Timman	0	x	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6.5
3 Jusupov	0	0	x	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6.5
4 Ljubojevic	0	0	0	x	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6
5 Hjartarson	0	0	0	0	x	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5.5
6 Agdestein	0	0	0	0	0	x	1	1	1	1	1	1	5
7 Kozul	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	1	1	1	1	1	4.5
8 Nikolic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	1	1	1	1	4.5
9 Popovic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	1	1	1	4
10 Popovic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	1	1	4
11 Popovic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	1	3
12 Damjanovic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	0

Kasparov would have been better advised to shun further adventures with 30 Nd4, consolidating his advantage.

With both players on the edge of a precipice, comes a brilliant resource. Here 41 exd6 allows 41...f5+ exploiting the White king's position.

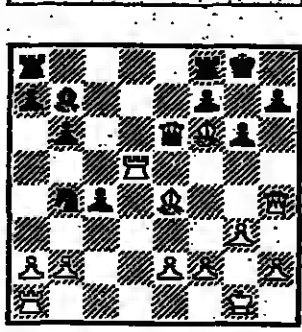
Black's threat of...Qf5 appears to give him the upper hand, but now it is Kasparov's turn to come up with an amazing defensive resource.

This astounding move effects a rescue for 47...exf6 48 Qg5+ Kf8 49 Qe7+ draws. Timman tries to avoid this, but Kasparov's 48th move forces the same variation.

With Christmas approaching, the moment has come to announce my choice of book of the year. This must be Alekhine's Greatest Games (Batsford, £14.95). This is a compilation of masterpieces by one of the greatest geniuses of attack, a man who inspired Kasparov

himself. Chess computers are an ever popular gift. Dixon's stocks the Satek/Kasparov range, while Novag and Mephisto machines can be obtained from the London Chess Centre, 55 St John's Hill, London SW11 (01-878 5160). For all chess gifts, reliable sources are also The British Chess Magazine, 9 Market St, St Leonards, Sussex, or Pergamon Chess, Sutton Coldfield (011 354 2536).

WINNING MOVE



In the diagram, a variation from Alekhine's win against Bogolyubov, Triberg 1921, White to play wins.

Send your answer on a postcard with your name and address to: The Times Winning Move Competition, The Times, Pennington Street, London E1 9XN. The winners of the prize will be announced on Saturday, December 23.

Solution to yesterday's problem: White wins with 1 Bb7+! Kf1 2 Bg2 3 Qe5+ Kf8 4 Rg1+ Kg7 5 Bg6+ and Black is helpless.

Solution to last Saturday's problem: White wins with 1 Rg7!

The three winners of The Times personal chess computer are: W. A. Skelton, Torquay, Devon; Mrs R. M. Stone, Heston, London NW4; George Unwin, Farnham, Surrey.

Raymond Keene

CROSSWORD

CONCISE NO 2054

Prizes of the Collins Concise Dictionary will be given for the first two correct solutions opened on Thursday, December 21. Entries should be addressed to The Times Crossword Competition, 1 Pennington Street, London, E1 9XN. The winners and solution will be announced on Saturday, December 23.

ACROSS	DOWN
1 Truman — US writer (6)	1 Gladden (6)
2 Partially linked house (4)	2 Hansen delivery (5)
3 Eisenhower (3)	3 Lockjaw (7)
4 EC nuclear energy authority (7)	4 5th brightest star (7)
5 Benefit (5)	5 Whole (6)
6 Pope follower (5,8)	6 Without fear or favour (11)
7 Sun the Baker card game (5,8)	7 Chapped with fashion (7)
8 Mrs — Gorbachov (5)	8 Friendly (7)
9 Michael Meadowcroft party (7)	
10 Glean (3)	
11 Throbbing pain (4)	
12 Slush line bowler (6)	
13 School intake (4)	
14 Straight-edged stone (6)	
15 School intake (4)	
16 Act against property (2,3)	

SOLUTION TO NO 2053
ACROSS: 8 Ruderal 9 Leave 10 One 11 Death star 12 Yuletide 13 Number 17 Crackle 19 Kufus 22 Evergreen 24 Imp 25 Gigot 26 Kitchen
DOWN: 1 Argosy 2 Adverb 3 Gridlock 4 Clear the air 5 Bitch 6 Passel 7 Heist 8 Or 15 Marinate 16 Ennu 17 Clergy 18 Avenue 20 Minute 21 Supine 23 Gosh

SOLUTION TO NO 2048 (last Saturday's prize concise)
ACROSS: 1 Vastate 4 Reef 7 Tom 9 Shikari 10 Aleph 11 Gloomy 12 Picture 12 All on edge 16 Make allowance 19 Koala 20 Egghead 21 Bay 22 Dude 23 Prawn
DOWN: 1 Vase 2 Chino 3 Trammel 5 Execute 6 Fubler 7 Tie 8 Pan Alley 8 Marc 12 Awkward 13 Dowager 14 Smoked 15 Laiden 17 Ahah 18 Needs

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THE TIMES

SPORT TRAVEL & LEISURE

SATURDAY DECEMBER 16 1989

SECTION 4

43

Durie returns for a stern test of Chelsea's calibre

By Clive White

The return to the Chelsea side of Gordon Durie, following a second hernia operation in six months, could not have been better timed today as the London club, shaken by two consecutive defeats, feel the force of Liverpool.

It may be an ominous sign for the rest of the first division that Liverpool's uncharacteristic poor health is beginning to improve, with the return to the squad of Hansen, Nicol, Venison and Burrows. But given the parlous state of Luton Town, Arsenal should retain their two-point lead at the head of the championship.

Kenny Dalglish, who has been unable even to announce a squad for the last two matches because of injuries to as many as eight players, yesterday added the names of the four already mentioned to the 13 on duty last week for the match at Stamford Bridge. It means Barnes, who suffered a recurrence of an old hamstring injury and consequently missed England's international at Wembley on

Wednesday, may be fit to continue, though Dalglish would give no clues as to his starting line-up.

It has transpired that Nicol, who has been out of action for more than two months, has been troubled by more than a neck injury, which was the reason initially given for his extended absence. Dalglish confirmed yesterday that the player, a vital driving force

More football, page 45

when fully fit, had had a minor knee operation.

"Steve's neck was sore and he was not going to be playing so we took the opportunity to have his knee problem looked at," Dalglish said.

Valued though the contribution is of Nicol and Hansen to the team, it is not so much the lack of quality that has disrupted Liverpool's rhythm as the lack of continuity. A settled Liverpool team is always a formidable proposition and Chelsea will be relieved to meeting the Merseysiders

while they are still in a state of comparative flux.

Chelsea can hardly expect anything other than a positive display by Liverpool after certain comments made by Dalglish condemning the negative attitude of some of their rivals this season. Aston Villa's rearguard action last week in coming away from Anfield with a draw clearly annoyed him.

"Most of the teams who have come to Anfield this season have been prepared to settle for a point. Even when we have been away from home I have noticed that some sides have tended to do that as well. This is something we must accept as a compliment. However, if we adopted the same attitude it would be pretty boring."

Bobby Campbell, the Chelsea manager, is one who should not want for motivation today. It is the first time that Campbell, born and bred on Merseyside and once a Liverpool player, has managed a team against them. Offering a fairly simplistic analysis of the Liverpool success story, he said: "They sign the best players and then get 110 per cent effort from each of them."

The return of Donaghy to Luton on a month's loan has come just in time. Luton are still without three first-choice centre halves and will also lack the services of Wilson, their captain, and Preece, who is suspended, at Highbury. Donaghy will be making his 41st appearance for Luton 14 months after leaving the club to join Manchester United for a fee of £850,000.

Should Donaghy prove to have lost nothing other than a little confidence the Bedfordshire club will doubtless be encouraged to make the move more permanent. Donaghy is well experienced in the sort of uphill struggle which faces Luton, who are grateful that Kennedy and Black are now fit to resume.

Arsenal, are likely to field the same team which won at Coventry last week, but have added Davis to their squad. Davis, whose career has seemed to be on a downward spiral since the day he suffered a nine-match suspension for punching Cockerill, of Southampton, last season, has been struggling with injury for most of this campaign.

Paul has had a few games in the reserves. He is itching to get back and this gives him the opportunity to do that," George Graham, the Arsenal manager said.



Swedish backhand: Mats Wilander concentrates during yesterday's tense Davis Cup tie against Carl-Uwe Steeb.

Wilander anchors Sweden

From Andrew Longmore
Tennis Correspondent
Stuttgart

Mats Wilander exorcised the ghosts of Christmas past when he beat Carl-Uwe Steeb, of West Germany, 5-7, 7-6, 6-7, 6-3, in the opening singles match of the Davis Cup final.

It was a repeat of last year's epic, which Steeb won from two sets to love down. But whereas 12 months ago their match had a long, slow change of fortune, yesterday's took sudden inexplicable turns.

Having led 5-2 in two of the first three sets, Wilander, as is his wont these days, managed to turn potential victory into the nerve-jangling prospect of defeat by winning only one of them. He should have had the match wrapped up long before he finally did so after an exhausting four hours and 42 minutes.

Despite their youth, the Swedes can consider themselves the elder statesmen of the Davis Cup. This is their seventh successive final and they have won the cup three times in the last five years. But rarely can they have experienced an atmosphere of such passion as they have found here in Stuttgart.

A crowd of 10,500 is crammed into the Schleyer-Halle, which is normally used as a cycle track, and they have paid over £3 million in gate receipts over the three days for the privilege of watching Germany attempt to retain the cup. Only the Swedes, with a few of their own supporters tucked into the upper reaches of the stands, can ruin their dream.

Every point won by a German player is accompanied by a crescendo of applause, sometimes spontaneous, often choreographed into a rhythmic and intimidating beat. The Davis Cup is peculiarly suitable to the German mentality. Each point is won not by Steeb or Wilander, Becker or Edberg, but by West Germany or Sweden. For once, in tennis, the individual is submerged in the team and the locals understand that group identity.

Wilander will also welcome the feeling of common purpose the Davis Cup inspires. During his vital opening match against Carl-Uwe Steeb, his team-mates lived every point with him, which must have been a considerable comfort.

Wilander has suffered a wretched year on his own. He reached the exalted heights of No. 1 in the world and found it a brief and lonely experience. Having a team to enjoy success and spread the load of failure must have given him heart as he faced a match which, quite apart from reviving horrible memories of a year ago, could hold the key to the destiny of this year's Davis Cup.

Steeb had other problems to bear. He is the "lökmatador", as they say here. Roughly translated it means "local fighter". It is a good description, not just because he was born and brought up in Stuttgart, the city they call "the grey mouse of Germany", but because he still plays the rugged, unadorned game of the street fighter.

His forehead is a formidable weapon, much like Becker's in its massive wind-up and awesome power. The rest of his game serves purely as an entrée to that main course.

Wilander, with a wise head on relatively young shoulders,

played to Steeb's backhand wherever possible. But watching Wilander these days is like watching an amateur tightrope walker. Just as he inches his way into an area of safety, he wobbles, sometimes losing his balance completely, sometimes recovering in time to reach the haven of the other side.

Where in 1988, the year he became world champion, his game was consistent steel, now it is a mixture of steel and cotton wool and no one is quite sure which is coming next.

He served for the set in each of the first four sets against Steeb, lost three out of those four games but managed to retrieve the second set by winning the tie-break imperiously, and make no mistake with the fourth to level the match for the second time after four hours.

The first set was vintage Wilander 1989. Having won 10 straight points to put himself 5-2 ahead, he lost 20 out of the next 21 points to forfeit the set and, many presumed, the initiative in the whole tie.

TRAVEL

ULTIMATELY AWAY FROM IT ALL

Life is so relaxed on St Kitts and its sister island of Nevis that just doing nothing is enough. That suits Michael Watkins splendidly. He returned there recently to discover there were plans to develop part of the island as a resort complex, so if it's life in the slow lane you're after, his advice is to go to Nevis sooner rather than later.

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LAST STOP BEFORE THE ALPS

The Trentino region of northern Italy is rich in history and independent of spirit, the last outpost of Mediterranean climate. Around the shores of Lake Garda, Martin Cropper observed the modern day invaders who had come to bronze in the sun and windsurf across the breezy waters. More quiet was the Dolomite Nature Reserve where the woodlands are carpeted with mushrooms.

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SKIING WITH THE MASTERS

It is quite a thrill, once you have overcome the embarrassment, to have an Olympic gold medalist sking patiently backwards into a mini-blizzard while you concentrate on improving your turns, writes Patricia Davies. She went on a course in Colorado run by the ski twins Phil and Steve Mahre and reports on her accomplishments.

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Palace head home on their away-day

By Louise Taylor

The Crystal Palace players spent last night closeted in a hotel from where they will be whisked by coach to today's first division away game. Their destination? Selhurst Park. In physical terms, Palace are on home territory, but from the viewpoint of the League's computer they are the guests of Charlton Athletic, the club sharing their south London ground, and who will consign them to the visitors' dressing room this afternoon.

Rarely do lodgers have such an opportunity to upstage landlords, and Charlton, whose return to The Valley is the subject of several severe hitches, intend to make the most of it.

As Lennie Lawrence, the manager, put it: "It will be a unique afternoon. I just hope it is a good game, and there are no problems on or off the field."

With Palace confined to the second division until the present season, this is the first time in more than three years of cohabitation that the pair have faced each other on League business at Selhurst. Unless both teams stumble upon some semblance of consistency, they could be

meeting in second division circumstances next term. While only Manchester City form the thinnest of cushions between Charlton and the first division floorboards, Palace, three places higher, are in a pretty uncomfortable position, too.

Charlton are hampered by the injuries which deprive them of McLaughlin, Pates, Mackenzie, once of Palace, and Ferguson, on loan from Hearts. So, the exciting, erratic, Achampong continues in attack and Caton stays out of the reserves and in the heart of defence.

It is hard to recall how, as a 16-year-old first-teamer with Manchester City, Caton was spoken of as a future England centre half. Nevertheless, he can burnish a fast fading reputation by keeping Wright and Bright in check, which is more than Manchester United managed last week.

Palace supporters appear to be reveling in the absurdity of the situation. In an attempt to simulate the atmosphere of an away trip a group have hired a coach to transport them on a tour of south London before arriving at Selhurst for kick-off.

Arsenal, are likely to field the same team which won at Coventry last week, but have added Davis to their squad. Davis, whose career has seemed to be on a downward spiral since the day he suffered a nine-match suspension for punching Cockerill, of Southampton, last season, has been struggling with injury for most of this campaign.

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Australian athletes up in arms

Adelaide (AP) — A possible boycott of next month's Australian Commonwealth Games was being considered as a dispute over the size of the Australian track and field team continued, David Prince, the president of Athletics Australia, said yesterday.

Prince reaffirmed his organization's refusal to meet a demand from the Australian Commonwealth Games Association (ACGA) to cut 15 athletes from the 85-strong team chosen to compete in New Zealand. "We have no intention of changing the team. As far as Athletics Australia is concerned the team will stay at 85," he said.

The ACGA has demanded Athletics Australia trim the team to 70 athletes — the number the organization estimated last May would be going to Auckland — but has admitted there are no financial or logistical reasons why the team should be cut.

Anger at the ACGA grew yesterday and Prince said his organization planned a detailed statement early next week after "seeking certain facts and information". Athletics Australia is believed to have asked its legal advisers for a full summary on its legal position in the event that the battle ends up in the courts.

Prince said he could not rule out the possibility of a boycott. "I had some athletes speak to me yesterday and say they would rather run in Europe than bother going to Auckland," he said.

In Canberra, a spokesman for Graham Richardson, the federal Sports Minister, said he was watching developments closely but had no plans to intervene.

Financial problems place Student Games in doubt

By John Goodbody

The World Student Games in Sheffield have run into a cash flow difficulty. Organizers were putting a brave face on things yesterday, insisting that the biggest multi-sports event in Britain since the 1948 Olympics would still be staged in Sheffield in 1991.

Peter Price, the deputy leader of Sheffield City Council and chairman of Universiad (Great Britain Limited), admitted yesterday that there was a "short-term problem because of a cash-flow difficulty. But steps are already being taken to examine the finances and find a way forward with regard to funding."

A spokeswoman for the Games said she could not comment on reports that the organizers had almost exhausted their £1

million overdraft at the bank and would be unable to pay the wage bills of the staff next month.

Referring to the attempt to raise more than £30 million to run the event, Price said: "Obviously we had hoped to have at least one major sponsor by the end of the year but we have been unable to do that."

"All games of this nature have similar problems but sponsorship is just one element of the financing of the Games."

David Heslop, the Tory opposition leader of Sheffield City Council, said: "My worry is the council have not been informed about this. We want to know why we are running out of money at this stage and

how the organizers plan to sort it out."

The City Council has already underwritten the cost of the facilities, which will total at least £111 million.

Much of the problem in fund-raising at this stage has been that the final details of television agreements throughout the world have yet to be settled. This has precluded many deals being finalised with sponsors. The Sports Council has already given £3 million towards the event and the Universiad Limited had hoped that £6 million would come from cash sponsorship, £12 million in product sponsorship and £9 million from ticket sales, merchandising and the selling of rights to products.

Should today's event go ahead under warm conditions, any one of the Italian A team could cause an upset. They have been experimenting with a new ski wax preparation, appropriately called "Wet Jer", and the results have been extremely encouraging.

But given a cold overnight spell and clearing weather, Pirmin Zurbriggen, of Switzerland, who kept everyone guessing by slowing down on the final leg of the four training runs, will be the skier to watch.

Cruel trick of cancellation

From Ray Robinson, Val Gardena

The start to the European World Cup skiing season has been marred by injury and the lack of natural snow cover.

But the weather played a particularly cruel trick on the organizers of the first men's downhill of the season here. The running of the 200th downhill race was transferred from Val d'Isère in France after the FIS decided that the La Daille course had too little man-made snow to hold the premier race.

Although injuries blighted the training runs in Val Gardena, many racers described the course as "perfect".

But race day dawned overcast and warm with temperatures in the start area reaching +3°. A strong overnight wind blew debris on to

the top part of the course, and forced the postponement of the race start.

At 1.15pm, when temperatures in the finish area had reached +5°, the organizers announced the cancellation of the race.

The reason was based on the texture of the man-made snow. When temperatures rise above freezing, the artificial snow breaks down and skis cannot glide smoothly over the surface.

With racers' safety paramount in the minds of the organizers after the injury to 13 World Cup skiers so far this season, the FIS technical delegate decided that yesterday's event should not go ahead.

It is the third downhill to be cancelled on the European

Stalemate threatens new league

By David Hands
Rugby Correspondent

The start of the Welsh Rugby Union's national league next season is threatened by the withdrawal of the 18 merit table clubs, unless the impasse between them and the WRU can be resolved swiftly. The two remain at loggerheads after a meeting on Thursday, though another meeting is scheduled for next Thursday.

To a letter to the union the clubs say: "The terms as set out in your letter for participating in the national league structure are unacceptable to the merit table clubs and, at this moment in time, they are not prepared to participate in season 1990-91."

But, in a novel twist to what is rapidly becoming a far from entertaining saga, the West Wales Rugby Union has also written to the WRU confirming that the merit table clubs' formula for running the leagues is unacceptable to them, since it denies them an equal say in the management organisation.

Glan Tucker, the chairman of the merit table clubs, said: "From an outright 'no' to leagues, to conceding 98 per cent of what we stood for, we don't think we are asking too much to organise the leagues. The difference is so small; we have surrendered everything but the union have due in their heels. All along the WRU have said they wanted our expertise to help run the leagues but now they won't let us manage them."

Should they refuse to take part in a competition which has received official WRU approval, the merit table clubs could be expelled from union membership.

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IAN FLEMING

The crack of the weapon striking home filled the room. The sound was absorbed by the walls of the windowless building that had been constructed on the Schloss-Mockenbecker principle. James Bond walked back along the Hi-Bounce surface and commented: "This one seems just about perfect, Fearnley."

The armoured soldier. "Come back and tell me after you've been in the middle with it, sir."

But Bond was pleased with his new weapon. It was a twin-scooped jumbo weighing not less than four pounds, and with just the pick-up he liked. For the first time since the loss of his trusty old equalizer on his most recent assignment in the Caribbean, he felt content. And he would need to use it soon enough!

As he walked away from the indoor net, part of that anonymous cluster of buildings near Regents Park, his mind went back to the previous day. He had been faced with a pile of routine work when the red telephone in the players' dressing-room had splintered the silence. "M wants you," the chief of staff had said urgently.

M was a man whose true function was known only to a handful of people in England. Outwardly, he seemed an ordinary businessman. But in reality he was chairman of the selectors, who went into battle a dozen times a season with the pick of England's men. He used them as live chessmen, and spent them brutally when he had to. He would never have dreamed of telling Bond that he, Bond, was the best man he possessed.

M had been in one of his reflective moods. "What do you think England needs?" he asked abruptly as Bond entered the room.

Bond looked into that weather-beaten face he knew so well, and which held so much of his loyalty. "Runs in the middle order, sir," he replied.

M flung his matchbox across the desk. "Absolutely correct, Seven." M would not have considered addressing Bond during the hours of play by anything other than his number in the batting order. "And this is where you come in, I am giving you a licence to slog."

Bond reflected on this as he sat in the England dressing-room the following day. The responsibility! But it was right. England had lacked solidity in the middle order ever since Four had disappeared in the Dury Half Mile in Pakistan. There was a scent of tension in his nostrils: the lure of the big pot, the ever-present taste for the big gamble. He would do it, by God!

He stripped, gave himself a very hot and then an ice-cold shower. He washed his hair with Head 'n' Shoulders, that prince of shampoos. He dressed in white trousers, and a white Sea Island cotton shirt. He glanced at himself in the mirror: a pair of grey-blue eyes looked quizzically back at him, that rebellious comma of hair falling an inch above the right eyebrow. He brushed it back impatiently. He smiled at some memory and walked out of the dressing-room on to the players' balcony. It was 10 in the morning, an hour before play began.

He glanced across to the opposition players' balcony. A girl stared levelly back at him. She was very beautiful, in a devil-may-care kind of way.

She was clad in a simple white bikini. Her dark hair was thrust back from her face, her eyes, cool and dark, assessed him. She sat straddling a chair, her chin on her arms. The impudent thrust of her proud breasts flayed at Bond's senses.

"Guess you're the middle-order man," she said flatly, a hint of Australian in her voice. There was arrogance in the set of her head, in the cool shrug of her shoulders.

Bond was amused. He lit a cigarette, of the kind that Murlands of Grosvenor made specially for him, with three gold rings, and said: "And you're the Australian fast bowler."

She didn't smile. "I travel with Denno, yeah."

God, thought Bond, what a life! But sometimes about the girl told him she was beyond that. Her eyes said: don't hurry me. All things are

possible between us.

"Do you have a name?" Bond asked.

"Shirleen Sleepwell." Her eyes held a touch of defiance.

"Nice name. I like it."

"I'll tell Denno you said so. He'll be honoured."

To hell with her! He, Bond, had work to do. He returned to the dressing-room and rang room service.

"Get me a double portion of scrambled eggs, a pint of Jack Daniel's bourbon and plenty of ice."

"Right away, sir."

Bond consumed his breakfast and felt the excitement ball up inside him. This was the big play! Thank God he would soon be out in the middle.

He went to toss up with the opposition captain, won and chose to bat. The Australian offered his hand. The handshake was firm and dry. Bond smiled amiably and emptied back. He would continue to play the toothless tiger.

He returned to the dressing-room and prepared himself for the battle. He watched the cricket until he was needed. He checked that the Rolex was on his wrist and finally closed his locker. He plucked a hair painfully from his head, and with a dab of saliva stuck it across the door. He had done all he could. Now it was down to the gods. He hoped they were on his side. With the new weapon in his hand, he stepped out to do battle.

He stood at the wicket and looked across at the man he knew he would have to oppose. Denno. Denno gave the impression of being a little larger than life. He stood over six feet tall. He had an enormous head, big as a football, capped with a tangle of black curls. The left eye was not a perfect match with his fellow. The arms, preternaturally long, hung to the level of his knees. He wore a large and astonishingly hairy moustache.

The general effect was flamboyant like a cheap gigolo. Bond was put in mind of a cartoon braggart: a jeering loud-mouthed vulgarian. "G'day, Jim," Denno said. "Are you ready for a little fun?"

"Yes," said Bond. "I'd like that very much."

"I hope you've made your will," Denno said. He retreated into the distance, the red weapon of the ball in his hand.

Bond took guard. There was something cold and dangerous in his face as Denno turned and began to run towards him. It was a tricky, almost a vicious, pitch he had to play on. The odds were stacked against him. To hell with it! It was now or never.

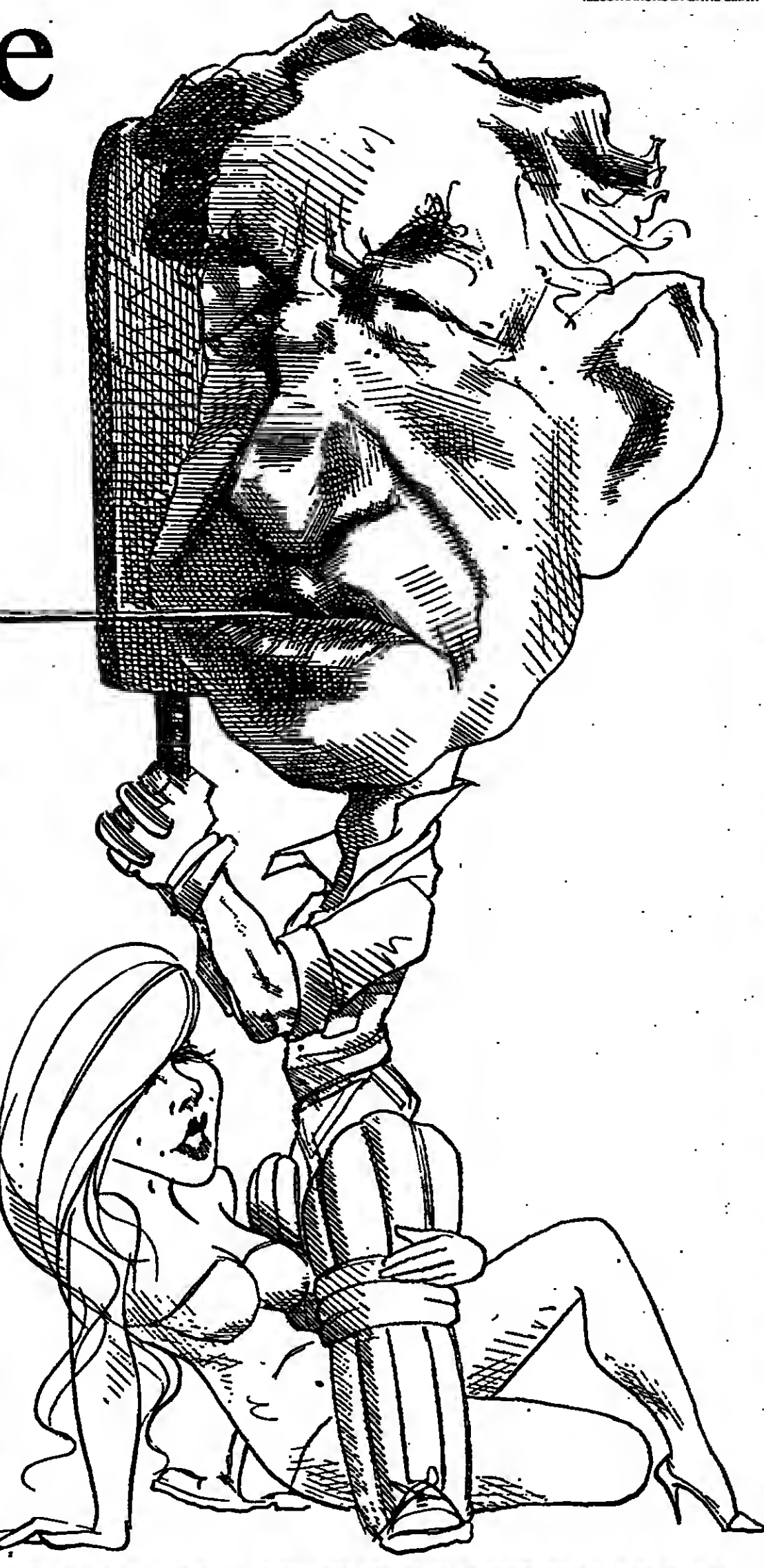
Denno ran in and fired the ball at Bond. It was a full length and rose abruptly to strike Bond in the rib-cage. What was happening? Get up, you bastard! The pain of the impact seemed to have frozen his responses. Somehow, he scrambled to his feet. He wasn't dead yet!

"Like 'em round about there, Jim?" Denno's sneering voice penetrated his consciousness. He ignored it, concentrated only on dodging the next ball. Hit it. Hit it with anything. If not, he was a dead duck!

The second ball came, again on a length. Bond lunged blindly at it, missed, and felt a searing pain in his shoulder. Now he was done for! Not enough strength left to raise a bat! How the hell had he got mixed up with all this? He turned with infinite weariness to face the third ball.

A half-volley! Bond surged gratefully into the drive—no, by God! A yorker! The ball struck him full on the foot, again bringing him to the ground. Denno followed the ball down the pitch. There was no stuffing left in Bond for another shouting match. He climbed the infinite distance to his feet. Counter-attack. That was his only hope!

Suddenly, nothing mattered. Suddenly, the only thing that Bond wanted was to give this hairy ape the lesson of his life. The next ball was short. It was outside leg: an easy hook. Bond moved instinctively into position. Hell! It was coming straight for his head. Only one thing for it! With blind, animal desperation, Bond went through with his hook. There was a sweet, brief moment of contact and he knew the ball was going to clear the boundary for six. That



Fleming: his secret agent and all-rounder, James Bond, bowled his maulen over with his batting at No. 7

was more like it!

The second ball was shorter, faster. Bond swung again. God! Another six! Close to delirium, Bond played on towards a bloody, beckoning vortex.

Bond left the pitch, a grey-faced, lunging automaton. Somehow he had done it. A century before lunch for Number Seven. Bond felt no triumph, only a great, soul-wearying exhaustion.

He walked into the pavilion. He stripped naked and walked almost fell, into the shower. The water felt like summer rain on his back. There was a small, curiously hesitant knock on the door of the shower room.

"Who's there?" asked Bond.

"It's me—Shirleen Sleepwell. I just wondered if you had all you need."

"Come in, Shirleen, and close the door behind you."

She entered. She wore nothing now. "Look here, you Bond person—"

His mouth came ruthlessly down over hers.

J.R.R. TOLKIEN

This is the tale of Gatti the Dwarf and Lubo the Elf, which was told in the latter days whenever the hairy-toed race of Journo's gathered. It was a tale told with many a merry laugh and many a tankard of goodly ale. It tells also of Bothorn, son of Bothogora, and of the mighty wizard, Breats the Grey.

It began in the light of a fair morning, when Breats, the Grey Batsman, went out to have colloquy with the Enemy. "Breats the Grey knows all things," said Lubo, the golden-haired. "But my heart likes not his task this morn."

"Why did he go, then?" piped up Kandy.

"Peace, Halfling," said Bothorn. "You speak of what you cannot understand."

"Bah!" said Gatti, swinging his axe. "More Elvish magic, I'll warrant. Will we never hear the end of it?"

Lubo was on his feet even as the words left his lips. "I have not yet heard the Dwarf's speak, save to whinge. Will you and your kind whinge on till the Enemy wins as he likes?"

"I have not heard that the Elves ever did much, save to wait airily outside the off stump!"

"Peace! And peace again, I say!" said Bothorn. "The match is between us and the Enemy. Keep your weapons sharp for that encounter."

"It is well spoken, Bothorn son of Bothogora," said Lubo. "Gatti, good Dwarf, give me your hand. A pledge on it, we shall stand one alongside the other, and fight the Enemy as comrades."

"Lubo, I accept your hand. None shall say that Dwarf fled while Elf stood fast."

The door was flung open, and Breats the Grey entered the room. The Company read many things in the face of the wizard. Bothorn, who knew him best, saw a strange light in his deep eyes. "Speak, Breats," he said. "For I would know what your looks betide."

"I see good, and I see evil," replied the wizard. "To start with, good tidings: I won the toss."

"You are a great wizard!" said Gatti.

"Maybe so, good Dwarf, but there was nothing of wizardry in this. Know you not I am sworn to use no magic in the toss? But win I did, and to bat, friends, to bat."

"But I see grime on your purposes, O Wise One," said Lubo. "And this mislikes me greatly."

"Ah, how often is it said, you cannot hide jewels from a Dwarf, nor secrets from an Elf?" said Breats. "But I pray you, leave my secret with me a while."

"Wise One," said Lubo. "I believe the good tidings are for the Free Folk in their match against the Enemy. The evil tidings are for yourself alone."

"Pass me my helm, Lubo Gower, my excellent Elf, and turn your eyes elsewhere. I go to bat. But I must pass on such tidings as I can ere do so. Marsh Hal, the Balrog, has passed a fitness test this morning and will bowl!"

"But what's a Balrog?" asked little Knotty, who had been keeping quiet and hoping not to be noticed.

"Aye, the little race of Wickies has had little to do with Balrogs," said Breats. "But against my will, I

fear they shall know more, and that soon. Enough! I got to bat."

"And I with you!" cried Zap, the mighty man of the forbidden land at the foot of the Dark Continent. "Newlands!"

With that, Breats and Zap left them, to face the might of this team of Orcs, Goblins and all the worst folk that the Enemy could call on. The light grew very dark, and the learned men of lore consulted their instruments but permitted the battle to start. And in the darkening gloom the Enemy laid waste before them. One mighty blow felled the giant Zap and a moment later Breats met his nemesis as Marsh Hal, the mighty Balrog, struck.

This left Lubo and Gatti standing alone to defy the Enemy. "My heart grows faint within me," said Knotty back in the dressing-room. He turned to Bothorn, and asked: "Can you not go to their aid?"

"To battle, Gatti the Dwarf!" The Enemy closed in. Gatti raised his axe. "Enfield! Enfield!" he cried. And he set about him like



Tolkien: from the Lord of the Rings man to the lord of the square

MARK TWAIN

You don't know about me, without you have read *Widener*, but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr Graeme Wright, and he told the truth, mainly. Anyway, when it was all through, he called me one of them *Widener* Cricketers of the Year, which is a mighty fine thing to be. Folks tell you all manner of wonderful cricketers been *Widener* Cricketers of the Year, but I don't know. I don't take no stock in dead people.

Now the way the book winds up is, how in one season I changed from being kind of wild and how the game of cricket has sort of civilized me. I reckon that's piling it on, maybe. I don't know nothing about civilizing, because the people at the cricket grounds are so dismal regular and decent I just decide to light out some days. But mostly, as I say, Mr Wright is telling the truth. That season I did learn to be a more considerable cricketer, and some days I felt powerful civilized. It ain't quite true it happened in one season, though. Mostly I reckon it happened in one match, and here's the story of it.

Well, at the beginning of the game, the captain asked if I mind batting number five, and I say, no, I ain't particular. I aim to bat any time, and go out there and hit the ball middling hard. Three, four, five, it don't signify. A body's got to bat sometime. So the game starts without me, and I got to lying out in the changing-room smoking away, and I was powerful lazy and comfortable. Then our batsmen start getting out, so I had to start getting in. It were the waste of a good pipe, but no matter. I druther be batting than smoking at the end of it, so I went out batting.

It warn't like what I expected, though. Those bowlers out there seemed to have something, like it was agin me personal. It got very tiresome and lonesome out there. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. Then comes one ball that near shaved my head, and I reckon it would've shaved my head, if I ain't moved it some. Well that ball, it cut one of my breaths in two, and I got only half, and the short half, too.

Batting with me was our captain, but that warn't no good, I could see. Soon as I saw him hopping around and cussing, I knowed that. I would a talked to him and shared some of my troubles, but he had troubles enough all on his own. If he couldn't help his own self, he warn't going to help me, and pretty soon he got out. That's the way it is, I reckon, for the hopping and swearing folk.

Well, then there was nobody out there but me, and all them opposing team, and I got so down-hearted and scared, I wished I had some company. And soon as I wishes it, I saw ole Jim as he clumh out of the pavilion, and comes out on to the field to be my partner. I bet I was right pleased to see him, and right surprised, too, I can tell you. I say "Hello, Jim," and walked down the pitch to talk.

He looked at me kind of wild, and said: "What's de bowlin' like heah?"

"Never mind the bowling, Jim. What's you doing here?" He

Twain: Huck makes his mark

looked pretty uneasy, and didn't say nothing for a minute. Then he says: "Dey's reasons. But you wouldn't tell on me if I uz to tell you, would you, Huck?"

"Blamed if I would, Jim."

"Well, I b'lieve you, Huck. I done promoted myself to number six. Didn't tell no one. I just run off into the middle, so's I can act like a batsman."

"What you done this for, Jim?"

"It uz this way. I uz passing by the secretary's office, thinking well, they got a po reputation, but they awluz treats Jim pooty good. But I noticed there was a Welshman roun these parts lately, en I begin to git a little uneasy. So I git to lis'n at de do," and dar's when I hear things. I niver thought they'd do it, and dar's when I hear things. I niver thought they'd do it, and dar's the truth. They'm gwyne to sell Jim to Glamorgan! Well, I lit out mighty quick, and I git to do some thinking. I heard dat Middlesex is looking for an all-rounder, and dat dey look at me, but dey reckon I niver git no chance to bat, so maybe I ain't no all-rounder. So I comes out today, to bat number six, and I reckon if I can git a fifty, they won't send me to Glamorgan, but I kin git by myself to Middlesex as a free cricketer."

Well, I resolves to help Jim all I could. There was a tolerable long piece of work to be done, but being with Jim, it was better than being lonesome. Besides, work's a funny thing. Sometimes by yourself, work looks most impossible, and like to take up all day, and maybe the next day, too. But when you get to working with somebody, and when you get to working for somebody, well, that body is asking your help, well, that effort don't signify. You just get to shoveling that ball away, and the work don't seem like nothing.

I reckon it's the same when you is being helped. Leastways, when I starts shoveling the ball, Jim leaves off being so fearful, and he starts shoveling the ball. Soon the day was all shoveling and smiting, and the scoreboard just tickering round, like it was doing it all by itself. The runs just come. It warn't no problem. We just scored them.

Well, it got to being lunch, and it got to being tea, and it got to being the end of the day, and there was Jim and me. It was a mighty lot of shoveling, I can tell you. Jim and me, we both had centuries, and I most had two. Jim went to Middlesex, to be an all-rounder and a free man and all. I got to being a *Widener* Cricketer of the Year, like I says. It was as much Jim's doing as mine, but he ain't complaining, and I guess I ain't neither. But I reckon I got to light out for Australia ahead of the rest. The Test match selectors at Lord's, they'm going to adopt me and civilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before.

Man anything corn.

At the other end, Lubo brandished his Elven wand. "Leicester!" he said. The ball whistled towards him, yet Lubo dispatched it with one flick of his slim wrists.

"What magic is this?" called Gatti.

"This is the Elvish way. Do you like it, Master Gatti?"

"Very much," Gatti replied. "All that does damage to the Enemy makes my heart sing within me."

"Then to battle once again, good Friend!"

"To battle, Elf and Friend!"

The sky was utterly dark, and the stillness of the heavy air told of storms. Yet across the pitch the watchers in the dressing-room saw the ill-matched pair lay waste before them. Even the Balrog himself was powerless against the Dwarfish axe, and the Elven wand. The balls fell thick as rain among them, but always the Dwarf and the Elf fended them off, or dispatched them as they would in the dark tempest of cricket.

The day ended. "Well, Master Lubo, I have 112," said Gatti.

"You have passed my count by one," Lubo replied. "But I do not grudge it you, so glad am I to have fought alongside."

"The way you wait your wand ever baffles me, to speak truth," Gatti said. "But I would not have it otherwise. I shall not forget this day."

"Friend Gatti, we have won more than a battle. We have won a friendship. May the Dwarfs and the Elves from henceforth seek conflict against the Enemy alone—never more against each other."

"I shall be so," said Gatti. "Now let us to the victory feast, and ale, cheese, and Branston."

"Good Gatti. But I'll gladly accompany you. We need not share all things. You to your Branston, I'll toast our friendship in the fairy accent of Bollinger."

"So be it!" cried Gatti. "No matter what we sup, victory and friendship are ours for ever. And ever did it prove thus, as the hairy-toed race of Journo's have reported over their ale many a long year since."

Extracts from *A La Recherche du Cricket Perdu*, by Simon Barnes, published by Macmillan (£7.99).

TRAVEL

At home and abroad where the Argonauts once sailed

At the next taverna table, a raffish group of fishermen lounged around a skittle-alley line-up of beer bottles. Gold teeth glittered in wolfish grins. They had a casual glamour about them, and a peacock swagger as they left with nighfall in their arc-lit boats to fish out on the horizon under a sliver of moon.

It was the archetypal vision of Greece. Working fishing boats lined the wide waterfront, on a calm sea in the soft evening light, counterpointed by the distant capes and islands. Swallows flew arabesques around the brilliance of the sunset and the warm air was scented with gardenias. It was light years away from the disco-beat and moussaka and chips or spurious folk-songs of too many Greek resorts.

The Pelion peninsula curves down from the busy town of Volos like a bent arm that has just elbowed away the Sporades islands but avoided the northern tip of Evvoia. It is a land of pretty villages clinging to the sea's edge or nesting on hillsides, and separated by deciduous forests or orchards of laden fruit trees. We encountered cherry pickers in the countryside who filled our hands with sweet, sun-warmed fruit.

Jason and the Argonauts set sail for the Golden Fleece from an ancient city near Volos, and the Argos was built of Pelion timber. Ancient folk saw the region as a place of mystery, as remote as the stronghold of the gods on Mount Olympus. They peopled it with fantastic creatures like the Lapiths and centaurs,

Clovis Keath explores the Pelion peninsula, far away from the Greece of disco-beat and chips with everything

and the giants who had the temerity to pile Mount Ossa on to Pelion in an attempt to reach the Olympic heights of the gods themselves. There are still few roads, and the locals often travel on horseback.

The hinterland of Pelion was not seriously settled until the Ottoman occupation, when it was opened up for exploitation. The villages grew and prospered, and mansions were constructed by the rich, pro-Turkish farmers, silk-growers and other artisans, but these had to be fortified against the bandits and freedom fighters who swept down

to pillage from mountain hide-outs. A combination of luxurious home and tough fortress, these houses still dominate many villages, and some have been restored by the Greek Tourist Board as rather splendid guest houses. I stayed a night at the Xiradaki House at Makrinitsa, impressed by the spacious rooms and simple decor, and the surprisingly generous breakfast served on a flower-decked terrace high above a panorama of Volos.

The proximity of Volos makes the peninsula a local resort, with the sandy beach of

Agios Iannis as the most developed favourite. But the Volos people seem to prefer a rustic and homely atmosphere. Like the cool hill villages of Makrinitsa and Zagori, Tsangarides and Portaria, where you can dine out on café terraces with stunning views; or simple fishing villages such as Platania, Kat' Yiorgi or Kalamos, where fresh fish is guaranteed. There are plenty of good beaches too.

My main base was in Milina, in one of the dozen or so properties in the area managed by Houses of Pelion. Set in a lovely garden at the back of the village, it was charming in every respect except one: a total lack of privacy. We were a twosome, and I discovered that the more secluded houses were for

larger groups. Exploring the area was a delight and most days ended back at Milina's picturesque waterfront where we cautiously sipped tiny glasses of tsipouro, the rougher, tougher, big brother of ouzo, while waiting for a supper of freshly cooked langoustines, or red mullet.

TRAVEL NOTES

● Prices for Houses of Pelion range from £58 to £119 per person per week, depending on accommodation. Information: 0225 83 5954/086 321 457.
● Prices for double room in the Traditional Houses Scheme of the National Tourist Organization of Greece, with breakfast, are from around £22 per night without bath (high season). Information: Greek Tourist Board 01-734 5997.



Italy's exuberant invaders

Martin Cropper enjoys the stimulating conflict of cultures in the northern bilingual outpost of the Alto-Adige

Hang a left off the Verona-Brennero highway south of Rovereto and you start to climb the pass over which, 550 years ago, the Venetians anticipated Herzog's epic film *Fitzcarraldo* by lugging a flotilla on log rollers. After three months they dropped at last to the north shore of Lake Garda, an immense inland fiord whose glassy dark waters are composed entirely of molten red-wine bottles — the ultimate Common Market lake. Today's invaders are bronzed Vikings damaging the eye with the fizzing tints of their Bermuda shorts; topos Viqueens whose amber breasts and platinum hair illustrate the evolutionary



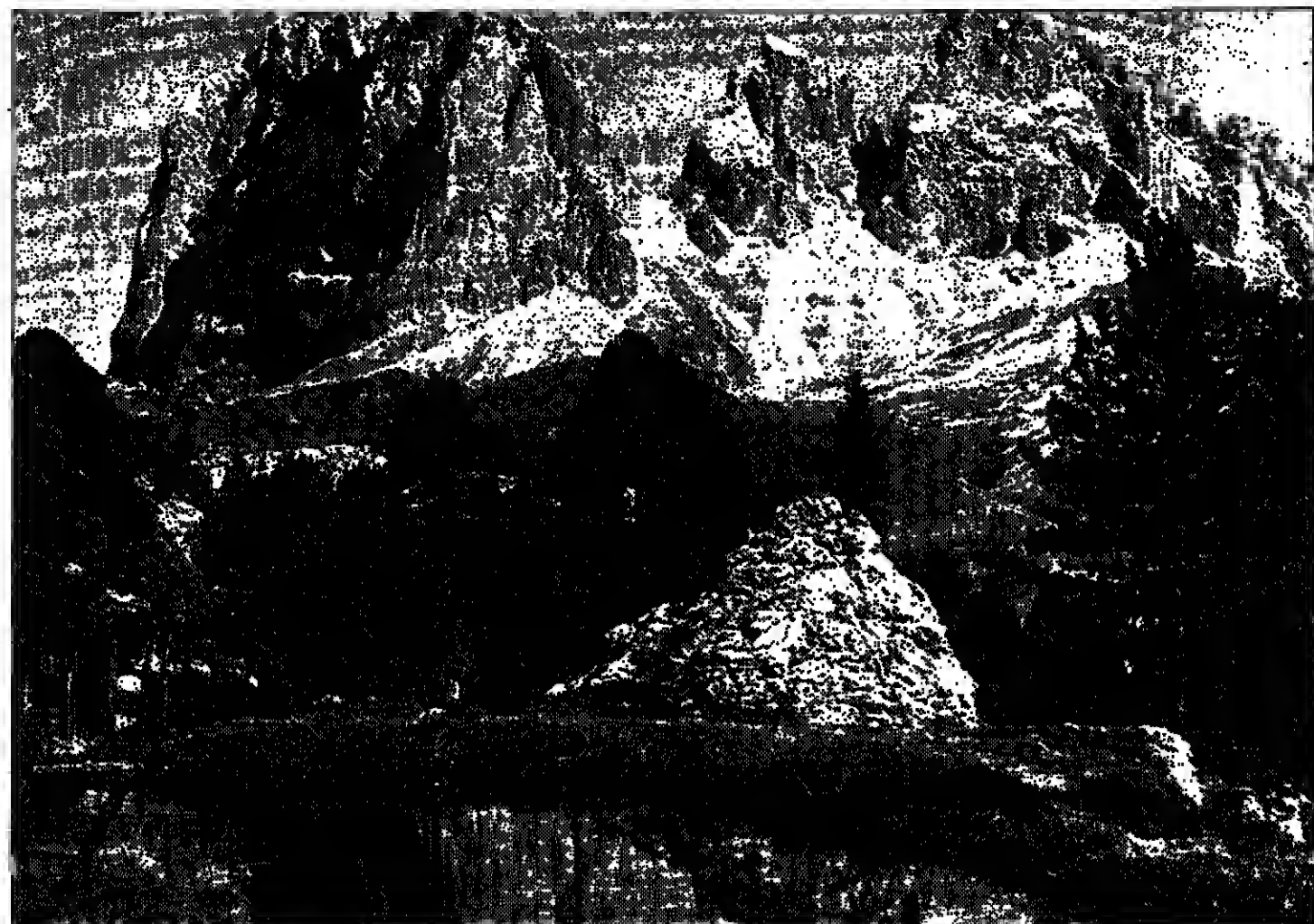
urge towards the photographic negative; and the kiwi fruit (it's terrifically modern in Trentino).

On a summer's evening, when one of the lake's 33 winds has been switched on, regular as a sundial, the Teutonic holidaymakers congregate to fall off surfboards. Their distant sails mimic designer shark-decoys in the swooning daylight,

while 100 feet up a plum-black cliff a 15th-century watchtower clicks into floodlit life. Here in Riva del Garda, the north-western corner of Europe's third largest lake and the last outpost of Mediterranean climate before the Alps, Thomas Mann wrote his archetypal fantasy of the North's lust for the South, *Tonio Kröger*, and here Goethe was "inspired" to compose that other A level penance, *Iphigenia*. Down the road in Torbole there is a monument to him; on the eastern shore he was arrested on suspicion of being an Austrian spy. These are for the tourists: you have to go north to Alto-Adige (known to its inhabitants, confusingly, as Südtirol) to sample the full bilingual phenomenon.

enon. To the Trentonese, Rome is an official mailbag, Florence and Naples are postcards from abroad.

Ruled successively by the Scaligeri of Verona, the Visconti from Milan, the Venetians and the Austrians, Trentino seceded to Italy in 1919 but remains as autonomous as Sicily. In a way more comprehensible to Scots than



Jagged peaks set in a belligerent landscape: the Dolomites. The Trentino region seceded to Italy in 1919 but remains as autonomous as Sicily

to Devonians, regional amour propre is all. The lower Adige valley is a ragged glacial scoop between scarred limestone anticlines that look deeply disturbed, like Piranesi on a bad night; a landscape so patently belligerent must incite human aggression. North of the spa of Comano Terme (its water is "good for skin diseases and also for getting pregnant") begins the ski-life zone of the Brenta Dolomites — mountains more assertively jagged, candidly over-emotional.

In the baking valley beside yet another glacial lake, the Hotel Regent's (sic) in Andalo is a temple to the work of Glynn Boyd Harte offering excellent local prosciutto, risotto with nettles, garlic-and-mushroom ravioli. Trentino's "specialist" red wine, Marzemino, advertised in *Don Giovanni*, is generally drunk too young when

it's still a thing of aloes and ink. Local whites, made from Pinot Grigio or a Chardonnay/Traminer mix, are lightly frizzante and have more to say for themselves.

Elsewhere you can scoff the standard fare of speck, melt-in-the-mouth carpaccio, roast rabbit, quails that actually taste of meat, endless variations on the polenta theme, any amount of wild fungus. In the Dolomite Nature Reserve — shamelessly virgin land that has never known the kiss of acid rain, and where the brown bear is alleged to roam — visitors are restricted to picking a maximum of two kilos of mushrooms a day; there's also a limit of five wild flowers per aesthetic per diem.

Keeping an eye open for the Flora Squad, we descend to Trento, cockpit of the Counter-Reformation. The cathedral square is presided over by a statue of Dante

apparently hacked from solid verdigris; the Castello del Buonconsiglio is a confectio of early medieval and late Venetian Gothic exuberantly adorned with Renaissance frescoes. This was formerly the bishop's palace, and it's almost impossible to accept that one man required so much interior décor.

Dominating the valley between Trento and Rovereto, Castel Beseno is a victim of Mussolini's roof tax. The then owner responded by whipping off his roofs and letting snow and rain do their worst: an ancient castle but a modern ruin. The hamlet of Besenello clustering round its skirts has narrow streets and — tonight, with thunder growling over the Dolomites and geraniums scenting the air — gangs of firemen.

All up the castle approach the wind frets at pathside rows of dishes flaring with molten wax.

The darkened jousting ground is full of Schubert and spectators and all at once the battlements begin to spit magnesium, and cathedrals wheels fizz and whirr and rockets scream up from the fat black towers. Little allowable by law can compete with watching millions of lire blown to hell in panchromatic riot, with theatrical white clouds boiling round the battlements and the occasional flaming cinder plunging into the crowd.

TRAVEL NOTES

● British Airways (01-897 4000) Heathrow to Milan Apex return, £175.
● The Club Hotel, La Vela, Via Strada Grande 1, Torbole Sul Garda (010 39 464 505 940). Single room from about £36 per night, double £57. Full board, per person, per day, about £52.
● Autostrada 12 to Trento.

TRAVEL NEWS

Congress closures

Visitors to Moscow in recent days have been disappointed to find that Red Square and most of the Kremlin have been closed without warning, because of this month's historic meeting of the Soviet Congress of People's Deputies (*George Hill writes*).

The Kremlin is the USSR's equivalent of the Tower of London and Palace of Westminster rolled into one. Tours have been cancelled at short notice, and friendly but firm police have been turning visitors away.

The government's concerns about security may well cause visitors frustration during future sessions of the Congress, which meets twice a year for unpredictable periods of about 10 days.

No crackers this Christmas

Airports are urging Christmas travellers to leave their presents unwrapped and to minimize the number of electronic items which they carry. Electronic goods will be given particularly close attention, and passengers are also being asked not to carry Christmas crackers.

● Australis is offering a special round-the-world fare of £699, using a combination of Britannia Airways charters and Continental Airlines scheduled flights. Departures are on March 28, April 2 or April 9, and return to the UK must be no later than June 30. Information: 01-494 1302.

● The Canadian charter-flight specialist ASAT is holding fares for summer 1990 at 1989 levels, for tickets bought by the end of this year. A typical London-Toronto return flight in May will cost £199 if booked before December 31. Information: 01-730 9396.

Philip Ray

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do about a fortnight of Sundays?

You go to Paris. It is always best to lodge with a French family because they will know the form, but if you can't, then stay where the action is. Mostly this is in the 6th (possibly the 7th) or 8th arrondissements. These are the twin hearts of the Left and Right Banks and the heart of the city is the Place St Germain des Prés and the Champs Elysees. From either of these centres, most of festive or shop-till-you-drop Paris is a walk or a bus or a metro stop away.

Life happens in the streets here, and the shop windows, always a pleasure, are at their best in this season. Since you are going to be spending quite a bit of time on your feet, it may be helpful to have in mind possible pit stops. Champagne is the festive drink, and you need to know

Francophile festivities

If you can't stand Christmas at home, go to Paris for champagne and oysters

where the good stuff is available by the glass. On the Left Bank there's the Deux Magots; the famous Lipp, opposite, always closes for the holidays, but the equally famous Coupole is open every day of the year until 2am and serves quality fizz. On the Right Bank, convenient fueling points are Fouquet's on the Champs, the bar of the Relais Plaza on the Avenue Montaigne — convenient for that last-minute per-

gnoir from Dior over the road — and the inimitable Harry's New York Bar off the Rue de la Paix. Shops for gifts: Hermès on the Faubourg St-Honoré for all things leather, the scarves and your diary refill (you don't have an Hermès diary, do you?); Roger & Gallet, just down the road, for soap, Le Nain Bleu, just up the road, for toys. For the best foie gras, the best food shop (and best

window display) in the world, go to Fauchon on the Place de la Madeleine. For more striking window skill, try the adjoining and competing big stores, Galeries Lafayette and Au Printemps behind the Opera. For those Oh-my-God-we've-forgotten-George gifts, the Drug Stores at the top and bottom of the Champs and at St-Germain are always open, for everything from matt black to white gold.

On Christmas Eve, some restaurants offer only seasonal fodder, champagne included, at prices to make your head spin. The classic menu starts, always, with oysters, goes on to foie gras (served with a Sauterne, ideally Chateau d'Yquem), boudin blanc (a delicate sausage of chicken breast and cream), turkey (with a chestnut stuffing) or goose or game and the unavoidable but edible *bouche de Noël*, which has all the ac-

thetic appeal of a garden gnome. Other places offer a choice of special or regular menus, and still others make little seasonal gestures by including special dishes.

Next day, if you have the strength to return to your chosen restaurant (there is no Boxing Day and the Parisians will be back at work), you'll find it full again, with what look like the same people still piggling out. But you may choose to rest, visit museums (most are open, and you can eat well there) and generally get ready to do exactly the same thing on New Year's Eve. And that's about it — for a few days. Because then there's Twelfth Night, which is of course the Fête des Rois, and calls for the consumption of the delicious gâteaux, which of course must be accompanied by champagne...

Charles Hennessy

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TRAVEL

Patricia Davies went to Keystone, Colorado, where amateurs have a chance to learn the secrets of Olympic medallists Phil and Steve Mahre



It was a *Ski Sunday* spectacular of a kind, lasting 50 yards and taking in a flurry of poles, hats, snow and oaths. Fran Choi's quest for speed was the cause. A middle-aged pharmacist from New Jersey by way of Korea, she was so intent on clocking up a fast time on the slalom course that she created mayhem when she belatedly applied the brakes.

Choi and the rest of us were coming towards the end of five days of intensive, but stimulating, instruction at one of the Mahre Training Centre courses run throughout the winter at the Keystone Resort in Colorado, 75 miles west of Denver. We were busy setting times to be used for handicapping prior to the big race on the last day, and Choi ended up handicapping herself with a broken thumb. No chance of a medal now, was the unworthy thought of the rest of the team, but we had reckoned without the skilful bandaging of Choi's orthopaedic surgeon husband and her own determination.

Cometh the race, cometh the woman, and Choi recorded one of our better times, enabling us to win, to everyone's amazement and jealous cries of "Fix!", the gold medal and the congratulations of the

Skiing with the masters



Laughs all round: participants may follow the Mahres' courses in less than Olympic fashion, but tuition is intensive and the competitive spirit is strong. Video playback reveals stylistic errors

Mahre twins, Phil and Steve. It was their training methods we had been following in our own, it must be admitted, less than Olympic fashion. The Mahres won gold and silver at the Winter Olympics in Sarajevo in 1984 and now divide

their time between the professional circuit and helping lesser talents to ski better.

There were occasions when bits of our technique undoubtedly took on a Mahre-like aspect, but that happened more often in the more

accomplished, race-oriented groups above us. Still, we all felt we had improved substantially by the end of the week, even people who had been on the courses before, sometimes as often as three or four times. However, the unflattering eye

of the video camera, used to film the slalom races indicated that we still had enough rough edges to keep the Mahres in business for a few years yet.

It is quite a thrill (once you get over the embarrassment)

to have an Olympic gold medallist skiing patiently backwards into a mini-blizzard while you hold your poles out in front of you to keep your shoulders facing downhill, and concentrate on improving what are decidedly

constipated left turns. It does not matter if you are a skiing klutz like me or a frustrated Franz Klammer, only held back by the need to earn a living - the Mahres will make time for you. Our group's permanent instructor, a man

called Slotcar, was patient, and funny. He had been trained in the Mahre methods, and we listened to what he said.

In our intermediate ability group, the mornings tended to be taken up with relatively gentle runs during which we practised improving our technique and tried out tricky manoeuvres like skiing on one leg or going downhill backwards on purpose. In the afternoons, we would have our pick of the runs on Keystone's three mountains. We could even ski at night, if we had the nerve and the energy, for 13 runs are lit up every night.

The Mahre winter courses run from December to March and a five-day session costs \$475, which includes lift tickets, but not lodging. That has to be arranged separately but the resort has a wide choice of self-catering and hotel accommodation. There are also summer courses, which can include accommodation, and the boast is that in 16 summers not one session has been cancelled because of lack of snow.

One word of warning: only go in January if you are extremely hardy - the wind chill factor sends temperatures plummeting, and the frost-bite warnings are serious. Keystone is 9,000ft up and a lot of the runs start at over 11,000ft, so balmy it ain't. And one other thing: keep a weather eye out for Fran Choi. One more course and she should be unstoppable.

Contact: Mahre Training Centre, Keystone Ski School, Box 38, Keystone, Colorado 80435 (010 1 303 468 4170).

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